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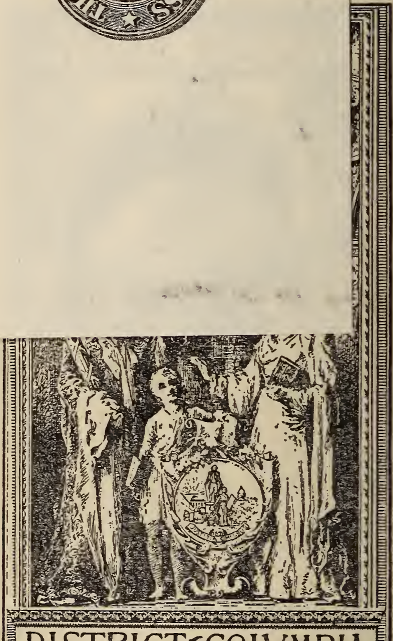

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MEMOIRS

OF

Miss Suſanna Anthony,

WHO DIED AT

NEWPORT, RHODE-ISLAND,

June 23, 1791,

IN THE SIXTY-FIFTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF

EXTRACTS FROM HER WRITINGS,

With some brief obſervations on them.

COMPILED BY

SAMUEL HOPKINS, D. D.

Pastor of the firſt Congregational Church in Newport.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH A RECOMMENDATORY PREFACE,

By Dr. RYLAND, Mr. FULLER, and Mr. SUTCLIFF.

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SEP 23 1896

TO THE

CHRISTIAN FEMALES

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

DEAR FRIENDS,

IT is one of the glories of christianity, that it knows neither jew nor greek, bond nor free, male nor female; but considers all as one in Christ Jesus. As fellow-heirs of the same grace, we feel interested in your edification. While great numbers of your sex, who have leisure for reading, are wasting their time, and corrupting their minds with novels, and such kind of trash, we are persuaded you have a relish for better things.

In dedicating an English edition of the following *Memoirs* to you, we hope we shall be found to have presented you with what is both acceptable and useful. The lives of eminently holy persons furnish materials worthy of being recorded. A considerable part of the oracles of God consists in such records. Nor is there any species of writing, perhaps, upon the whole, more interesting, instructive, or impressive. Example proves the practicability of things, which the reasonings of the flesh would represent as unattainable; and conveys reproof in a language which, while it provokes to emulation, is incapable of giving offence. We may add, that, as things approach to our own situation and circumstances, they become more affecting: the life of one of your own sex, therefore, taken principally from her own diary, will, we presume, be read by you with encreasing interest.

It affords us pleasure to compare female excellence as formed on the principles of revelation, with that which is formed on the principles of heathen or deistical philosophy. You may see in the heathen moralist accounts of the virtues of women:* but what are they? Accounts of women who have made brilliant sallies of wit, performed masculine feats for their country, and formed desperate resolutions to kill themselves rather than be enslaved. And this is the only kind of virtue inspired by the modern infidel philosophy, which, in fact, is not virtue. The best part of it is mere natural accomplishment; and much of it is base and vicious. There is nothing in it of that pure chastity, of that sweet modesty; or, as the scriptures term it, *shamefacedness*, which courts not to be *seen;* of that meekness, mildness, gentleness, sympathy, and goodness, which is the ornament of human nature, and the peculiar glory of women.

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* *Plutarch's Morals.* Vol. I.

God has lately furnished us with a lovely example of pure, practical christianity, in one of our sex, of splendid talents: here you will see the same thing in one of yours, in a more private station. We cannot but consider *Miss Anthony* as a female *Pearce;* and not inferior to him in spirituality. The violet, though less conspicuous, is not less fragrant nor beautiful than the rose. A little maid of Israel, who was carried captive into Syria, recommended her master to a prophet, by whose means he was cured of his leprosy, and brought to acknowledge the God of Israel. The chaste conversation of christian females, is represented as accomplishing that which the preaching of the word itself did not accomplish.

Nor are such examples peculiar to the primitive times: christianity produces the same effects, for substance, in all ages.--- The late Dr. Gibbons has done an important service to the church, by publishing *Memoirs of eminently pious women*, in two volumes. Such lives ought not to be lost to posterity: yet, the examples which he has selected, are chiefly, if not wholly confined to persons of exalted rank; whose general deportment, of course, is beyond the reach of ordinary imitation. There is, no doubt, as great eminency in godliness to be found in the common walks of life, as in the higher circles. These were the walks which our Redeemer himself condescended to occupy, when upon earth: and it is pleasant to reflect, that there is no station so humble as to incapacitate us for glorifying his name, or so obscure as to render us beneath his notice.

A very interesting anecdote is related by a gentleman, who lately visited the north of Ireland, of the influence which the religion of *a servant-maid* had upon a whole family, in that country. "The fa-"mily (he says) were dissenters: but, dis-"senter, in many parts of Ireland, is but "another name for an Arian or Socinian. "The poor girl was much ridiculed for her "religion, by the young ladies; but did "not render evil for evil. On the con-"trary, she would allow them to laugh at "her, and then mildly reason with them. "She made it her study to be attentive "and useful to them; took opportunities "to speak to them about religion; and "would offer to read the sacred scriptures "to them when they went to bed. They "commonly fell asleep, and that in a lit-"tle time, under the sound; but she was "not discouraged.----Having exemplified "christianity in her life, the Lord sent a "fever to call her home to himself. The "young ladies were not permitted to see "her during her illness: but they heard of "her behaviour, which did not lessen the "impression which her previous conduct "had made upon them. Soon after, the "two eldest began to make a profession "of real religion: the little leaven spread;

"and now all the *nine* young ladies appear truly pious. Nor is religion, in this "highly favoured family, confined to them; "other means were employed by God, in "producing this great change: but one of "the two, who first became serious, in- "formed me, that she chiefly ascribed it "to the life and death of the servant- "maid."*

In the late extraordinary exertions for imparting the gospel to the heathen, your sex has borne an honourable part. They have not only generously contributed of their substance, and been unweariedly assiduous in accommodating those who have embarked in the important undertaking; but many of them have cheerfully left their country and their kindred, and, with their husbands, encountered its perils: nor have they been less useful in their spheres of action than their companions.

In reading the lives of the most eminent christians, we shall perceive a considerable *variety*; owing not only to the diversity of constitution, and religious advantages, but even to God's different manner of working upon different persons. This may instruct us not to set up the form and order of the experience of any one, as a model by which to judge concerning those of others. We shall also perceive a degree of *contrariety* between the views and feelings of different persons whose christianity nevertheless we cannot justly call in question. The doctrine with which we are most conversant at the time of our religious concern, whether by means of reading, hearing, or conversation, will insensibly give a colour not only to our language, but to the thoughts and feelings of our mind. It is thus that we could account for many differences which unhappily subsist among real christians; and thus we acknowledge, *we* do account for what Miss Anthony says of "*sprinkling*" being "the scriptural mode of baptism." (p. 52.) We would however, by no means disguise her opinion, by striking out an expression which does not accord with our own convictions. And it is pleasant to add, that while we perceive not only varieties, but contrarieties in the views and feelings even of eminent christians, the former are but as the various features, and the latter as the accidental spots, in the human countenance. The great and essential principles of christianity are found in every christian, no less than the distinguishing properties of humanity are found in every man.

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* *Missionary Magazine*, Vol. vi. p. 506. No. 67, for Dec. 1801.

No serious christian, we apprehend, can read the life of Miss Anthony without perceiving the sweetness and importance of heavenly things; and but few, if any, without being convinced by it of their own defects. It affords a singular specimen of the powerful influence of evangelical principles upon the heart and life: which, while it brings home to the bosom a proof of their divinity, must provoke the christian reader to emulate the same holy and happy attainments, walking by the same rule, and minding the same thing.

JOHN RYLAND, D. D.
ANDREW FULLER.
JOHN SUTCLIFF.

MEMOIRS

OF

Miss SUSANNA ANTHONY.

CHAPTER I.

A general ſketch of her life and character; as an introduction to a more particular account taken from her own writings.

MISS SUSANNA ANTHONY was born at Newport, on Rhode-iſland, on the 25th day of October, 1726. Mr. Iſaac Anthony, her father, was a native of Rhode-iſland. When he was young, he went to Boſton to learn the trade of a goldſmith. There he became acquainted with Miſs Mercy Chamberlin, whom he afterwards married, and ſettled in Newport, where they lived together about ſixty years. They had ſeven daughters, five of whom ſurvived their parents, but no ſon. *Suſanna*, who was their youngeſt daughter except one, lived with her parents until they died, which was between forty and fifty years. She was never married. Her parents were of the denomination called Friends, or Quakers, in which way ſhe was educated, until ſhe was about fifteen years old, when ſhe was the ſubject of a ſeries of remarkable exerciſes, of which ſhe has given a particular account. This will be inſerted in the next chapter, together with her making a public profeſſion of religion, and joining to the firſt congregational church in Newport, of which the Rev. Nathaniel Clap was then paſtor; where ſhe continued a member until her death, which was nearly fifty years; and was a diſtinguiſhed and eminent inſtance of piety and ſtrict religion, in every branch of the duties of chriſtianity, ſo far as they could be exerciſed, acted out, and diſcovered in her ſituation and circumſtances in life. She appeared wholly, and in a diſtinguiſhed degree, devoted to the cauſe of Chriſt and pure religion; and was a remarkable example of devotion, benevolence and chriſtian friendſhip; of ſelf-denial, ſobriety, modeſty, humility, induſtry, and of a careful circumſpection and conſcientiouſneſs in all her concerns and conduct. She being greatly attentive to her bible, and all other means of inſtruction which ſhe enjoyed, attained an eminent degree of diſcerning and knowledge of the diſtinguiſhing doctrines and duties of chriſtianity. And, as ſhe was greatly attentive to practical religion, and conſtantly ſtudied the bible in this view, always exerciſing herſelf to have a conſcience void of offence, both towards God and man, ſhe was remarkably judicious as a caſuiſt, and greatly helpful to her friends, who applied to her in doubtful and difficult caſes of conſcience. All this will be better and more particularly exhibited by the extracts from her writings, which will be produced in the following chapters: but cannot, even in this way, be fully expreſſed, or ſet in that clear, affecting, and amiable light before the public, in which ſhe was ſeen, loved, and admired by her particular and intimate friends.

Her bodily frame and conſtitution was ſo feeble and delicate, from her youth, that ſhe was not equal to any buſineſs, which required a conſiderable degree of ſtrength and exertion. She was therefore chiefly employed in the uſe of her needle, in which ſhe was expert and ſkilful; and by which ſhe was able to ſupport herſelf when ſhe enjoyed her health, of which ſhe was deprived for a number of years, from about the twentieth year of her age, and fell into painful and diſtreſſing diſorders of body; ſo that ſhe appeared to herſelf and others many times to be dying or near death, and her phyſician and friends thought ſhe could not ſurvive her diſorders which attended her ſeveral years, excepting ſome ſhort intervals of reſpite. This is mentioned here, as it may render ſome parts of her diary, which will be tranſcribed, more intelligible to the reader. But ſhe was in a great meaſure relieved from theſe diſtreſſing diſorders, and enjoyed a degree of eaſe and health in the latter part of her life, though ſhe was always feeble and ſubject to turns of painful maladies.

When the war between Britain and America commenced, ſhe left Newport and went into the country, where ſhe ſpent a great part of her time until that war was nearly cloſed; part of which time ſhe ſpent in teaching the children in the families in which ſhe lived, and in keeping a ſmall ſchool, in which ſhe appeared to be greatly ſerviceable, and obtained the approbation, gratitude and eſteem, of thoſe who employed her.

After the war, ſhe lived at Newport till the time of her deceaſe, a comfort, and greatly uſeful to her friends, earneſtly endeavouring in her ſphere to promote the cauſe of truth and chriſtianity in the world, and more eſpecially in the religious ſociety with which ſhe was connected, to whom her death is juſtly conſidered as an unſpeakable loſs. But with reſpect to the people in general, the words of the prophet may be applied, in this inſtance: *The righteous periſheth, and no man layeth it to heart: the merciful are taken away, none conſidering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come.*

In the month of June, 1791, her youngeſt ſiſter was taken ſick with a peripneumony: and, as ſhe had but one more ſiſter then living, who was out of town, ſhe went and attended her in her ſickneſs, which proved mortal, and ſhe died in about a week. On the day in which her ſiſter died, ſhe was ſeized with the ſame diſorder, which put an end to her life alſo in one week. The diſorder with which ſhe died was violent from firſt to laſt, and uncommonly diſtreſſing; ſo that ſhe was not able to ſay much in this her laſt ſickneſs. She, however, ſaid to her chriſtian friends, that ſhe deſired to bleſs God that ſhe had nothing of thoſe conflicts which ſhe had before ſometimes feared; but her ſoul did, with a ſweet calm and confidence, reſt on Jeſus Chriſt, without the leaſt doubt of her union to him, and of her happineſs in his kingdom for ever. Thus ſhe died on the 23d of June, 1791.

* * *

AFTER ſhe had made a public profeſſion of religion, ſhe felt a ſtrong deſire to ſerve Chriſt in an entire and conſtant devotedneſs to him, in promoting his intereſt and kingdom, the good of his people, and the ſalvation of men. This led her ſeriouſly to conſider in what way, and by what means, ſhe, in her ſituation and circumſtances, could beſt anſwer theſe ends. She was a poor, obſcure perſon, and had no proſpect of obtaining much of the things of this world, ſo as to do much good by ſupporting the goſpel, or diſtributing to the relief of the indigent. She did not expect to riſe into general repute, or to any public ſtation, by which ſhe could have opportunity of extenſive influence: And her natural capacity ſhe conſidered as ſmall, and ſhe was deſtitute of the advantages of education, which many had.

After a careful and conſcientious attention to this ſubject, and much earneſt prayer for direction, daily crying to God, in the language of Saul, when he was converted, *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* ſhe was led to conclude that ſhe could ſerve the intereſt of Chriſt, and of his church, and promote the good of her fellow-men more by devoting herſelf to *prayer,* than in any other way of which ſhe was capable. And as in her circumſtances ſhe was in a great meaſure free from domeſtic cares, and had opportunity to ſpend much time in retirement, ſhe thought it was her duty to devote as much time as could be ſpared from her particular employment and neceſſary avocation, in *prayer,* not only for herſelf and all her particular friends and near connections; but more eſpecially for the proſperity of the church of Chriſt, and the advancement of his kingdom in the world, until all nations, jews and gentiles, ſhould be converted, and brought into it; in which, prayer for the miniſters of the goſpel was included, that they might be filled with the ſpirit of Chriſt, and abundantly aſſiſted and ſucceeded; and that the Head of the church and Lord of the harveſt would raiſe up, and ſend forth faithful labourers into his harveſt, &c.

For this exerciſe ſhe frequently ſet apart whole days, when her circumſtances would admit of it, and eſpecially when there appeared to her to be a particular call for prayer; and ſpent them in ſecret faſting and prayer. She uſed alſo to ſpend the afternoon and evening of the laſt day of the week in this exerciſe, when not prevented by ſome uncommon circumſtance; alſo the morning of the ſabbath.

Before ſhe was ſixteen years old, ſhe joined a ſociety of women, who met once every week for prayer, reading, and religious converſation; and who devoted the afternoon, once in a month, to this exerciſe; and ſpent, at leaſt, four whole days in a year, in faſting and prayer together.—Of this ſociety ſhe was a diſtinguiſhed member as long as ſhe lived; by whom ſhe was greatly beloved and eſteemed; and they received much comfort and edification from her converſation and prayers. In the latter eſpecially ſhe was diſtinguiſhedly eminent; and at particular times had ſuch enlargement and acceſs to the throne of grace, that ſhe would pray an hour and an half, or more, with ſuch engagedneſs and fervency, without any repetition, with a flow of words expreſſing the moſt pertinent and affecting ideas, and with ſuch a natural connection and progreſſion from one to another, that none who joined with her would appear to be tired, but all pleaſed, affected and edified; and felt a conſciouſneſs that none could have an adequate idea of what paſſed at ſuch times who were not preſent; as a full deſcription of the holy fervour, the clear view of inviſible things, and that nearneſs to God, while ſhe poured out her heart before him, which ſhe diſcovered, cannot be made by any narration of them.

In the practice of this important duty, ſhe excelled moſt chriſtians; and, in an eminent degree, conformed to the following apoſtolic injunction: *Praying always, with all prayer and ſupplication in the ſpirit, and watching thereunto with all perſeverance and ſupplication for all ſaints, and for me;* for the miniſters of the goſpel in particular. And ſhe had many remarkable anſwers to her prayers; many inſtances of which ſhe has recorded in her diary. Some of theſe will be tranſcribed from her private writings; and the whole that has been mentioned under this head will be thereby in ſome meaſure illuſtrated; particularly by the following, which may moſt properly be inſerted here.

The firſt is dated June 27, 1749, which was in the twenty-third year of her age.

"Now would I adore God. Marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! I have renewed occaſion to praiſe thee, and to live devoted to thy ſervice and glory. And now determine, the few remaining days of my life, through thy grace aſſiſting, ſhall be renewedly devoted to thee.

"In the year 1744, in September,* I came to a fixed reſolution to ſpend ſome days in a year to ſeek God's favour to a miſerable world; for the bringing in of the jews and gentiles, and the advancement of the kingdom of Chriſt in the world. And likewiſe ſome time of one day in every week to pray for the miniſters of the goſpel, and the whole church of God, militant.

---

* In the 17th year of her age.

Beſides other days of faſting and prayer, which I kept more eſpecially for my own ſoul, I determined not to forget them.

"And I remembered my ſoul followed hard after God day and night, that the goſpel might reach the utmoſt ends of the earth in its ſaving power and efficacy on the ſouls of men; entreating that God would ſtir up bowels of compaſſion in his miniſters and children, to unite their addreſſes to him on this account. Nor can I ever forget what acceſs God condeſcended to grant me, in pleading that the holy Spirit might be poured out on his children, that they might not ceaſe to wreſtle and cry mightily to God, until he make Jeruſalem a praiſe in the whole earth.

"And I have now met with an account which came from Scotland, that in the ſame year, in November, they came to a united agreement to ſpend the firſt tueſday in each quarter of the year, and ſome part of ſaturday night and ſabbath-day morning in this exerciſe; which account or deſire I never met with until very lately, nor had I ever heard of ſuch a thing being thought of, which makes me conclude the motion came from the Spirit of God; and the agreement was in anſwer to prayer."

The following, which is found in her diary, dated March 28, 1754, relates to the ſame ſubject, and ſhews that ſhe continued in this reſolution and practice.

"Lord, thou haſt the reſidue of the Spirit. O, pour it out upon a ſinking world. Where, oh where is the Lord God of Elijah? And where his promiſes? Art not thou *he?* And wilt thou not ariſe? O ſtrengthen my faith, and enable me to wreſtle day and night for the good of thy choſen. O Lord, Jehovah, pour out thy Spirit upon me, and on all thy people. Let thy Spirit fit me for the work, and I will devote my life to the duty of prayer and ſupplication for all men. O accept of this recovery of health which I devote to this exerciſe. Only do thou, Lord, qualify me for the ſacred, ſolemn exerciſe; and I diſmiſs every other ſcheme or project, and make this the grand purſuit of my life. O aſſiſt me, or I retract; for I cannot perſiſt without thee. I ſhould ſurely bring on myſelf a tireſome burden: I ſhould either faint and drop the purpoſe, or lengthen out a formal, lifeleſs duty; neither pleaſing to myſelf, nor for the glory of God, or the good of others.

" But if this purpoſe be good in thy ſight, O pour out thy Spirit and grace for this end: and then, Lord, behold, here I am! I allow no reſerve. Furniſh my mind with arguments, raiſe my ſoul with deſire, and let faith and hope animate my heart. O God, if thou wilt accept me in this way, by thus qualifying me for it, thou, Lord, ſhalt have the glory. But, O ſuffer me not to attempt in my own ſtrength. Lord, empty me of ſelf. I deſire to ſeek and ſerve thee; yet I fear offering ſtrange fire; or, with haſty Uzzah, unprepared or uncommiſſioned, to touch the ſacred ark. I know thou calleſt upon thy ſaints to cry mightily to thee, until thou makeſt Zion the praiſe of the whole earth; and throughout thy word art encouraging and exciting thy people to wreſtle with thee in prayer for the glorious day of thy power, when all iniquity ſhall ſtop her mouth, and the dear Redeemer's kingdom ſhall ſpread far and wide. O do thou prepare thyſelf a ſacrifice, and accept it through thy dear Son!

"Bleſſed be God for any aſſiſtance. Lord, my ſoul longeth for thy ſalvation. O when ſhall I ſee the good of thy choſen? O how ſweet to think of being at one and the ſame inſtant united in ſpirit, lifting up holy hands without wrath or doubting, for one and the ſame cauſe and intereſt, with many of thy dear ſaints; and the divine Spirit cementing us together in the love of Chriſt and one another!"

The following is an extract from a letter, dated Nov. 27, 1769, written above twenty years after the foregoing, on the ſame ſubject, to a particular friend of hers; by which it will appear how conſcientious ſhe was in this matter, and what fears ſhe ſometimes had that ſhe had engaged in this buſineſs, and proſecuted it with ſo much labour and ſo many conflicts, from pride, or ſomething wrong in her, which brought great perplexity and diſtreſs on her mind, in which the accuſer of the brethren, the tempter, no doubt, had a great hand.

"I had a very ſtrong inclination to write to you laſt week, but I dare not: I was even aſhamed to ſee you, or open my mouth before you, under my preſſures of mind. The caſe is this, dear ſir, which I now take the liberty to mention.

"After I had publicly given myſelf up to God, and commenced a member of Zion, I felt ſome diſpoſition to ſtudy what I ſhould render to the Lord for all his benefits; and how I could in my low and private capacity beſt promote his intereſt, and ſerve the church of Chriſt. Prayer and ſupplication appeared the only or chief way, as good in that way might come more pure and unſullied. Accordingly I devoted myſelf to the ſervice of the ſanctuary in this way, if God would but accept and aſſiſt me herein, though I ſhould be but as a burden-bearer: and herein I thought my eyes were not lofty, nor my heart haughty, neither would it be to exercife myſelf in things too high for me; being encouraged by the gracious acceptance of the offerings of women in the tabernacle ſervice.

"And herein I thought God did graciouſly condeſcend to aſſiſt and bleſs me, and repeatedly diſpoſe me to devote myſelf to his cauſe in this way, making it a powerful motive to cleanſe myſelf from all filthineſs of fleſh and ſpirit: but I ſoon found great conflicts; and it has often been ſuggeſted to my mind, that I ſhould never have any reſt ſo long as I perſiſted in this way. However, I thought, from a ſincere deſire for the glory of God, and the good of his church and people, I could cheerfully ſubmit to an afflicted and conflicting life, if I might be aſſiſted and accepted herein. But ſometimes, laſt week in particular, under a ſenſe of the violent efforts of the powers of darkneſs, my own extreme vileneſs and weakneſs, as tow before the flames, or as a leaf ſhaken by the wind, I am fearing whether it was not from the pride and naughtineſs of my heart that I ſubmitted to conflicts; whether it was not like the aſpiring diſciples, when Chriſt aſked them, *Are ye able to drink of the cup;* that I had through pride and arrogance been ſaying, *I am able.*

"Under theſe views of myſelf, I have been much dejected, and afraid to move or ſtir. And now, my dear ſir, if you have the leaſt ſuſpicion at any time of my acting from this hateful, deteſtable principle, pray ſpeak freely and plainly;

for, though I think my heart does not condemn me as being wholly under its reigning power, yet I find it ſtill works to bring forth fruit unto death. I think, if I know any thing about myſelf, I have been, and am devoting to God all I am, have or can be, and do to his glory; and that my own comfort and happineſs is no farther ſo to me than as it promotes that; and that to be a conſecrated veſſel, though of the meaneſt uſe, is my higheſt wiſh, prayer, and purſuit. I think I know no intereſt but his: yet I am not with a proud preſumption to touch the ſacred ark, leſt I do it to my own confuſion. I know I am to pray for the peace and proſperity of Zion; but the doubt is, whether I am called in that particular manner to take its concerns on me, ſo as to make it the buſineſs of my life; or whether to endeavour to eſcape with my own life, or to work out my own ſalvation &c., be not the province God has called me to act in; ſo poor, ſo weak and pulluted a worm as I am. Yet, *I know I feel*, whatever I am called to, that I muſt love *this Mount Zion*, and muſt prefer the proſperity thereof above my chief joy."

The attentive judicious reader of this will not be at a loſs, it is preſumed, about the anſwer which ſhe received from her friend. The inviſible tempter, who hates prayer, and eſpecially thoſe who live moſt in the ſincere engaged practice of it, took advantage of her ſenſe of her own meanneſs, weakneſs, unworthineſs and depravity, to ſuggeſt that ſhe had, in all her engagedneſs in this duty, and in the manner in which ſhe had devoted herſelf to it, aſpired to that which did not become her, from the pride of her heart; aiming hereby to diſtreſs her, and diſcourage her from proceeding in this way. His hand was very apparent in theſe exerciſes of hers

It will be obſerved by thoſe who ſhall peruſe her writings, which are to be tranſcribed, that ſhe conſidered the hand of ſatan to be apparent in many ſuggeſtions which were made to her mind; and while ſhe aſcribed many things of this kind to him, ſhe conſidered herſelf to be wholly to blame for every wrong voluntary exerciſe of her heart, or the leaſt compliance with ſuch ſuggeſtions, and as much ſo as if the tempter had no hand in them: and that this was not owing to mere fancy and ſuperſtition, or was in the leaſt unreaſonable or inconſiſtent with the bible, all muſt be ſenſible who properly attend to the matter, and obſerve that the ſcriptures repreſent ſatan as an adverſary to all chriſtians, a roaring lion, walking about ſeeking whom he may devour. And they are ſaid, in their chriſtian warfare, *to wreſtle againſt principalities, againſt powers, againſt the rulers of the darkneſs of this world, againſt ſpiritual wickedneſs in high places;* and are called upon to *put on the whole armour of God*, in order to *withſtand the wiles of the devil.* Alſo David, Peter, and many others were aſſaulted and tempted by this adverſary. No wonder then, that when this perſon in her youth was diſpoſed to renounce the devil and his ſervice, and turn to the Lord and ſeek him with engagedneſs of mind, ſatan ſhould beſtir himſelf, and exert all his power and cunning to deceive and deſtroy her; and take all the advantage he could of her youth, want of experience, and ſmall degree of doctrinal knowledge. And it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that a perſon ſo eminently devoted to religion and prayer, in oppoſition to ſatan and his intereſt as ſhe was in the after part of life, ſhould be in a peculiar manner and degree aſſaulted by the wiles of the devil; eſpecially, conſidering her ſituation and circumſtances of body and mind. They who are moſt eminent in chriſtian exerciſes, and conſtantly engaged in watching and praying, are not only expoſed to oppoſition from ſatan in a peculiar manner, but doubtleſs are commonly diſcerning and ſenſible of his ſuggeſtions and aſſaults.

Theſe obſervations have been made, ſuppoſing they may be of uſe to ſome, who may read the following chapters; eſpecially that which now offers itſelf to the candid reader.

CHAPTER II.

Containing an account of the firſt part of her life, written by herſelf, in the 28th year of her age.

"SOME obſervable paſſages in my life, eſpecially the firſt ſeventeen years of it, which I have collected from ſome memorandums and by the help of my memory, I have now ſet down, that I may with more eaſe peruſe them: and as they are deſigned for my own uſe, I am no ways ſolicitous to omit any thing that may look trifling, if I think the recording it may ſerve to animate me, and excite that praiſe in my ſoul which is everlaſtingly due to the great Author and finiſher of my faith. A deſire to revive a ſenſe of this in my ſoul has led me to review what I had formerly written, and to recollect what my memory did retain; and now to put them together in the order of their dates, ſo that being in this compaſs I might readily look over them when I inclined or needed it: and here I have begun from my early days. O may that ſame divine Spirit which has worked all my works in me, ever excite the warmeſt ſentiments of gratitude, love and wonder, whenever I review theſe records of the divine unmerited diſplays of his grace!"

* * *

I WAS early taught to love, fear and ſerve the Lord. My dear mother took great pains to form my mind for God. And, bleſſed be God, who by his Spirit followed the good advice, counſels and warnings, early convincing me of my ſinful ſtate, and of the corrupt fountain in my ſoul. The firſt ſin that I remember to have been convinced of was pride; and this I ſaw to be in my heart, and from thence it had proceeded into act. I think I was then between five and ſix years old: and remember that I was very anxious to know whether God would forgive me, if I grew good then; and enquired of ſome of my friends as to this matter. In the general they reſolved my queſtion, and read the eighteenth chapter of Ezekiel to me. This put me on working with all my might, and keeping up good reſolutions; but convictions wore off, and I remember but little of theſe concerns until I was ſeven or eight years old. They were then revived; and I ſaw more of the ſinfulneſs of my heart, but had no clear knowledge of the way of ſalvation by Jeſus Chriſt. I knew Chriſt died for ſinners; but how we became intereſted in his death confuſed me. I had, though young, a ſet of notions of my own, and was exceſſively ſuperſtitious. I worked hard. I quarrelled with the ſovereignty of God. I remember I felt my heart riſe, and my enmity worked violently, to find that there was *more joy over one ſinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine juſt perſons;* for I had worked up myſelf into ſuch a conceit, that I really thought I was one of the *juſt perſons.* O ſhocking ignorance and preſumption! But God, who, I truſt, was determined to bring me home, would not ſuffer me finally to perſiſt in this ſcheme; but did multiply conviction. I forſook God, and fell into ſins, and was rouſed again by convictions.

But as to the particular circumſtances of a change, which I ſuppoſe to be about this time, I cannot remember them. The moſt that I can remember is, that I was in great diſtreſs about my ſoul; that I ſaw the inſufficiency of any thing I could do to ſave me: and about this time had my heart much carried out after Chriſt, and the way of ſalvation by him; and I remember to have been filled with comfort and joy in religion. I ſhould not think theſe things ſufficient evidences that I had experienced a work of grace in my ſoul, had I experienced nothing more ſince that time: but what I truſt I have ſince known of a work of God in my ſoul, inclines me to think that I was then brought home to God; and that I then had true faith in God, if I now have. I can much better remember the effects than the circumſtances of theſe things. They were ſuch as theſe: knowledge, faith and love, and hatred of ſin.

As to my knowledge, though to this day I have reaſon to be humbled in the duſt that I know no more; and am often ready to cry out of my ignorance, that I am ignorant as a beaſt before the Lord—Ah! woe is me that I know no more of God and divine ſpiritual things—yet my knowledge, however weak, is an evidence to me, that God did then work a work of grace in my ſoul. For now I began more clearly to ſee my wretched ſtate by nature and practice; my need of a Saviour, and the way of ſalvation by him. My mind was enlightened, and drank in many of the precious truths of the goſpel about this time; and from hence forward had a clearer knowledge of Chriſt as mediator, one choſen by the Father for ſinners, than before.

As to my faith, which is an evidence of my change—After this time, which I ſuppoſe to be about the eighth or ninth year of my age, I did frequently endeavour to give myſelf up to God, caſting all my concerns on him; embracing Chriſt as my only Redeemer; reſting on him as my only High Prieſt before God the Father: and though at this age, and under ſome diſadvantages, I had not a thorough doctrinal knowledge, which renders my experiences at this time far leſs clear than otherwiſe they might have been; yet the actings of my ſoul towards God then, appear ſince to me, as far as I can diſcern, to be the real actings of true faith.

Again, as to my love—Now was my ſoul taken up in admiring the glorious way of ſalvation by Chriſt. He appeared truly amiable, as the Redeemer of loſt man. Nor was the Father's love leſs wonderful in giving his Son to die. I can remember to have been even wrapped up in extacy of love and wonder. For ſome time my thoughts ſeemed only to dwell and live on the admirable views of theſe things. I wondered they were no more admired and ſpoken of by others. I loved the word of God, took great delight in reading it, and in all the exerciſes of religion. My greateſt was one of the *juſt perſons.* O ſhocking ignorance and preſumption! But God, who, I truſt, was determined to bring me home, would not ſuffer me finally to perſiſt in this ſcheme; but did multiply conviction. I forſook God, and fell into ſins, and was rouſed again by convictions.

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Thus I went on for ſome time, in the comforts of religion, and in the practice of the duties of it, weary of the world, longing after God, and deſirous of the ſalvation of others. In particular, I remember to have the ſoul of my youngeſt ſiſter much on my heart. She was about ſix years and-a-half younger than I was; and I uſed to put her to bed. And I made it my practice, when I had done, to kneel down, undiſcovered, and ſeek God's ſpecial bleſſing, and conſtant protection for her. O that God may fulfil my earneſt requeſts on her behalf!

But after ſome time I began to loſe theſe good impreſſions, and get in love with childiſh vanities and plays: and thus my heart declined from God and duty. Yet, forever bleſſed be God, who did not ſuffer me wholly to loſe theſe religious impreſſions; but followed me with his Spirit, though I ſtrove to diſregard him, and follow my ſports and plays, for which my mother reproved me; and I reſolved againſt them; yet fell again. And thus I continued, often afraid and aſhamed to pray, until forced to it by ſome diſtreſſing providence: and then I would continue ſteady for a while; as when by a ſudden ſtroke God took from me my eldeſt ſiſter, whom I greatly loved. I then flew to God for relief and ſupport; and that the blow might be ſanctified to the whole family. Thus when trouble was near, I poured out my prayer to God: but, alas! I was not conſtant and ſteady with him. My heart, after all that God had done for me, and all I had engaged for him, was now bent to backſliding; and would have fatally apoſtatized from God, had he not kept me by his mighty power, from which none ſhall be able to pluck his children: he having engaged to carry on the work he has begun, will aſſuredly fulfil his purpoſe. This I verily believe; for otherwiſe I had never been recovered from ſuch foul, ungrateful wanderings. Oh how long did God wait to be gracious! How many mercies did he beſtow on me! How many gentle reproofs; how many kind calls and entreaties did he uſe! But ſtill I forſook the Lord my Redeemer.

And now he began to hide his face from me, and ſuffer ſatan to beſet me. My ſins appeared great, and I was covered with darkneſs and confuſion. I appeared to myſelf amazingly ignorant. And here ſatan ſtrove to perſuade me that I had better let religion alone until I was older: then I ſhould know how to engage in it. And I was tempted to believe all the darkneſs and trouble I found was owing to my being ſo young, that I had not ſufficient knowledge to engage in any thing of religion. Oh, what diſtreſs was I now in! I found I could not now caſt off God, and the concerns of my ſoul; nor could I ſeem to purſue them to any purpoſe. I had ſet my hand to the plough, and dare not reſolvedly look back, and caſt off all thoughts of God and my ſoul; nor would God ſuffer me thus to do. No, adored be the bleſſed God, who was now about to bring me near himſelf. Satan had often ſuited his temptations to my childiſh thoughts, and ſuggeſted that I could not be contented if I went to heaven; for I could not be contented here always in one place. I returned the queſtion, how I ſhould be contented in hell? But here he ſuggeſted the variety of company, I remember. This temptation followed me cloſely: but the other, concerning my being too young to engage in religion, was now very powerful. I found myſelf entangled in a labyrinth of darkneſs and confuſion. God had juſtly hid himſelf from me. The teachings of his Spirit ſeemed to be gone, and I groped in the dark. I found not a fixed reliance on Chriſt, to carry on his work in my ſoul; but often engaged in my own ſtrength, and then was foiled. I was often ready to think I never would adviſe one ſo young as I was, to ſet about religion; for I greatly feared I never ſhould obtain the favour of God, but ſhould make ſhipwreck of faith: not conſidering Chriſt's care of his young, unexperienced diſciples; that theſe have a peculiar intereſt in his moſt tender regard; and that his promiſe is to ſuch as ſeek him early, that they ſhall find him: nor was I ſufficiently humbled under my wicked departure from God.

Oh, had God now left me, what had I done; but joined with ſatan, and utterly forſook the Lord? But thus he followed me with the convictions of his Spirit; ſometimes reproving, ſometimes enlightening and encouraging me, ſometimes ſuffering ſatan to aſſault me, until the year 1740,* when the Rev. Mr. Whitefield came hither. I attended his preaching, and was quickened to give more diligence to make my calling and election ſure. I read more, and liſtened more attentively to the truths of the goſpel: and there being more talk of religion now, I got more acquaintance with the work of God in the ſouls of his people, and reſolved more diligently to labour after a life of holineſs, and inward conformity to God.

But here ſatan as a lion rouſed, roared after his prey, and beſet me, to perſuade me that my day of grace was over; that all my ſtrivings would not ſignify any thing; that God had caſt me off. And now, as I had forſook God, he juſtly poured anguiſh and terror into my ſoul. I cried out, with Heman, *I am ready to die; while I ſuffer thy terrors I am diſtracted—Deep calleth unto deep at the noiſe of thy water-ſpouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me!* Satan was permitted to fill my mind with the moſt horrid blaſphemies. He that had, but juſt before, tried to perſuade me that I was too young to be religious, now turned his temptation to perſuade me it was too late; that I ſhould never obtain mercy; that there was no hope for me; that I had better curſe God and die! And again he would perſuade me there was no God, nor any thing in religion. But, I felt the arrows of God within me. I roared, by reaſon of the diſquietude of my ſoul; and was ſtrongly beſet to lay violent hands on myſelf, verily fearing, if I lived, that I ſhould be a moſt blaſphemous wretch; being ſtrongly and violently urged to utter ſome ſhocking imprecations on God, and my own ſoul, and every thing ſacred. Oh how many hours have I ſpent in bewailing a loſt God, and a loſt heaven; crying out, "I am undone! I am undone! Condemned already, and ſhall be damned!" Pleading with God to ſtop my impious breath, before it uttered theſe dreadful blaſphemies. And I believe a bloody inhuman butcher would have been more welcome to my tortured breaſt, than a reprieve to a condemned criminal. For ſatan began to perſuade me that I was a devil incarnate; that God had raiſed and ſet me up as a monument of his wrath and vengeance; and that, if I lived, I ſhould but ſhew the enmity, rage, and language of hell. Then he would perſuade me to call God's juſtice into queſtion, and impiouſly charge him with injuſtice, in ſuffering me to live.

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* She was then in her fourteenth year.

That threatening was come upon me: *In the morning thou ſhalt ſay, Would God it were evening! And at evening thou ſhalt ſay, Would God it were morning!* I was now on the brink of deſpair; but never opened my caſe to any perſon. My friends, as I afterwards found, were much diſtreſſed about me; and ſome feared I was going into deſpair. I had caſt off all regard for my body. One of my hands, I had ſo long neglected, only when I wrung it in diſtreſs, that it began to wither and periſh. I had ſcarce any command or uſe of it. This, with the horror of my mind, made me appear awkward and ſingular, to thoſe who knew not my caſe. And one ſharply reproved me for it; telling me, ſhe was aſhamed of me, before company; though this I ſhunned, and never would be ſeen, if I could help it. This uſage, with ſatan's violent aſſaults, had been too hard for me, had not God graciouſly interpoſed, and brought good out of it: for this, ſatan took the advantage of, to worry and diſtract my ſoul. But I overheard my dear parents lamenting my caſe with the utmoſt tenderneſs. And one repeated to them the treatment I had before met with. They ſharply reproved the perſon, and expreſſed their diſtreſs for me, charging all to treat me with the utmoſt tenderneſs. This worked powerfully on my affections. I took the Bible, and ſat down to read. The firſt words I met with were theſe: (Pſal. ciii. 13.) *Like as a father pitieth his children; ſo the Lord pitieth them that fear him.* They appeared quite new to me: I was filled with a ſenſe of the compaſſion and love of God, who before appeared as a terrible Being. And now I entertained ſome little encouragement.

But though the leaſt gleam of hope was like life to the dead, yet it did not laſt long: ſatan had not gone to the utmoſt of his permiſſion. Though God mercifully afforded ſome ſupports that I might not be quite out-done; yet he wiſely foreſaw that I needed more pruning, before I ſhould bring forth fruit; and, therefore, ſuffered ſatan ſtill to vex my ſoul This liberty he improved in the moſt ſhocking and blaſphemous ſuggeſtions, that a curſed fiend could throw into my mind. Every mercy was an occaſion to dart them into my mind; and I was even weary of my life. The thoughts of hell were not ſo terrible to me, as thoſe blaſphemies of God. But what added to my diſtreſs was, that I thought theſe were the produce of my own heart; that it was from the enmity of my nature againſt God, and not from ſatan, that they proceeded. I now thought myſelf one of the worſt of monſters; and often wiſhed that I might be annihilated, that I might never ſhew forth this accurſed enmity of my heart in hell. Oh, it was a moſt ſhocking, tormenting thought to me, of joining with devils in blaſpheming God and Jeſus Chriſt! And I thought, if I was damned, I wiſhed I might bear my torment, without an impious reproach on the bleſſed God. Yea, I made this the matter of my prayer to God, and acknowledged his juſtice.

Thus I continued. In the year 1741, the Rev. Mr. Gilbert Tennent came hither. He had been here before, and I had never heard him: but now I went. Some of my friends being much affected under the word, expreſſed their concern to me, telling me, they wiſhed they had been as much concerned for their ſouls, as they thought I was. This rouſed me: I burſt into tears, and told them they did not know what a dreadful creature I was; what dreadful thoughts I had: and exclaimed againſt myſelf moſt terribly; aſſuring them they could not once think how bad I was. But oh, how was I harraſſed and worried, after I had told this to them! Satan worked on my pride, to make me aſhamed that I had let any body know how bad I was. I thought they would not think me fit to live. I was ready to think every one would look on me to be ſuch a monſter, as was never heard of before. With many entreaties I was prevailed upon, in the evening, to viſit Mr. Tennent. But my mouth was ſhut: I dare not ſpeak a word, only yes, or no. Yet I gained light by this worthy miniſter's preaching and converſation. Forever bleſſed be God that I ſaw him!

After this, I was greatly diſtreſſed by theſe words: *He that made them will not have mercy on them, and he that formed them will ſhew them no favour.* Oh, the terrors of theſe words were like fire in my ſoul! Again, ſatan perſuaded me not to pray for grace; for if I had grace, I ſhould be under ſuch infinite obligations to God for it, and I ſhould never live up to them, ſo that I ſhould be worſe off than I am now. I could not then ſee through the fallacy of this temptation. Oh how ſubtle is ſatan in managing his temptations! Firſt darkening our minds as to ſome powerful truths; and then he ſuits his temptations ſo artfully that the moſt judicious are ſometimes nonpluſed. No wonder then, that a poor, ignorant babe, who knew but very little of the doctrinal or experimental part of religion, was ſo overpowered: and ſurely I had been utterly confounded, had not the Lord, ſtrong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle, engaged for me, and ſupported and ſuſtained my ſoul. An inſtance of this I am now come to. One night I was worn out with conflicts and combats. Deſpairing of help, I went into my chamber, and threw myſelf on the bed, unable to reſiſt any longer, there to give up all hopes of mercy. But I fell aſleep, ſo that I remembered no more, till the next morning. I awaked with all my clothes on, as I had been the day before: but my mind was more compoſed. I was at firſt ſtartled, that one under ſuch diſtreſs could ſleep thus: but I recollected that the diſciples of our Lord were ſaid to ſleep for ſorrow of heart. Though my inward trials were great now; yet God graciouſly afforded me timely relief and ſuccour, more than I had heretofore, or perhaps I had failed under ſo long a preſſure of ſoul.

Again, I was diſtreſſed, and almoſt ready to deſpair, becauſe my trials were of ſo long continuance; and my heart began to faint. Satan ſet in to perſuade me there was no hope for me, ſeeing I had been in this condition ſo long, and was no nearer deliverance than at firſt. Now my ſoul was racked with tormenting agony; in which I took up the Bible, not knowing what to do, or ſcarcely what I did do. But, to my ſurpriſe, I alighted on thoſe words: *When Jeſus ſaw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that caſe, he ſaith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?** Here I ſaw the compaſſionate Redeemer ſhewing his mercy to one long diſtreſſed; that this was no obſtacle in his way; that as his power was not limited, ſo neither was his goodneſs; but even that which was an objection againſt my hope, ſeemed to be given here as a reaſon or motive that excited Chriſt's pity. "When Jeſus ſaw him lie, and knew he had been now *a long time in that caſe*," &c. This was my caſe. I had been now a long time in a very diſtreſſed condition: and if Jeſus had compaſſion on *him*, why might he not on *me?* I took encouragement from the power and goodneſs of the kind Saviour. My darkneſs vaniſhed; my diſtreſs fled; and I caſt myſelf on this gracious God for help, believing he would appear for me, and ſhew mercy, and bruiſe ſatan under my feet. Oh how did this revive my drooping ſoul, and cauſe me to rejoice!

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* John v. 6.

But I was ſoon plunged again into diſtreſs: for though ſatan was forced to flee, yet he now returned upon me with double fury. However, by theſe conqueſts of my Saviour over him, I was kept from utter deſpair. I was again aſſaulted, ſo that I ſeemed as one really poſſeſſed of the devil. For when at ſecret prayer, I was ſo ſurpriſed, hurried and diſtracted, as to ſtart up, and run about, not knowing what I did, or why I did it; only that ſatan ſeemed to have the full power of me. And ſometimes ſome outward things have been ſo managed, that I could not but think ſatan worked powerfully by theſe to affright and terrify me: becauſe at the very inſtant that my mind has been thrown into the moſt amazing diſorder and confuſion, ſome outward ſurpriſals have ruſhed on me, which could not be otherwiſe well accounted for. Yet, bleſſed be God, ſatan was never permitted to preſent any thing to my bodily eyes, or ears; nor did I ever think I heard any voice, or ſaw any viſion, either from heaven or hell. My fancy, or imagination was never ſo carried away, and ſo impoſed on me, as to think I heard any thing that had a peculiar reſpect to me, beyond what the word of God has revealed. This I have often thought of, with gratitude to God; eſpecially when I conſider how prone my conſtitution is to the lively workings of fancy. Nor did the ſweet comforts of the goſpel, and the joys I have ſince felt, proceed from any ſuch imaginary tranſports; but, I truſt, have been agreeable to the ſcriptures, and to reaſon. I think I have abundant cauſe to adore and bleſs that God who has preſerved me from ſuch ſordid notions of vital religion, on which ſome perſons of wild imagination, have laid great ſtreſs; viz. hearing voices, ſeeing viſions, being in trances, and ſeeing their names written in heaven, &c.

But though this, through the grace of God, was not my caſe; yet ſatan had great power to fright and diſtreſs me, eſpecially after I had been engaging in the worſhip of God. I have been filled with ſuch horror, that I could reſt in no one poſture; but rolling from place to place, wringing my hands, expoſtulating with God to take me out of the world; for what profit could it be to him, that I ſhould live to diſhonour his great and dreadful name. And here all former temptations ſeemed to redouble their force. I was ready to wiſh I never had been: and that I had been any thing but a living ſoul. It is impoſſible for the tongue or pen of mortals to deſcribe the agony of my ſoul; the amazing load that preſſed on me. I ſeemed as though I ſhould have twiſted every bone out of its place; and have often ſince wondered that I never disjointed a bone, when, through the violence of my diſtreſs, I wrung my hands, twiſted every joint, and ſtrained every nerve; biting my fleſh, gnaſhing my teeth, throwing myſelf on the floor. But oh, how did the ſupporting hand of God ſtill uphold me, though I ſaw it not, but thought myſelf abandoned and given over of God. Yet now I ſee infinite wiſdom, grace and love, accompanying all theſe diſpenſations towards me; and muſt adore thy forever-adorable goodneſs, Lord, for thou haſt done all things well. Theſe afflictions, which were indeed not joyous, but grievous, now yield the peaceable fruits of righteouſneſs. Here I ſee the wiſdom, power and goodneſs, of my glorious Redeemer. Verily, he is infinitely worthy of my ſtedfaſt truſt, and everlaſting confidence. From hence I find powerful motives and vaſt encouragement for future truſt and reliance.

But to return. My diſtreſs increaſed on me, until the neceſſaries of life grew taſteleſs: and here ſatan ſet in to perſuade me I had ſinfully indulged my appetite. When I attempted to eat, it would be ſuggeſted, that I was then increaſing my condemnation; and while I was under this temptation I met with thoſe words: *He that doubteth is damned, if he eat.* (Rom. xiv. 23.) I did not conſider it had no reference to our common, daily food, but to what was offered to idols: but the tempter would perſuade me it was juſt my caſe; for I was convinced it was a ſin, and yet went on. This threw me into great horror, and I reſolved to deny myſelf. Had ſatan tempted me wholly to refrain, and ſtarve myſelf, I ſhould have ſeen it to be a temptation of his: but I was only tempted to mortify and croſs my appetite. Every meal I was tempted to refrain from *that*, and ſo on. This the family ſoon began to perceive, and that I withdrew at meal times, not knowing the occaſion of it. But, one day, having ſat until dinner was brought in, I then retired. I was ſent for; but made an excuſe. My mother, being very uneaſy, came once and again to my chamber door; and at laſt deſired to come in. I dare not refuſe; but wiſhed I might have been excuſed from opening my door. When ſhe came in, ſhe affectionately aſked me what was the matter; and whether I could not tell *a mother* my troubles? After many ſtruggles with myſelf I told her. She cautioned and warned me, and endeavoured to comfort me by her own experiences: but the temptation and fear in ſome meaſure remained, though I had not ſuch opportunity to yield; and that croſſed ſatan's deſire. Before this, I had been ſo long harraſſed and terrified with the diſmal apprehenſions of certain, unavoidable damnation, that though I took only enough to preſerve life, yet every mouthful ſeemed to ſeal up my condemnation: and therefore I ſeemed ready to give up, and wholly abſtain, rather than endure that diſtreſs of mind which every morſel I took occaſioned. Forever bleſſed be God, that this temptation was diſcovered: for though I had been moſt furiouſly beſet to lay violent hands on myſelf, through all my temptations; yet I never was left to make any attempt on my life. But in this ſatan worked more ſubtilly; and I could not ſee any conſpiracy againſt my life: my deſign was to mortify myſelf. Oh how hard is it to ſee through the wiles of ſatan, when he appears as an angel of light, as he now did!

Soon after this, being alone in my chamber, ſatan aſſaulted me moſt fiercely to put an end to my life; ſuggeſting that never was any one in ſuch a condition before; that I was an outcaſt, rejected of God; that I had better put an end to my life, than live to treaſure up wrath againſt the day of wrath. The cruel inſtrument was preſent to accompliſh the helliſh deſign. This temptation ruſhed on me with ſuch impetuous force, that I found it would be highly dangerous to ſtay there. The family being gone to bed, I thought I would go too, rather than ſtay alone, leſt I ſhould be quite overpowered. But now ſatan ſhifted, and filled me with diſtreſſing apprehenſions of awaking in hell, to frighten me from going to bed. He that would have brought me quick there, in a dreadful plunge, now opened the terrors of it, to affrighten me from my ſleep. But I found, as ſoon as I began to decline going to bed, or leaving the room, the temptation to deſtroy myſelf revived with greater force. This was a moſt violent conflict; and I ran out of the room. As I paſſed another chamber, I ſaw a book lie, in which my ſiſter had a little before been reading: it happened to be Mr. Corban's Advice to Sinners under Conviction, &c. with ſome Scruples of the Tempted reſolved. I had never ſeen or heard of the book before, nor knew that there was any ſuch book in the houſe; but in the diſtreſs of my mind, I took it up; and the firſt words I ſaw in it were theſe:

1. "Although thy preſent condition be deplorable; yet be not thy own executioner, if God will give thee a reprieve in the world. When thou art tempted to it, I ſolemnly charge thee to remember, that God hath forbidden it; ſaying, Thou ſhalt not kill.

2. "In the hour of temptation go not out in thy own ſtrength. Look to Chriſt, and keep thy hold of him, who is able to keep thee from falling. The Lord hath laid help on one that is mighty. Pſal. lxxxix. 19.

3. "Give no place to the devil. Be not affrighted from continuing in thy calling; for the Lord hath promiſed to keep thee in all thy ways; and his angels ſhall have charge over thee. Pſal. xci. 11, 12.

4. "Thou art groſsly miſtaken in thinking no caſe like thine: for no temptation hath taken you, but ſuch as is common to men. (1 Cor. x. 13.) Many of God's dear children have been as vehemently aſſaulted with ſuch helliſh temptations, though thou thinkeſt thy caſe cannot be parralleled, and have been recovered; and their unbelief, and all their ſad concluſions confuted.

5. "When thou art tempted to ſin, flee to that promiſe: *No weapon formed againſt thee ſhall proſper—The God of peace ſhall bruiſe ſatan under thy feet ſhortly—God is faithful, who will not ſuffer thee to be tempted above that thou art able to bear.* Iſai. liv. 17. Rom. xvi. 20.

But, oh, with what wonder and aſtoniſhment did I read theſe lines, ſo peculiarly adapted to my caſe! Was I tempted to that foul-ſhuddering ſin, ſelf murder? Here is a caution, command and promiſe, to the contrary, from the word of God. Am I tempted to think there never was any one in ſuch a caſe as that in which I am? Here ſatan is proved a liar from the word of God. Or am I affrighted from ſleep, in the proper ſeaſon of it? I have a caution not to give way to it, and a promiſe to rely upon. Thus, with an uncommon power, were the words applied to my preſent caſe. What a ſudden, unexpected providence was here! Satan at once felt the force of theſe commiſſioned lines, and fled the field: the ſeed of the woman bruiſed the ſerpent's head, while he was bruiſing but his heel. Now I ſaw the power, wiſdom, and goodneſs of that Being, whom I was tempted to diſbelieve: I ſaw the truth of that word, which ſatan had told me there was no truth in; and I ſaw ſatan to be a liar. The darkneſs and horror diſappeared. This was the Lord's doing, and it was marvellous in mine eyes. There was no human contrivance in it. I ſaw the power and grace of Chriſt. He manifeſted himſelf to be the Lord ſtrong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle, and worthy of my confidence. Oh how unutterable my joy! I ſang of free, ſurpriſing grace; and, with the leper, was conſtrained, by gratitude and love, to return and give glory to God.

Now I felt but little diſpoſition for ſleep: my whole ſoul was carried out in praiſe and admiration, while I lay in the duſt, crying out, Why me! Lord, why me? Why haſt thou ſtooped to regard ſo unworthy a worm as I? Oh, how free and ſovereign did this grace appear: how did I triumph in God, caſting my whole ſoul and body on him! And when I lay down to reſt, how ſweet to commit myſelf into his hands; ſaying, *I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.* Now I ſaw the wiſdom of God, in all his dealings with me; and did rejoice in hope that I was one of his called according to his purpoſe; ſince thoſe very temptations, which I feared were againſt me, now worked together for my good; diſplaying to me the power, wiſdom, and grace of God; exciting my faith and love to more ſenſible exerciſes; and confirming in my mind many ſcriptures, the truth of which I had been long ready to doubt of. For in my haſte I had ſaid, All men are liars. Where are his promiſes? Do they fail? But now I ſaid, True and faithful is the word of the Lord. Oh who can ſet bounds to the infinite grace and love of God!

I wonder at, and adore the love of God in regarding any of the fallen apoſtate race of rebellious man. I am ſurpriſed at his condeſcenſions, when I read of his dealings with his eminent ſervants, who are as pillars in his houſe, and ſuch from whom may reaſonably be expected ſome ſuitable returns, though none can compenſate the leaſt act of his grace. But oh, how does my wonder riſe, even to aſtoniſhment, when I review but what my treacherous memory yet retains of his dealing with unworthy me! Oh my ſoul! God knew thee to be a helpleſs, worthleſs, depraved worm: he knew thy ſtation and capacity were low and mean, and thy ingratitude, ſloth and negligence to be great, and unbecoming thee: he knew what poor returns thou wouldſt make. And yet, oh ſurpriſing grace! I believe there are many of the former to whom he never afforded more ſpeedy ſuccour and relief, than to me. Verily, oh God, it is like thy nature, immenſe and boundleſs: for thou haſt choſen the baſe things of this world, babes and ſucklings; yea, things that are not, to ſhew forth thy power and grace. Oh the height and depth of unſearchable grace and love!

But to return. Now I engaged to be the Lord's, and bound myſelf to him in a ſhort written covenant, which I find dated Oct. 19, 1741:* and I enjoyed ſome more freedom from thoſe violent diſtreſſes, which I had ſuffered; but was not wholly delivered. My fear and temptation returned at times, though not ſo often as formerly: and God graciouſly allowed me ſome near acceſs to him in prayer. A very little after this, I was ſeeking God for a particular temporal mercy; and was powerfully quieted by theſe words: *Seek firſt the kingdom of God, and his righteouſneſs, and all theſe things ſhall be added unto you.* This gave my mind a calm turn: and though I had no proſpect of the ſpeedy accompliſhment of my requeſt; yet I believed in the promiſe, and left it with God; and was as well ſatisfied as if I had ſeen it done. And, before night, to the wonder of many, it was accompliſhed. I was filled with ſuch a humbling ſenſe of the goodneſs of God, and my own vileneſs, that I ſat as one not concerned in the matter; while others were rejoicing, and calling on me, to know if I was ſorry. But my ſoul was engaged in adoring God as the author of all my mercies, and in ſealing to the truth of his word, that he was a God hearing prayer.

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* She then wanted six days of being 15 years old.

I now began more ſtrictly to examine thoſe principles of religion in which I had been educated. To win Chriſt, and be found in him, was the prevailing concern of my life. I was ſo often plunged into new diſtreſſes, that I could not purſue any thing ſteadily; yet I embraced thoſe principles, which I thought moſt agreeable to divine revelation, without changing my profeſſion.* But, when I had light and hope about my own ſtate, I was diſpoſed to look into theſe matters. I feared to be too much engaged in any thing that did not immediately concern my intereſt in Chriſt, by a true and vital union to him. Now my ſoul longed after him, and the language of my whole heart was for a Chriſt, a whole Chriſt, in all his offices, on his own terms; and that he would manifeſt himſelf to me: giving up myſelf to him; engaging to be his; afraid of every thing that might offend him. I had ſome diſcovery of Chriſt as a complete Saviour; yet there was much of a legal ſpirit in me, which often filled me with great terror, and hideous fears of condemnation. Satan ſet in with it, and would tempt me to many things, indifferent in themſelves; yet very inconvenient and burdenſome to me: but if I refuſed or objected, hell and unavoidable damnation to the diſobedient, was the doleful peal rung in my ears. Yea, he perſuaded me that every refuſal was a ſeal on my condemnation: and therefore, for the ſake of quietneſs, I yielded; and ſo brought myſelf under ſuch a yoke of bondage to ſatan, as gave him vaſt power over me. I kept many days of faſting and prayer; and often denied myſelf almoſt all the comforts of life. I uſed great ſeverity with myſelf, even to cruelty; often taking for food that which was moſt diſagreeable, to mortify myſelf. I mortified a grateful diſpoſition of ſoul, by embittering my mercies: in all which I was very private. Numberleſs were the miſtakes and errors, into which I ran at this time. However, though ſatan urged me on to things, to an extreme; yet, I truſt, God brought good out of it, and taught me much of a goſpel ſelf-denying ſpirit.

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* She was educated in the profession of the Quakers, as her parents were of that denomination.

About this time the Rev. Mr. Wheelock came hither, and preached from thoſe words: *Examine yourſelves, whether ye be in the faith, &c.* This put me on a ſerious inquiry into the ſtate of my ſoul; which I had ſcarcely allowed myſelf to do before: but rather inclined to fix in my mind that I had no true faith, than to admit a thought that poſſibly I had. But now I made ſome inquiry; and dare not deny thoſe evidences, which were mentioned from the ſcriptures: and, by a ſermon of the Rev. Mr. Dickinſon on the witneſs of the Spirit, I found, as I thought, farther ground to hope that I had experienced a work of grace in my ſoul; but had greater diſcoveries of the corruption of my heart: and was often amazed and confounded, eſpecially under Mr. Wheelock's preaching; yet not ſo as to loſe my hope, though it was often very low.

Now, as I had ſome hope and relief, I ſet myſelf to purſue the inquiry into the principles of religion. I read Barclay's Apology; Mr. Vincent's Expoſition of the Aſſembly's Catechiſm; and ſeveral other authors on the ſame ſubjects; with ſome treatiſes on the ordinances; and eſpecially comparing them with ſcripture. And, upon the whole, after prayer and ſupplication to God for direction, according to the beſt light I could get, without applying to any perſon, on one ſide or the other, I was convinced that the ordinances of baptiſm and the Lord's ſupper were of divine appointment at firſt. I found alſo that they had been kept up in the church by the apoſtles; and could find no proof from ſcripture that they were ever aboliſhed, as the ceremonial law was; and therefore ſtill were in force, and ought to be practiſed by chriſtians. I was now convinced they were the poſitive commands of Chriſt, and ought not to be ſlighted or neglected.

As to the doctrines of grace, the imputation of Adam's ſin; the corruption of our nature; juſtification by the imputation of the righteouſneſs of Chriſt, through faith in him; the divine ſovereignty, that grace was abſolutely free and ſovereign, without any foreſeen merit or worth in the creature, according to Rom. ix. 1 Pet. i. and many other paſſages of ſcripture to the ſame purpoſe; and the other doctrines of the goſpel, as ſet forth by the aſſembly of divines at Weſtminſter, I did verily believe them to be the moſt agreeable to the word of God; which I believe to be the only rule of faith and practice; by which the Spirit of God doth lead us into all truth. I did embrace theſe doctrines, according to the beſt light I had, (after a diligent inquiry into the truth) as moſt worthy of God, and warranted by his word, for me to receive and walk in; not condemning others, who did not ſee as I did. Yet I ſtill continued in the way in which I had been educated, waiting on God for farther light and eſtabliſhment. This was in the beginning of the year 1742.*

But to return to the inward exerciſes of my mind, in reſpect to the ſtate of my ſoul. God ſaw I needed farther humbling, before I might enjoy the abundant conſolations of the goſpel; and therefore he ſuffered me frequently to be plunged into the depths of diſtreſs. And indeed as ſoon as my diſtreſs was a little abated, I began to think myſelf ſecure and hardened, and feared that God was about to leave me; and ſo coveted my former diſtreſs again. And God was pleaſed again to let ſatan looſe, as it were, upon me; until I became a very terror to myſelf, chooſing ſtrangling and death, rather than life. I muſt fetch language from hell, if I would expreſs the horrid ſuggeſtions which were continually injected into my dark, confuſed mind. All the temptations I ever read of were mine; and many which I never heard of; with the moſt amazing horror; ſo that I thought I anticipated the terrors of the damned, and was on the very brink of deſpair. Oh let me never forget theſe awful days! What tongue can expreſs ſuch diſtreſs, or mind conceive ſuch terror! My heart was laid open in the moſt ſhocking colours. I had often prayed that I might be led into its horrid deeps; but how dreadful the ſight! I had utterly fainted under it, had not the unſeen arm of Jehovah ſuſtained me. What pride! What enmity! What hypocriſy! What carnality and ſelf confidence, were here diſcovered! Oh what a monſter did I appear! I wondered that a holy God would ſuffer me to tread on his earth, or breathe in his air.

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* When she had entered on the 16th. year of her age.

Thus I continued until about June or July; when the Rev. Mr. Fiſh of Stonington came hither. He preached from theſe words: *Wherefore he is able alſo to ſave them to the uttermoſt, that come unto God by him.* He obſerved, that here none were excluded, but ſuch as had committed the unpardonable ſin. It was a ſermon full of encouragement. But ſatan ſet in to perſuade me that was my caſe; and therefore there was no hope for me; for I had under theſe violent temptations, certainly done it. Oh how was my diſtreſs now encreaſed! I ſeemed now as one ſhut up in deſpair. However, I went in the evening to hear him again; but ſeemed hardened, as one given over of God. Whatever he ſaid of terror, I ſeemed to diſregard, as ſo far below what I ſhould ſoon feel, in its full weight and meaſure, that it was but trifling. And what he ſaid of comfort was not worth my regarding; for I had no lot nor portion in that matter. Never did I before ſit under a ſermon, in ſuch wild diſtraction and horror; yet ſo hardened, as I now appeared to myſelf, in abſolute deſpair. It is ſhocking to me now to reflect on the abandoned frame I then ſeemed to be in. I thought I feared nothing. No expreſſions of terror moved me to bewail my miſery; but was ready to wiſh to know the utmoſt of it. In this ſituation of mind I remained moſt of the night: but towards morning, falling aſleep, I awaked, ſpeaking theſe words: "Oh, when ſhall this mortal put on immortality!" My mind was much more calm: I had ſome impreſſions of a religious dream; but the dream ſoon entirely vaniſhed from my mind. However, I felt ſo much encouragement, as prevailed on me to go and hear Mr. Fiſh give a word of exhortation, notwithſtanding all my dreadful concluſions on the night paſt. He ſpoke from thoſe words: *Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumciſion nor uncircumciſion, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Chriſt is all, and in all.* I cannot remember exactly the method he took: but he ſpoke of Chriſt as the alpha and omega, as the author and finiſher of the believer's faith; and as ſuch, the true chriſtian did eſteem and prize him.

And now, I truſt, the Spirit of God did powerfully apply theſe truths to my ſoul. Thus, thus, infinitely lovely, did Chriſt appear to me; and now I was enabled to chooſe him for my almighty Saviour. And while I acted faith in him, the bleſſed Spirit, I truſt, did witneſs with my ſpirit, that thus and thus I had before beheld and embraced him: and that he was precious to me, as he is to all thoſe who believe. Much of the day I ſpent in the company of Mr. Fiſh, and ſome other chriſtian friends: but I ſaid little. My ſoul was taken up in admiring the glorious Redeemer, and the riches of divine grace. Renewing my choice of him, ſetting the crown on his head, proclaiming Jeſus King in and over my whole ſoul, I ſat calm and ſerene, and every act of my ſoul was rational and ſolid; but not in any tranſport or ecſtacy of joy all the day. In the evening God was pleaſed to fill my ſoul with unſpeakable conſolation and joy. The great Redeemer appeared tranſcendently amiable; and my intereſt in him clear and undoubted. Such were the ſurpriſing alterations in me, that ſome concluded that was the time of my firſt eſpouſals, and the happy moment of my converſion: but I could not find any difference *in kind*, though there was *in degree*, between this, and what I had before experienced. From this time I never was in ſuch deep diſtreſs. My temptations fled at the rebuke of the Almighty; and my hope was, in the general, above my fears.

Hoping now that I had true faith, however weak, my deſires after univerſal obedience to the commands of Chriſt were ſtrong; and firmly believing the ordinances of baptiſm and the Lord's ſupper were appointed by Chriſt, and all believers commanded to attend on them, I applied to a miniſter, who gave me ſome light, as to their nature and deſign: (the only perſon to whom I had revealed my mind) for I was determined to be fully perſuaded in my own mind and conſcience; and not to be perſuaded thereto by others. Some of my moſt intimate friends, as they have ſince told me, really thought me ſettled in the way in which I had been educated: nor did they attempt to perſuade me to change; leaving me to my own reaſon, or rather to the word and Spirit of God, for direction. This has often ſince been a great ſatisfaction to me:

for by this means I was the better able to ſee into theſe matters, and have my judgment eſtabliſhed.

I reſolved directly to acquaint my dear mother with my deſign. But oh, the ſtruggle I had here with my affections! I feared it would grieve my parents: I knew their tender affection for me: and certainly, if they loved their children, they muſt deſire to ſee them walk in their way, which they thought moſt right. Here I found indeed a hard trial. It grieved me to my inmoſt ſoul to think of grieving them: yet I dare not neglect my duty. I have often thought the trial would not have been ſo great, to have to ſtruggle with their anger, as their love. But, bleſſed be God, I had not that to fear, as to any ſeverity in matters of religion. It is impoſſible to expreſs how my heart bled at the thought of wounding them; and nothing but the fear of incurring the divine diſpleaſure, could have prevailed on me to have done this violence to my affection. But this prevailed; the fear of offending God. I poured out my ſoul to him for them, that they might be comfortably ſupported under it; and then told my mother my concern and intent. She, with the utmoſt tenderneſs aſſured me, that neither my father, nor ſhe, would force my conſcience: only ſhe entreated me not to be raſh or haſty in what I did; but conſider well of it. Once or twice after this, I diſcourſed with her upon it: ſhe reaſoned with me a little upon the ſubject; but I was now ſo fully eſtabliſhed, that it did not move me from my purpoſe.

After I had diſcourſed with my mother, being in ſecret, pleading with God for grace and ſtrength to carry me through, if it was agreeable to his will; if not, that I might never engage;

I had a ſcruple ariſe concerning my faith, leſt it ſhould not be true and ſaving: and then perhaps I ſhould fall away; and ſo bring great diſhonour on God and religion. And it was ſuggeſted to my mind, that it was a great thing to forſake father and mother for Chriſt, and not have an intereſt in him at laſt: and that it was indeed a great thing for one ſo young to engage in ſuch an affair; to forſake the profeſſion in which I had been educated, and make ſuch a high one, as none in the family had ever ventured to do. This put me upon wreſtling with ſtrong cries to the Father of mercies for direction and aſſiſtance; and I was quieted by the following words of ſcripture, which were very powerfully ſet home on my ſoul: *Verily, there is no man, that hath left father or mother, brethren or ſiſters, &c. for my ſake, but he ſhall receive an hundred fold here; and in the world to come eternal life.* And again: *My grace is ſufficient for thee: my ſtrength is made perfect in weakneſs.* Again: *Leſt a promiſe being left us of entering into his reſt, any of you ſhould ſeem to come ſhort of it—Oh thou of little faith, wherefore didſt thou doubt?* Theſe words were impreſſed on my mind with ſuch power, that had all the world ſtood up to oppoſe, I thought I could fearleſs venture to go on, againſt them all, in the ſtrength of my Redeemer. Oh how powerfully did they eſtabliſh and invigorate my ſoul in the purſuit of duty.

I was then determined to proceed, relying on Chriſt, in the promiſes. If his grace was ſufficient for me; and his ſtrength might be made perfect in my weakneſs, it was enough; which I then believed it would be, according to his word. It was ground ſufficient for me to engage in this concern, however difficult, great and ſingular it might appear, for one of my age.* Oh how did Chriſt now appear for me! At once, diſpelling all my doubts and fears, confirming and eſtabliſhing me, both as to my own good ſtate, and his certain preſence and aſſiſtance in my following him in the way of his appointment, to which he had called me. I ſaw the call was his, and the promiſe his, and the duty mine to comply. I now believed him commanding me to ſeek his face in this way; and my heart returned, *Thy face, Lord, will I ſeek!*

Having made ſome ſearch into the ſcriptural mode of baptiſm, I was well ſatisfied as to *ſprinkling*. It appeared from ſcripture and reaſon to be right. I then went to the Rev. Mr. Clap; and, after diſcourſing with him, gave up my name to be taken into his church. The day before this was to be completed, I was under ſome darkneſs and fears; and therefore was afraid leſt God ſhould hide his face from me, in the ſolemn tranſaction. By this means ſatan took the advantage to make me queſtion whether I had done right, in what I had done. I knew the ſubtilty of ſatan to perplex my ſoul, and make me fear all was wrong, when God did not afford light and evidence. I was now ready to conclude to ſend the miniſter word, that I ſhould not go out the next day. But now, even *now*, was God pleaſed to ſpeak to my ſoul by his Spirit, in thoſe words: *I ſaid not unto the ſeed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain!* Here I was led to review my calls to theſe ordinances; and was powerfully convinced they were from God: that it was God, and only he, who had bid me ſeek his face in theſe duties; and then the bleſſed

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* Not quite 16 years old.

Spirit aſſured me, from the word of God, that he had not bid me ſeek his face here, in vain. I then determined to do my duty, and leave the event with God: If he ſaw beſt to own his own inſtitutions, by affording his ſenſible preſence and grace, well; but if he ſaw beſt to deny his ſenſible comfort, it was my duty to ſubmit; but not to omit my duty by not going. Thus I caſt my burden on God, pleading, if it was his will, that he would welcome me there, by the light of his countenance, and the joy of his ſalvation. But, above all, that I might approve myſelf to him in the devout, ſolemn, humble and faithful diſcharge of my duty, though I felt not that joy which was ſweet to my ſoul.

And thus, on October 24, 1742,* I was baptized, and taken into the church. My ſoul was, in a moſt ſolemn manner, engaged to approve myſelf to God; and never had I more ſenſibly exerciſed faith than now. While the covenant was read, I was enabled to give up my whole ſoul and body to God, taking him for my own covenant God. Indeed, the whole time was taken up in the moſt ſolemn tranſactions between God and my ſoul, and in this ſo ſolemn engagement, ſealed on both ſides. I ſealed to be the Lord's; and here God ſealed to be mine, my Father, my Redeemer, and my Sanctifier; my only, everlaſting refuge and hope. Oh how happy did I now appear to be, under theſe ſolemn vows; calling on ſaints and angels to witneſs the ſolemn tranſaction!

"Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
  And thy rich grace record;
Witness ye saints, who hear me now,
  If I forsake the Lord."

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* The day before she was 16 years old.

The cxxiſt pſalm was ſung in Dr. Watts's verſion; which did then, and ever ſince, appear very precious to me; eſpecially the two firſt, and two laſt verſes. The two laſt are theſe:

"Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

On thee foul spirits have no power,
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God."

I was now fully ſatisfied in what I had done; and never ſince, ſo far as I can remember, have had one doubt or ſcruple about the doctrines or ordinances which I then embraced; which is now above eleven years ago.* I have often found cauſe to bleſs God for the many trials I had concerning the changing of my religion, as to theſe things: for by this my judgment was more enlightened, and more fully confirmed, that I was right in what I then did. It was with deliberation and ſolid determination of my judgment; free from conſtraint, perſuaſion, or prejudice, that I proceeded in theſe matters, as what, from the beſt light I then had, or now have, in the word of God, I think to be moſt clearly revealed. Yet I ſtill love and honour thoſe who, I hope, are truly pious among that people, though differing from me in ſome ſentiments; and I firmly believe, God has his choſen ones among them. My acquaintance with ſome, of exemplary lives and converſation, and chriſtian experiences, ſo agreeable to the word of God, forbids my cenſuring them, merely becauſe they do not ſee or profeſs juſt as I do.

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* Hence it appears that she was 27 years old, when she wrote this.

But to go on with my own experiences. My faith began evidently to encreaſe under theſe means and ordinances; and for ſome weeks after this ſolemn tranſaction, I enjoyed more ſolid ſteady peace in my ſoul, than ever I had done before. I was often melted down before God, to ſee thoſe who had been educated in theſe principles, and had all outward helps to forward them in coming up to theſe ſacred inſtitutions of Chriſt; yet fearing to take the vows of God upon them: and I, who was called to engage with ſo many difficulties, compelled to come in to this marriage-ſupper. It was truly affecting, and often cauſed me to cry out, Why me, Lord, why me? Oh bleſſed be God, that I was thus young brought to an open, public profeſſion of him; and had the ſeals of the covenant ſet on me! It was a day of the gladneſs of my heart: a day forever to be remembered with joy: a day in which God took me near himſelf; and I truſt I ſhall ever find a ſolid ſatisfaction in what I then did. Nothing ſhould have tempted me to have wiſhed myſelf from under theſe bonds and ſeals.

However fully ſatisfied I was as to theſe things, yet I was ſometimes exerciſed with great fears about my ſpiritual eſtate. And one day, having been for ſome days before under great doubts, and my evidences very much clouded, ſo that I could not ſee any of the conditions of the promiſes wrought in my ſoul, I feared I had no intereſt in Chriſt or the promiſes, and dare not plead them: but I determined to ſet upon pleading the *abſolute* promiſes, ſeeing I dare not plead the conditional ones; and ſet apart ſome time for this purpoſe. I found great freedom and fervency in my ſoul on this occaſion; and had my mouth filled with arguments taken from the freeneſs of grace, the ſovereignty of God. For his own name's ſake, he had promiſed to give a new heart and a new ſpirit: and why might not theſe promiſes be fulfilled in me? Why might not God glorify his abſolutely free and ſovereign grace in me? I acknowledged my unworthineſs and vileneſs: but pleaded that this never hindered the current of ſovereign grace. Thus I continued moſt of the remaining part of the day, with a much greater variety of promiſes and ſcriptures, than I ever before or ſince had in my mind at one time. I am very certain that I never could collect ſo many texts at once, all ſo agreeable to my preſent concern, if I took the utmoſt pains for it. Here I hung, and felt ſtrength, though no ſenſible comfort.

The next day I proceeded in the ſame manner, and humbly reſolved, if I periſhed, I would periſh at the feet of ſovereign mercy: and now was God pleaſed, in the moſt diſtinct and clear manner, to manifeſt himſelf to me. There has always appeared to me ſomething peculiar in this, beyond any any thing I can remember, though I cannot but think I had a work of grace wrought in my ſoul before this. The actings of my ſoul towards God formerly, appear to me to be as really true faith, as thoſe ſince: yet this ſeems the neareſt like the ſoul's being firſt brought home to God, of any thing I ever had experienced, or could diſtinctly remember. But I am inclined to think that, as there were ſome things in this, the want of a diſtinct diſcovery of which before, had cauſed many doubts in my mind about my whole experience; ſo now God graciouſly renewed or revived them in my ſoul, for the more ſettled confirmation and eſtabliſhment of my hope, as it ſince has been. It was as follows:—

I was, as before obſerved, brought to the feet of ſovereign grace. I ſaw myſelf, as in myſelf, to be infinitely vile and wretched, utterly unable to help myſelf; moſt unworthy that God ſhould help me; and that it would be infinitely juſt if God ſhould caſt me off forever; and I thought I muſt forever own it, though I were caſt into hell. I caſt myſelf at his feet, crying out, Lord ſave me, or I periſh! I ſaw every refuge fail, and God an abſolute ſovereign. And here I had a powerful diſcovery of Chriſt made to my ſoul. He was now revealed as a complete, almighty Saviour; altogether excellent and lovely in himſelf, and infinitely ſuitable for me: and not only ſo; but he whom the glorious God had appointed as Mediator; and had declared himſelf well pleaſed with him. Now, oh now, I embraced him; I received him as my prophet, prieſt, and king; as one through whom I might boldly come to God: nor can I tell which my ſoul was moſt engaged in admiring, the love of the Son, or the wiſdom of the Father in contriving this method of ſalvation. I ſaw it to be the ſafeſt and beſt way: my whole ſoul did acquieſce in it. Oh, I thought, if I had ten thouſand ſouls, and each of them were of unſpeakably greater worth than mine was, I could venture them all here. And ſince I had but one, and it was my all, I freely caſt it here. How infinitely reaſonable did the terms of ſalvation appear! So that I freely juſtified God in the eternal damnation of thoſe who would not ſubmit to them.

Oh it is utterly impoſſible to deſcribe the views I then had: words cannot come near it. All the powers of my ſoul were engaged and enflamed: it was the moſt rational diſcovery, and produced the moſt rational effects and acts, that ever my ſoul was able to perform. It appeared ſo infinitely reaſonable, that it is, I think, impoſſible for a reaſonable perſon, under ſuch a diſcovery, not to chooſe it. I longed for every one to ſee it juſt as I did; and ſubſcribed to thoſe words of the Pſalmiſt: *They who know thy name will put their truſt in thee.* But what ſhall I ſay? Language fails; and I muſt ceaſe to attempt to expreſs, and only reflect with unutterable wonder and love.

The views I then had, did powerfully raiſe my faith above any former acts of it. I had before been chiefly revived by the evidences of a work of grace in my ſoul: but now I do not remember that I had any thoughts of paſt experiences. The glory of God, and the method of ſalvation through Chriſt, filled my ſoul with the moſt ſolid, ſubſtantial joy, wonder and love. It continued all that day, and the next, rather increaſing than abating. But a few days after, as my view of theſe things was not ſo clear and powerful, and the joy not gone, I was in ſome danger of depending on my ſweet frame, in oppoſition to relying wholly on Chriſt. At this inſtant, I received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Wheelock, in anſwer to one I had written to him ſome time before. His came at this time, I never could learn how, though it had been written, I think, ſome months before: but now it came at the inſtant when I moſt needed it; and, I think, of all the means I ever had improved, none were ever more bleſſed for my eſtabliſhment, than this letter. I have ever found it a powerful inſtrument in the hand of God of convincing and confirming my ſoul; and muſt ever adore the wiſdom of God, who directed him to write it, and did ſo powerfully apply it to my heart.

This letter laid me in the duſt. I ſaw my paſt folly and ſin, and my preſent danger. I was humbled before God; and my ingratitude and ſin appeared highly aggravated. Yet my ſoul was not filled with fears about my ſtate: it rather put me upon renewing my faith in Chriſt; and as it convinced me of what was wrong, ſo it put me on a more critical watch over my heart. In ſhort, it was bleſſed to regulate much of my inward conduct, both under comfort, and in darkneſs. And for ſome months after, it ſeemed to be copied out in my experiences. Mr. Stoddard on the ſafety of appearing in the righteouſneſs of Chriſt; Mr. Flavel, and ſome others, on the covenant of redemption, were greatly bleſſed to eſtabliſh my ſoul. And now the holy Spirit of God did work to ſtrengthen my faith. My mouth was filled with arguments in prayer: I had enlarged and affecting views of the infinite, unlimited Being, with whom I had to do; and that the bleſſings I was ſeeking were abſolutely free and ſovereign; and of my intereſt in the dear, divine Mediator, whom the Father always hears. This filled me with the utmoſt boldneſs of acceſs: my views of ſpiritual things were vaſtly higher than ever before; and my ſenſe of ſin more evangelical. Oh may I record theſe ſeaſons with the deepeſt humility and greateſt wonder! I have thought ſome of theſe diſcoveries have left written on my heart, *Holineſs to the Lord:* while I beheld the divine glory, by faith, my whole ſoul ſeemed to be transformed into the divine image. But I forbear to attempt to relate ſome of thoſe unutterable views of the divine perfections, which I have had by faith; though the effect, I truſt, ſhall ſtill abide, until heaven allow language bright enough to expreſs thoſe glories, which I then, by faith, beheld in Jeſus Chriſt, who is the brightneſs of the Father's glory, and the expreſs image of his perſon. Now, oh my ſoul, perhaps it will better become thee, in ſolemn ſilence, humbly to adore the divine condeſcenſion, than here to relate particulars.

Let me only record ſome of the kind effects of theſe things on my ſoul, which may ſerve to awaken me to ſee from whence I am fallen, and to convince me that the Lord is true and faithful; and though ſorrow may endure for a night, yet joy cometh in the morning: and they who ſow in tears ſhall reap in joy. My conſolation was not leſs, or inferior to the amazing terrors I had before been exerciſed with. No, bleſſed be God! I now enjoyed a heaven upon earth. The views I had of the divine perfections enlarged all my conceptions of the divine power and goodneſs —the unlimited, infinite fulneſs of God; the ſovereign freeneſs of grace and love. The glorious, all-ſufficient, powerful advocate I had with the Father, raiſed my faith: I did not fear to aſk for any thing that was not forbidden by the word of God, however great and good, and however unworthy I was.

I reflected on the ſeveral excellencies of the ſaints, recorded in ſcripture: the faith of Abraham, the holy confidence of Jacob, the meekneſs of Moſes, the uprightneſs of David; yea, the humility, patience, love, fortitude, zeal, reſolution, prudence, ſtrength, wiſdom and conſtancy of the people of God, in all ages; who all derived their grace from this unbounded fulneſs, through this dear divine Mediator. They had nothing but what they had received; not even Paul, with all his great attainments: and they received them for the ſake of this glorious High

Prieſt, in whoſe name I had boldneſs of acceſs. Theſe were by nature children of wrath; blind, ignorant, depraved, corrupt, baſe, ſordid ſouls, as to God, and ſpiritual things. It was not for any merit in them; but for the glory of the riches of his ſovereign grace in Jeſus Chriſt, that they were thus choſen and bleſſed: and the leaſt babe in this family, who had an intereſt in him, had as real a right to plead for grace, and might do it with as much boldneſs, as the greateſt ſaint living; ſince we are all one in Chriſt Jeſus, all have one and the ſame right in him, as Mediator, if we have any true intereſt in him by faith.

Oh how did theſe views often fill my ſoul with a holy boldneſs, and my mouth with arguments! Oh my ſoul, remember with holy humble wonder and love, how God did then, as it were, lead thee into his ſecret chambers; held up thy weak tabernacle of clay; encompaſſing thee with his glorious fulneſs, and ſtrengthening thee with might, by his Spirit, to wreſtle with him: oh the confidence of faith!

From whence art thou fallen, oh my ſoul! Where are thoſe ſoul quickening, ſoul humbling, ſoul transforming views I then had? Where the devout ardour, the unſatiable thirſt, the unwearied importunity; when thou refuſed to let the angel of the covenant go without a bleſſing? Where that life and fervour, that neither the darkneſs of the night, nor the light of the day could prevent; but both were witneſſes of it? Where that breaking of ſoul, that God would ſhew me his glory; and where that zeal and activity in the ſervice of God? Oh my ſoul, where is that holy violence, that preſſing into the kingdom of heaven, that new obedience, that unwearied diligence in the duties of religion, that ſelf diffidence, and humbling ſenſe of my wretched depravity, barrenneſs and hypocriſy? Oh, how did theſe views of the divine perfections give me the moſt humbling ſenſe of ſin! Oh, how infinitely evil did ſin appear; as the only evil that my ſoul had reaſon to dread. Oh my ſoul, where is that godly fear, that holy care and watchfulneſs, leſt thou ſhouldſt offend this moſt pure and holy Being, with whom thou hadſt to do? Where that quick ſenſe of the leaſt departure from this God; and that alarm ſounded in the whole ſoul at it? Oh, how did the leaſt apprehenſions of an indifferent, careleſs frame, rouſe my ſoul, leſt ſome temptation ſhould meet me unguarded! I knew I was then moſt in danger, when leaſt watchful.

Never did I work with more diligence, than now: When I was moſt powerfully impreſſed with a believing view, that my whole ſalvation muſt be forever aſcribed to the riches of free ſovereign grace; that there was no merit in my works. It was then I found the moſt powerful motives from faith, love and gratitude, to ſtudy what I ſhould render to the Lord for all his benefits towards unworthy, unprofitable me.

Now I frequently examined my ſtate, ſummoning conſcience to the bar of God; adjuring it, in the name of the great God, to do its office, and bring in a true verdict: yea, calling upon every thing above and below, within and without, to witneſs for God, in the moſt ſolemn and awful manner; under a deep ſenſe of the divine attributes, God's impartial juſtice, and infinite purity, in whoſe ſight the wicked could not ſtand; ſolemnly querying with my conſcience to ſpeak for God; and, if I was deceived, to cry aloud, and be a faithful witneſs for God, though againſt me. Thus did I examine myſelf; and again examine my examination, in the moſt ſtrict and ſolemn manner that I was capable of; with earneſt prayer to God, that he would not ſuffer me to be deceived; laying open my heart to the conviction of his word and Spirit. The effect of all was greater peace of conſcience, and joy in the Holy Ghoſt. Thus was my ſoul daily eſtabliſhed in God. Every outward reproach that was caſt on me, was improved; either to put me on ſeeing that my foundation was right, or ſtudying how I might more glorify God, and honour the ſacred profeſſion I had made. My ſoul was built up under the word and ordinances of God, on which he had taught me to ſet a high value, as being his own inſtitutions.

God has ſince ſometimes corrected my backſlidings, and hid his face for a ſmall moment; yet his loving kindneſs has he not taken from me, nor ſuffered his faithfulneſs to fail: but has graciouſly led me along by ſtill waters, and in green paſtures has he cauſed me to feed: his rod and his ſtaff have comforted me. In and by every affliction he has taught me his tender care over me: in every croſs and diſappointment, he has, ſooner or later, made me to adore his wiſdom, and ſee his kind deſigns of love and mercy; and though he has ſometimes called me into the field of battle, yet has he harneſſed me for the battle, and fought for me. Innumerable evils have compaſſed me around: ſatan, the world, and my own wicked deceitful heart, all combined to devour me quick; yet his arm alone has ſuſtained me. Even when every refuge failed, and my faith was ready to ſtagger, my extremity has been his opportunity: he has never left me unſuccoured or without relief.

After I had enjoyed great peace in my ſoul, and had ſat under the droppings of the ſanctuary of God with vaſt delight, he was pleaſed awfully to bereave me of both my ever dear and rev. Paſtors! This was a very ſore affliction: yet, under this trial, he taught me much by what I experienced.

Then was he pleaſed to viſit me with many and great bodily diſorders, whereby I have been often brought, to appearance, to the gates of the grave; and every outward comfort of food or phyſic rendered a terror, and an aggravation of my pain. Yet by all theſe things have I been taught the riches of his grace and love; and in all has he been my comforter, and my only all-ſufficient refuge. How hath he borne me, and my burdens! And it is with pleaſure that I now recount the moſt diſtreſſing trials of my life: for by theſe has God bound me faſter to himſelf; laid me under renewed obligations to live devoted to him, and his glory.

When ſatan has been permitted, as he has been in later years, moſt furiouſly to rally all his forces againſt the foundation of my hope, as to all religion: (by which I have been led into the moſt terrible conflicts and combats, with the united powers of hell, ſo that I have even choſen ſtrangling and death, rather than an encounter with theſe legions of foul ſpirits) oh, how dreadful the war! Yet, oh yet, how glorious the victory, which my Redeemer has gained! How wiſely has he defeated ſatan, and put him to flight, and filled my ſoul with ſongs of deliverance! Oh, how hath he defeated every helliſh plot, that has been laid for my entire deſtruction.

I am ſurely bound by the moſt ſacred obligation to live to his glory. His right in me is indiſputable. The fleſh, the world, and the devil, muſt all give back, and own his ſovereign right in and over me. His arm alone has reſcued my ſoul from hell; and his *ſhall be* the glory. Oh my ſoul, remember the victories and triumphs of thy moſt kind and gracious Redeemer, over ſin, ſatan and the world, when they have all united for thy utter ruin. What infinite wiſdom, what almighty power, what irreſiſtable grace, what glorious goodneſs, what uncontrollable ſovereignty, and what amazing condeſcenſion, have been diſplayed towards thee! Can I, oh can I ever forget the loving kindneſs of the Lord, and ſlight his tender mercies? How had my faith utterly failed, had not the unſeen arm of Jehovah ſuſtained it! How often have my hopes been at the loweſt ebb, when ſpeedy relief has been brought to me! And how often, when my ſin and folly has expoſed me to the rage of hell and the malice of men, yea, to my Saviour's ſevere rebukes, as well as to my own accuſing conſcience, has Jeſus engaged for me, and delivered me from all my fears! How ſlow has his anger moved! How ſwift his grace! How innumerable are theſe inſtances! How tenderly has he been untwiſting my heart from the world, to which it has clinged! How much wiſdom has he ever manifeſted in all the methods he has taken with my rebellious heart; and made me to adore it, in ſome of the soreſt trials. How has he condeſcended to inſtruct and teach me; kindly ſhewing me wherefore he did correct me; as though he would not ſuffer me to ſuſpect his kindneſs. Oh unparalleled goodneſs! Thou, Lord, haſt been my refuge, my ſupport and comforter, in every time of trouble. In almoſt every trial and affliction have I vowed to the Lord, that if he would then deliver me out of my diſtreſs, I would uſe my moſt ſtudious endeavours to truſt more firmly in him: and he has, ſooner or later, brought me to caſt my cares and burdens on him; giving up every, even the moſt minute concern of mine, to his all-wiſe diſpoſal: and on every deliverance have I been led to renew the ſacred engagements which I have made in diſtreſs.

Now I am no more my own. I am the Lord's; by all the bonds and obligations of a rational, redeemed, devoted creature. God has been long teaching me his abſolute right in me, and all my ſervices and enjoyments; that I can call nothing my own; that he has a ſovereign right to theſe, as the creator and beſtower of all; and by my own moſt voluntary ſurrender of all to him; renouncing, in the moſt ſolemn manner, all hope, expectation, and deſire, from the creature, and chooſing him alone for my portion, deſire and delight. As it has been the ardent deſire, the importunate requeſt, and the grand purſuit of my life, to lay up all my good in God, and receive all from him; ſo I now find an habitual diſpoſition of ſoul to reſt, in a meaſure, ſatisfied with all his diſpenſations towards me. And, through grace, believing I am his; that I have a covenant right to that moſt gracious Being, who doth all things according to the counſel of his own will, which are for his own glory; (in full agreement with which this is the higheſt good of his choſen people) and having a thouſand, and a thouſand times ſolemnly ſubſcribed to theſe terms; that his will and his glory may have the governing influence and diſpoſal of me, and all that relates to me; I have eſteemed it my higheſt felicity thus to have myſelf, and all my actions and concerns diſpoſed of. Now therefore it is my joy and crown of rejoicing, that it is and ſhall be ſo, by the firm and unalterable decree of him who cannot change.

This belief I find powerfully prevailing to reconcile me to all the divine diſpenſations of providence: for when the glory of God is my higheſt end and deſire, and I firmly believe that God, who has the ordering of all my affairs, has this in view; (namely his own glory) well may I rejoice; for I have nothing to fear. He has infinite wiſdom to direct, and almighty power to effect what he pleaſes: and therefore can never fail of his purpoſes. All his diſpenſations towards me, I would always realize, as the reſult of infinite wiſdom and eternal counſel; and therefore moſt perfect. And, though my proud rebellious heart dare riſe up in oppoſition, and impiouſly call in queſtion his ways; yet, through grace, I never leave ſtruggling, until the conqueſt is gained, and my ſoul ſubmits to the ſcepter of Jeſus, and ſigns its former engagements. This conqueſt is his. It is he who exerts his almighty power, and ſubdues my remaining corruptions; or I ſhould never overcome. All the glory is his, forever his: without him, I cannot do any thing. I ſtill find ſuch remains of ſin in this depraved heart, that were it not for the prevailing interceſſion, and daily interpoſition of the great God-Man Mediator, with the Father, and againſt ſatan and my own wicked heart, I ſhould deſpair of ever gaining the victory. But thanks be to God, through Jeſus Chriſt, who giveth the victory: and through him I hope ere long to receive the end of my faith, the ſalvation of my ſoul; the open viſion and full fruition of the beſt of Beings;

when ſin and ſatan ſhall no more defile and vex my weary ſoul. All theſe fiery conflicts ſhall then be remembered with endleſs acclamations to Jeſus, my only almighty Saviour. To him, to him alone, ſhall all the redeemed aſcribe the glory of their ſalvation. Thine, O my eternal, incarnate God, ſhall be the praiſe! And now what wait I for? All my expectations are from thee, and all my hopes are in thee. Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly. Amen and Amen!

CHAPTER III.

Containing extracts from her Diary of different dates.

THE following paper is tranſcribed and inſerted here, as it was written in her youth, when ſhe was but ſeventeen years old, and expreſſes the views and exerciſes which ſhe then had; and affords admonition and inſtruction, eſpecially to thoſe young perſons who ſhall read it.

Oct. 25, 1743. I am juſt now entering into the eighteenth year of my age. And does the tempter tell me, that I choſe religion when I was a child, and knew no better; when I knew nothing of the pleaſures of this word: and that it may be, when theſe enjoyments and pleaſures appear delightful, I ſhall forſake ſtrict and ſolid religion, and run with the young, giddy multitude, into the exceſſes of vanity? Then, oh my ſoul, ſit down again, and make another deliberate choice; even now I am entering the prime of all my days. Let me picture the world with its brighteſt ſide outmoſt, and religion in a ſolitary dreſs; and then chooſe my portion. If my former choice has not been free and noble enough; come now, my ſoul, and make one. Let there be nothing in it mean and low; but let it be great, noble and free.

As to religion: Can I ſacrifice my name, and all that the world calls delightful, now in the prime of my age; and be accounted a fool and mad, by the wiſe, rich, and polite world? Can I withſtand a thouſand temptations to mirth and pleaſure; and be a deſpiſed outcaſt among men? Now, if I conform to the world, I ſhall be a pleaſing object to many, and a delight to them who now deſpiſe me. What pleaſure that the world can afford ſhall be withheld from me, if I once give myſelf up to ſenſual pleaſure, and the gratification of my whole inclination; allowing myſelf all that mirth and jollity, that my youthful age will now admit of? If I now give a looſe to my youthful appetites, and ſatisfy my carnal deſires; what can then deprive me of pleaſure, now I am free from pain, and the infirmities of old age, which might give a diſguſt to theſe pleaſures. Now I have life, health and liberty. If I yield to theſe deſires, and ſeek to ſatisfy them by a thouſand new and freſh delights; take my ſwing in the world; caſt away ſorrow, and indulge ſelf in ten thouſand new pleaſures; what then can croſs me?

And, on the other hand, if I chuſe ſtrict religion now, I may expect reproach, diſdain and contempt from the world, as not fit for common ſociety, or ſcarcely to live. I ſhall be accounted a poor, mean, ignorant, deſpicable creature, unworthy the notice of mortals; I may be deſpiſed by formal profeſſors, as being religious overmuch: they watching for my halting, and rejoicing at my falls. I muſt alſo expect many dark and doubting hours, filled with bitter ſighs and groans; denying myſelf, and taking up my croſs; pluck-ing out a right eye, and cutting off a right hand; daily meeting with croſſes, and loſſes, and afflictions; and, it may be, with perſecutions, impriſonment and death, with the utmoſt diſtreſs; while the ſenſual libertine lives in pleaſure, flouriſhing like a green bay-tree, and has no bands in his death.

What a wide difference is here, between the ſtrictly religious, and the ſenſual worlding! Come then, my ſoul, and view them both as far as death; and now make a ſolemn and deliberate choice, either religion, or carnal pleaſure. Come, my ſoul, and chuſe for eternity.

Soul. Upon conſidering the nature and properties of each, I am brought to a free and full choice. I ſee nothing in this pleaſure that can ſatisfy an immortal ſoul; nothing worthy my notice; nothing but an empty ſound: nor can it have any part in my affections, for a portion. They are but mean trifles, unfit to attract and buſy an immortal ſoul: but religion, though it have its troubles with it, yet it hath a ſacred ſweetneſs in all. I feel an inward pleaſure and ſatisfaction, which gives a reliſh, as it were, to this kind of religious pain and ſorrow.

Objector. Come, ſoul, lay aſide prejudice. What! Nothing in all this pleaſure to delight thee? Search a little deeper. Or what can there be in this melancholy religion, to allure thee to chuſe its ways?

Soul. I have found what it is. In all thoſe pleaſures, the ſoul has no God, and no happineſs, ſuited to its immortal nature; without which, all is but a ſickening trifle. Wherefore, the ſoul which hath God for its portion, attended with ever ſo much ſorrow, is unſpeakably more happy.

Objector. But if you indulge yourſelf in pleaſures, and ſtrive to divert your company with mirth and jollity, you will gain the eſteem of many, and they will greatly prize you, and ſeek your company.

Soul. I value the approbation of the moſt high God, before all the eſteem of poor mortals; and deliberately make choice of him, and his way of ſtrict religion, for my portion, pleaſure, and happineſs.

I do now, with my whole ſoul and all my powers, chuſe God for my portion; taking his croſs as well as his crown; eſteeming the ſorrows of religion greater riches than the pleaſures of ſin; looking on it a pleaſure to be crucified with Chriſt. I deſpiſe every worldly enjoyment, compared with one ſmile from the lovely Jeſus. I do, with my whole heart and ſoul, chuſe God and religion, though it may be through a ſea of ſorrow and diſtreſs, rather than the world in all its pomp and ſplendor, with ten thouſand enjoyments. Oh moſt great and glorious God, I now chuſe thee as my ſufficient, and every way ſuitable portion. I ſolemnly take God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, for my all, in life, death, and eternity; and reſign myſelf, ſoul and body, into thine hands. And I take all the holy angels in heaven; and even the moſt high God, the poſſeſſor of heaven and earth himſelf, to witneſs that I DO.

And now, Lord, I am thine: do with me as thou wilt. I am thy clay, feeble, helpleſs, and hopeleſs. I throw myſelf, ſoul and body, life and health, liberty and pleaſure, on thee, the boundleſs, infinite fulneſs of heaven, the immutable God. Lord, God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, I this day and minute, ſubſcribe with my heart and heart, to be the Lord's. Even ſo, Lord Jeſus, Amen and Amen.

SUSANNA ANTHONY.

Now I have again made my choice: a choice which, I truſt, I ſhall ſtand by throughout eternity. Amidſt ten thouſand flattering temptations, I refuſe them all; and eſteem it greater pleaſure to mourn for ſin, and mortify one luſt, than to indulge a thouſand. I now deſpiſe all youthful vanities, and ſenſual gratifications; and chooſe a life of ſelf-denial, reſolving henceforth to take up my whole and entire delight and happineſs in God, in the way of holineſs; at whoſe right hand are rivers of pleaſure, and that for evermore.

And now, let me conſider thoſe objections againſt religion. What is that applauſe which a carnal world can give? Nothing but what is too mean to influence and actuate a truly noble mind. Mortal flatteries die with mortal worms; and cannot live beyond this dunghill earth. Beſides, truth hath ſaid, *The friendſhip of the world is enmity with God:* and it cannot be ſet in competition with the approbation and favour of Jehovah, the great eternal Sovereign of heaven and earth. And, ſhould I indulge my carnal deſires, what peace and joy would a tormenting conſcience afford, amidſt theſe vanities? How often have I ſeen ſuch perſons, as ſoon as they had a moment to reflect, ready to run wild; nor dare long to reflect. Surely their pains have been more than their pleaſures. But, ſuppoſe I could ſtill the perpetual ſting of conſcience; Are all thoſe vanities commenſurate to the deſires of an immortal ſoul? Can I have ſuch mean, ſuch ſordid, baſe, vile thoughts of that immortal ſpirit, with which the great almighty Creator hath inveſted me, as to think ſuch mean trifles can ſuffice a never-dying ſoul, which muſt exiſt as long as God himſelf? Surely there is nothing but an infinite good that can ſatisfy its boundleſs cravings. It is horrid barbarity to feed it on ſuch inſipid huſks, ſince it is capable of immortal boundleſs delights in God. And what are thoſe mighty frights in a life of religion, which ſhould affright a truly great and immortal ſoul, ſince the joys only are real, laſting and perpetual? Who ſhall dare to inſcribe *Eternal* an any of the ſorrows of a religious life? What is any ſorrow, reproach or diſdain, that admits of God to be the portion of the ſoul? What if I be deſpiſed as poor, mean, and ignorant, not fit for ſociety, if Chriſt be mine? He is rich, great, full of wiſdom and knowledge; and in him I may be complete, who is the head of influence. What greater honour can a mortal have, than to be a child of the King of kings, and Lord of lords? God ſhall honour the ſoul with his preſence. He will condeſcend to reſide and dwell in the gracious ſoul: a gueſt infinitely preferable, as his nature is tranſcendant. And as to dark and doubting hours, ſome of theſe may proceed from my own ſin and folly. But, as far as they are ſent from God, they ſhall only prepare me for immortal joys, and make heaven the ſweeter, when I arrive there. Theſe ſhall make my ſoul ſhine brighter, and add new luſtre to my glory. Theſe ſhall all be remembered with joy, and every tear be put into a bottle, and add to my crown of joy and triumph. As to denying myſelf, and taking up my croſs; when it is to follow Jeſus, it ſhould be moſt pleaſant: for his yoke is moſt eaſy, and his burden light to the ſoul that truly loves him. And will not ſuch a ſoul moſt freely and cheerfully pluck out, tear off, and crucify that which has wounded his Lord? I ſhould count nothing too dear to part with, for my Jeſus, ſince he hath not, for me. Whatever I do out of love, is ſweet; and he rewards it a thouſandfold with the conſolations of his bleſſed Spirit.

In fine, as to all croſſes, loſſes, and afflictions; whatever I loſe for Jeſus, is gain. If I meet with croſſes, I know they come from a compaſſionate God; and ſo will ſurely be for the beſt: and he cannot wrong me. If I give myſelf to him, he has bound himſelf to be my God; which implies in it the utmoſt bleſſedneſs: and had he not bound himſelf, I truſt his love would do it. The loſs of all things, even life itſelf, ſhall be a happy gain, when the ſoul finds God. Let afflictions, perſecutions, impriſonment, and even death come, if Jeſus ſtand by and ſtrengthen, I am not afraid I ſhall ſuffer too much by or for him. All my care is, that he may ſtrengthen me to endure the laſt extremity: for without him, I know the fleſh will ſhrink back, and I ſhall indulge that carnal principle of eaſe. But God hath ſaid, *As thy days, ſo ſhall thy ſtrength be*; and, *My grace is ſufficient for thee.* How ſweet is it for the ſoul not to count life dear, and to reſiſt unto death, for Jeſus and his truth! Oh what a truly noble ſoul does it diſcover in a chriſtian, to wage war with hell, earth, and his own heart: and fight againſt all, rather than be overcome by them, and made a ſlave to his baſe, ſordid luſts!

And oh what will be the reſult of theſe noble acts! Why, he has the promiſe of eternal life; and he ſhall ſurely have his reward. The great Redeemer will reward every pain and ſorrow of his ſoul with eternal conſolation: not a reward of merit: no; it ſhall be the ſoul's joy and crown to receive all of free grace. The ſoul ſhall be caught up into immortality; oh the amazing tranſport! And filled with the fulneſs of God; oh vaſt, unutterable joy and ſurpriſe! Surrounded and ſwallowed up in God; oh immenſe delight, and unſpeakable conſolation! To ſwim (if I may ſo ſpeak) in the unfathomable ocean of the divine perfections. Oh high and exalted happineſs: boundleſs, boundleſs glory! This path of vital religion leads to the full enjoyment of the bleſſed God. It is a path which ſhineth brighter and brighter, to the perfect day. Then, if I am truly religious, but a few ſtruggles more, and I ſhall be ſwallowed up in immortality, and ſatisfied in immenſity.

Oh ye dear chriſtian ſouls, who know me! But a few groans more, and I ſhall be beyond your pity; all ſwallowed up in the embraces of my dear Redeemer, where no ſin ſhall ever vex my ſoul forever. You, my friends, who may know me here ſometimes in adverſity, ſhall, after a few gaſps more, and pantings for ſtrength againſt ſin, know me ſo no more. I ſhall be ſatisfied, when I awake in his likeneſs; but never fully till then. There pleaſures are ever new; graſp as much as I will, it is God, infinite ſtill. Let me be as full as I can, or dive deep as I will; yet it will ever continue to be God incomprehenſible, God inconceivable, God unbounded, God full and unſearchable yet, and yet, through eternity. Oh let rolling time fly more ſwiftly. When ſhall I drop this clog; and this mortal put on immortality! When ſhall I once ſee this God! Do children long to ſee a father; and may I not indulge the deſire? Oh when ſhall I behold his reconciled face; never to leave or grieve him more! When, oh when ſhall it be! Oh that I might glance a look towards him, the centre of my ſoul, and find myſelf looſe and free from this clog of mortality! But heaven forbids complaints, and demands my will, with all my powers and faculties; and here I reſign the number of my days to God: yet humbly beg to be indulged in this deſire to ſee my Saviour God, where, free from ſin, and perfect in holineſs, and filled with the bleſſed viſion and fruition of God, I ſhall have no want for ever. Bleſſed ſtate!

But what, oh what ſhall be the reſult, to the ſouls which have drank deep of the pleaſures of ſin! They muſt drink deep of the cup of the fury of the Almighty; even the dregs of the cup of his wrath ſhall be wrung out to impenitent ſinners. They muſt drink to their eternal confuſion: they muſt have devils for their companions; gnaſhing their teeth for very anguiſh and horror. The mighty hand of Jehovah will cruſh their defenceleſs ſouls to all eternity. Oh confounding thought! They ſhall be ſeparated from the glorious God, never to enjoy a ſmile from him: there can be no reſt; but inconceivable horror. For the ſoul to be, and yet to be ſeparated from God, the centre of felicity, is intolerable anguiſh. To be eternally excluded from God, implies all that is miſerable and dreadful. Oh the amazing anguiſh of ſuch a ſoul! Oh may it never be my caſe!

SEASONS *of* SELF-EXAMINATION.

June 18*th*, 1746. I devoted this day to God, in faſting and prayer, as far as bodily weakneſs would allow; pleading for a degenerate world, and ſolemnly ſearching my own heart, imploring the bleſſed influences of the holy Spirit. I endeavoured to awe my ſoul with the poſſibility of being deceived, and the amazing conſequence of ſuch deception! I firſt examined my ſtate, by ſcripture marks; and, I truſt, the Spirit of God could witneſs to the truth of grace in my ſoul. Then I examined my growth in grace, by marks drawn from the ſcriptures; and think I have comfortable ground to conclude, that I do make ſome advances in the chriſtian life, though I fall vaſtly ſhort of what God may juſtly expect, and what I long for.

I have had more of a public ſpirit this day, than at ſome times. Oh it has been a good day to my ſoul, though nature has often threatened to ſink under theſe duties. The body has been weak and ſore broken, while agonizing in prayer for myſelf and family, the church of God, the town, the land in which I live, the nation, and the whole WORLD; eſpecially heathens, and jews. Oh how ſweet the day while I ſpake to Jehovah, as my moſt intimate friend! Adorable condeſcenſion! Return to thy reſt, oh my ſoul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee! Bleſſed be God for his *rod;* how dear the ſweet ſcourges that have quickened my too ſlothful pace! Welcome, my Father, thy chaſtening hand! Purged I muſt be; take what way thou ſeeſt beſt.

April 3d, 1748. And now that I have ſearched and reſearched my heart again, and again, I can draw no other concluſion, but that God has wrought a work of grace on my ſoul, by the convictions of his Spirit, and the work of faith and ſanctification. I have had ſuch conviction of ſin as led me to loath and abhor myſelf, utterly deſpairing of help from any other than God only; lying at the feet of a ſovereign God; willing to accept of mercy on any terms; and being convinced of the worth, power, willingneſs and all-ſufficiency of the Divine Redeemer, both in himſelf, and as appointed by the Father to ſave ſinners: I ſay, from a powerful diſcovery of this glorious, all-amiable Saviour, as revealed in his word, I was brought to a free and full choice of him as my only Lord and Saviour; reſting on him for life and ſalvation, believing there was complete redemption in him. I believed him to be juſt ſuch a Saviour as I, a poor fallen miſerable creature, needed, every way ſuitable; and having made the flight of a moſt diſtreſſed burdened ſoul to Chriſt, I found *reſt*, according to his promiſe. In this way, my daily peace is continued; and this faith works by love, love to God, his ways, works, and word; alſo to his children, eſteeming them the only excellent of the earth.

The hope which I now entertained of eternal life, has been a moſt prevailing motive with me to purify myſelf, conforming me to the divine will: and though to my ſhame and confuſion I remain very unlike God, unholy, ungrateful, covered with ſin, yet holineſs is the deſire of my ſoul. I chooſe any, even the moſt ſharp afflictions, rather than ſin; and more importunately long for a releaſe from this, than from the greateſt affliction I can bear. My ſoul doth long for God, and the full enjoyment of him, more than for the greateſt, yea, more than for all temporal good; and while I am weak, feeble, and faint all the day, yet I can reſt and rejoice in God, more than when at eaſe and in health without him. And now, the daily experiences of my ſoul, hope, deſire, delight, reſt, ſatisfaction and center of my heart, do evidence to me that I have indeed and truth been born again, and that Chriſt is indeed my choſen Redeemer. Now, ſurely, if I am deceived, it is a moſt awful deception, which abides the ſtricteſt trial! But, oh my God, I think it is no deluſion; I muſt believe it a real work of thy grace on my heart; I think thy word does warrant me to draw this ſweet concluſion. Oh the freeneſs of ſovereign grace to the moſt unworthy! Well might I now ſtagger, were it not for the infinite merits of the great Redeemer. It is this which gives me the utmoſt confidence and aſſurance: it is *purchaſed* redemption, and yet it is *free;* yea, the very purchaſe exalts the freeneſs. Oh the adorable myſtery of godlineſs!

Sept. I am called the enſuing day to ſit down at the dear Redeemer's table; but, oh my ſoul, is this indeed thy Redeemer? Now I would be ſolemn: oh ſearch and try me thou all-knowing God! I know there is much amiſs in my ſoul; much darkneſs, deadneſs, carnality, hypocriſy and enmity, yet lurking in my depraved ſoul: Can this propenſity in me to ſin, be the ſpot of a child of God? Oh thou omniſcient Jehovah, ſuffer me not to be deceived in this matter! I cannot bear the thought of being deceived here, and ſtripped of God at laſt, as my covenant God. I would try my title as long as life remain, and as long ſtill ſtrive that there be no flaw in it. Oh do I not deteſt and abhor every inclination in my ſoul to ſin? Lord, is it not the greateſt burden of my life, that I do not love, ſerve, and enjoy thee more? Do I not long more for the full enjoyment of thee, and for perfect conformity to thee, than for all temporal good? Oh come thou beloved of my ſoul, for I deſire none but thee: oh come and meet me at thy table!

Now I have endeavoured to examine my ſtate, and truſt I have, really, ſcriptural evidences of my intereſt in Chriſt; and although the heavens look black and cloudy, yet with ſweet confidence and compoſure, I can reſt my ſoul on thee, and call thee my God, my almighty friend, and Father! Oh glorious purchaſe; oh divine benefits, ſecured to me by the holy Spirit, applying to me the death and merits of my deareſt Lord, and only Redeemer, in whom is all my confidence, living and dying.

July, 1749. Oh God, thou God of the ſpirits of all fleſh; who ſearcheſt the hearts, and trieſt the reins of the children of men; from whom nothing is hid, no diſguiſe can deceive thee; thou ſurveyeſt the moſt hidden and ſecret receſſes of my ſoul, and perfectly knoweſt all my aims and ends. I may deceive myſelf and others, but I cannot deceive *thee:* with thee is infinite light and knowledge. It can yield me no comfort that I have great and high hopes of my ſafe eſtate, nor that many eminent chriſtians have had the ſtrongeſt confidence in me, if thou doſt diſown me! Oh God, I tremble to hear of the high hopes which many have of me. What an aggravation muſt this be of my miſery, if I ſhould be rejected of God. What I have now heard ſhall put me on the ſtricteſt enquiry; for it is in the favour of God, through Chriſt, my only happineſs and ſecurity lie, nor can I be ſatisfied with the approbation of poor, imperfect, ſhort-ſighted mortals; ſuch are the beſt of ſaints in this imperfect ſtate. God only knows my heart, and to him alone will I go for light. Oh thou impartial, heart-ſearching God, I come to thee for a clear diſcovery of the ſtate of my ſoul. Oh Lord, my God, it can be no profit to thee that I be deceived, and ſo periſh with a lie in my right hand: no, this is what thy ſoul abhorreth. Thou deſireſt truth in the inward part; and haſt commanded me to examine myſelf, and to know myſelf. Oh then aſſiſt me herein. Lord, I am utterly inſufficient for ſo great a work, and ſhall never attain to a clear and true knowledge of this important point, except divine light ariſe in my ſoul, and remove all prepoſſeſſions of prejudice, for and againſt myſelf. Oh eternal Jehovah, is my title to eternal life ſure? Have I the certain marks and temper of thy elect in Chriſt Jeſus, who ſhall never be made aſhamed of their hope? Upon the ſtricteſt ſearching, and reſearching, that I can make, by thy word, I ſtill conclude it is thus with me, in ſome good meaſure; but methinks I want the further ſealings of the bleſſed Spirit; and I want to be bound yet faſter, on my part to God: I want to be ſo wholly and entirely thine, that I may never ſwerve from thy law.

I have a comfortable hope, yea, ſometimes a triumphing one, or full aſſurance; yet I ſeem to long for an abſolute certainty, which will not admit a poſſibility of being deceived. But, if this is unattainable in this imperfect ſtate, I thirſt and long for that open viſion of thy face, when, claſped in the arms of an almighty, faithful God, I ſhall know, with a perfect knowledge! Until then, I will not content myſelf with my own ſlender hopes, without full aſſurance: nor with the higheſt hopes of the moſt eminent chriſtians for me, without the gracious witneſs of the holy Spirit with his word.

O God, thou fountain of being and bleſſedneſs, in whom I live, move, and have my being; from whom I receive every mercy; without thy favour, I am undone; without thy loving kindneſs, through Chriſt, my very being is a burden and terror to me. I enjoy myſelf only in the enjoyment of thee; and cannot look on myſelf, or any of my enjoyments, with delight, pleaſure, or ſatisfaction, but in relation to thee, as being in covenant with thee. Lord, may I not appeal to thee, who art truth itſelf, and wilt judge me according to truth, that I have or do abandon all the delights and enjoyments on earth for thy favour; and can, and do reſt ſatisfied in that alone, as a ſufficient portion for my ſoul? Witneſs my reſolute diſcontent with all things here below, when thou refuſeſt to grant me ſatisfying reſt in thyſelf: witneſs my entire ſatisfaction and reſt in thy favour, through Chriſt, when thou condeſcendeſt to diſplay thy perfection to my ſoul, and my intereſt in Jeſus, the Son of thy love, in the abſence of all things elſe; yea, in the moſt diſtreſſing outward trials of life. Methinks thou haſt ſworn according to my requeſt, that nothing but thyſelf ſhall ſatisfy me; even ſo, Lord Jeſus, Amen and Amen!

Lord, let nothing delight me, without thee. I know no other good, but thee; and will have no other reſt, or delight, but God in Chriſt, as the centre of my ſoul. Let me never live to ſee the time when any thing beſide, and without God, ſhall ſatisfy my ſoul.

Again: Witneſs my daily and conſtant deſire to leave the deareſt enjoyments on earth, for the full fruition of thyſelf in glory! It is long ſince I have utterly refuſed to entertain any pleaſing proſpects of worldly enjoyments, that would not vaniſh at the call of my Redeemer, to leave the world, and go to be with him. I think the higheſt delights that earth can offer cannot make me deſire life: it is thy will only, oh my God, that makes me rejoice in living. Oh when ſhall I be holy? Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly!

Sept. 10*th*, 1749. Bleſſed be God for Jeſus Chriſt, the means of grace, and ſanctuary liberties in particular. I bleſs thee, oh my God, who hath called home my wandering thoughts this day, while in thy houſe, and fixed them on thyſelf! Oh how ſweet is it to have my ſoul engaged with God in holy duties! I bleſs thee for thoſe comfortable evidences I had of my being prepared to meet Chriſt, at his coming, by a true faith in him, and conformity to him. Lord, though I find great want of conformity to thee; yet, on the ſtricteſt ſearch this day, I find great reaſon to adore thee, for the great things thou haſt done for me. My ſoul doth bleſs and magnify thee, oh my God, for the work of thy grace; yet, Lord, I pray I may not be deceived herein. Oh ſearch and try me, thou beſt of Beings: let me not be deceived, and ſo baniſhed from thy preſence at laſt. This, I cannot bear! I entreat thee, by all the beneficence of thy nature; yea, by thy very Being, which is benevolence itſelf, for *God is love*, that thou ſuffer me not to wander from thee, but fill me with thyſelf. Oh, if I ſhould be caſt away from thee at laſt, how inconceivably great muſt my miſery be; a miſery, that nothing can equal. From the hope I have entertained, of enjoying thee, I have endeavoured to place all the affections of my ſoul on thee, and aſpire after the higheſt and nobleſt ideas of thy perfections: ſhould I be baniſhed at laſt, from this only deſirable good, after all my raiſed expectations, what, ah, what, could equal my irreparable loſs! My God, I not not how to bear the amazing ſhock of ſuch a ſuppoſition! Oh my ſoul, rouſe up and ſecure thy title to the favour of God, by faith in Jeſus Chriſt his only Son, and the only Saviour! And now let me devote my whole ſoul to God, and never reſt, till I arrive at the full enjoyment of him!

April, 1751. I hope I have moſt ſolemnly entered into covenant with God, and renewedly choſen him as my everlaſting portion, devoting myſelf entirely and unreſervedly to him. And this I did in the bloom of life, before the evil days came, or the years drew nigh, in the which I ſhould ſay, I have no pleaſure in them. I did it in the ſtrength and vigour of life and health, the prime of my age. This body was then young and active; this ſoul was lively in all its intellects. I did it, not in a ſudden fit of fear and diſtreſs; no, it was the moſt deliberate and rational part I ever performed. With all the faculties and powers of my ſoul, I freely, reſolutely, cheerfully, and unreſervedly, entered into this covenant; and, now, though it be far otherwiſe with me, yet I ſtand by my choice. Lord, I am fixed: THOU ART MY CHOSEN PORTION! And now I find myſelf greatly impaired, both in body and mind; my body is ſubjected to diſeaſe, pain, and great weakneſs; my mind diſordered, confuſed, ſhattered, and weak; foreboding dark and diſmal events, as though I ſhould ſoon be deprived of my reaſon, and rendered entirely uſeleſs, both to myſelf and others; yet I am the Lord's, body, ſoul, and ſpirit; and I rely on thee, oh God, to take care of thine own, in all circumſtances and conditions of life. I know thou art able to keep what I have committed to thy truſt againſt that day.

I am now recollecting myſelf, and ſummoning up all the powers of my ſoul, to a renewed choice and ſurrender. Poſſibly, this may be the only ſpace I may have granted me for this work. Oh then, ye ſcattered, confuſed thoughts, unite;

be fixed and ſolemn: oh ye immortal powers and faculties of my ſoul, exert your utmoſt ſtrength and vigour, in the ſolemn tranſaction. Ye depreſſed graces, break through theſe clogs: be lively and active. Flee, ye diſeaſes, and let me have a moment's reſt and compoſure, for this delightful work. Come, thou bleſſed Spirit, with thy needed influences, and prepare and aſſiſt my ſoul, in this ſolemn dedication!

March, 1753. Come, oh my ſoul, examine thy title to eternal life. Thou haſt ſtrong hopes; but are they good? Will they ſtand in the day of trial; will they endure the amazing horrors of a death-bed; or will they ſtand in the laſt great deciſive day, when God ſhall judge the ſecrets of men's hearts? It is one thing, oh my ſoul, to hope, when all things appear fair and pleaſant; and another, to believe, and remain ſtedfaſt when clouds and thick darkneſs overſpread me! Lord, it is thy Spirit alone that muſt undeceive me, if I be deceived; for I cannot find out the deception, after all my ſearchings. Unto God will I look: oh do thou diſcover my ſtate to me! Thou knoweſt how unſhaken my confidence remains, after all my examination: yet I will ſtill inquire. And now, what choice have I made? Oh ſearcher of hearts, and trier of reins, thou knoweſt, that from the ſtricteſt ſearch I am able to make, this is the anſwer: God, his glory, and the enjoyment of him, are my only felicity! In this choice I am fixed. I have choſen God the Father for my covenant God and Father: God the Son, for my only Saviour, Lord, and King: God the holy Ghoſt, for my ſanctifier and comforter: God's law, word, and will, his people, his intereſt and cauſe, and all that is his; to be my ſweeteſt intereſt, dearer to me than life itſelf.

July 15*th*, 1754. What means this depreſſion of ſpirits? Have I not aſſuredly anchored all my hopes of eternal life on the merits of Jeſus Chriſt, the only mediator of reconciliation between God and fallen, ſinful, miſerable man; in whom the great Jehovah hath declared himſelf well pleaſed, and acceſſible? Have I not ſearched and reſearched, with the utmoſt diligence, into this matter; and did I not always find ſweet and comfortable evidence of faith and love unfeigned? And do I now find any ſufficient ground to doubt? Verily I do not; unleſs it be matter for doubting, that I am longing and thirſting after God, the living God; and that nothing can ſatisfy my ſoul, but light and life from him; and my whole ſoul is reaching out after him. Surely this is not ground for doubts and fears. No: God is witneſs to the ſincerity of my faith and love, and every grace, of which he has been the author, and will be the finiſher. Fear not, oh my ſoul, God, the immutable God is thy refuge, thy confidence, and will be thy eternal conſolation! I have laid all my wiſhes, hopes, deſires, and expectations, on the perfections of his nature, the unchangeableneſs of his being, and the truth of his word; and here will I confide forever.

After I had written the above, I was led to meditate on the importance of being united to Chriſt by a living and true faith, the worth of an immortal ſoul, and the weight of my eternal concerns: and after ſerious examination, I proſtrated myſelf before God, beſeeching him, who ſurveyed the moſt ſecret receſſes of my ſoul, that if I were deceived, I might be convinced of it; that, if I never had a true conviction of my ſin and miſery, never was truly humbled at the feet of a ſovereign God, never fully and heartily renounced my own righteouſneſs, never received Chriſt on goſpel terms, believing the record God had given of his Son, ſubmitting to, relying on, and embracing him; I might then be enabled to do it: and as I enlarged on various deſcriptions of faith in God's word, I was, I truſt, brought to a renewed experience of thoſe things, with the clear witneſs of the bleſſed Spirit, that I did ſo. Bleſſed be God, that I was brought into a ſolid, ſweet, goſpel frame of ſoul; attended with a divine peace, ſatisfaction, joy, love, gratitude, and adoration!

Aug. 18*th.* 1754. I now proſtrate ſoul and body before God, for his gracious aſſiſtance, in the ſolemn, important trial of my ſtate. Oh God, now, oh now be with me!

And what ſhall I now ſay? If faith be the flight of the convinced, diſtreſſed, ſelf-deſpairing ſinner, to Chriſt, for refuge and life; if it be a cordial chooſing, receiving, embracing, and relying on him, as the only hope ſet before us in the goſpel; if it be a hearty ſurrender of the whole ſoul to him, as prophet, prieſt, and king; if it be a conſtant looking to him for aſſiſtance, and a conſtant reliance on his righteouſneſs, as God-Man-Mediator, for acceptance with God, under the powerful conviction of guilt, depravity and wretchedneſs, our univerſal corruption, inability to help ourſelves, unworthineſs that God ſhould help us; if it be a firm truſt in him, as one every way ſuitable for his work as Mediator, and one authoriſed by the Father; if it be a full, entire credit to the record God has given of his Son: and if love be that which powerfully influences the ſoul to delight in the divine will, his law, his word, his ordinances, his people, and all that is his; and diſpoſeth the ſoul to ſubmit, yea, acquieſce in all the diſpenſations of his providence, even when moſt afflictive, as holy, wiſe, and good; if it be love that animates the ſoul to the moſt ardent longings after full fruition, with conſtant deſires that Jeſus may be exalted; that ſelf, ſin, and all things elſe may be ſubdued under him; that he may reign triumphant over all thoſe idols, which formerly were moſt dear to it; if it be love that conſtrains the ſoul to examine and try her intereſt in Chriſt, when no inward fears or outward dangers appear, but becauſe ſhe would not live a moment without the moſt near and intimate relation to him, that can be attained or enjoyed in this life; it it be the effect of love, to look with indifference and contempt, on the moſt deſirable objects of time and ſenſe, and even wiſh to part with all, and with life itſelf, for the more perfect viſion and fruition of him, whom ſhe eſteems the only amiable, the only deſirable object of love and admiration; and if it be true repentance to abhor even the leaſt appearance of ſin, and to deteſt and hate every falſe way; to feel the moſt keen and ſenſible ſorrow and remorſe for ſin, becauſe it is ſin, and to abhor itſelf becauſe it is no more conformed to the pure and holy God, and is ſo ungrateful to the beſt of Beings, the kindeſt friend, and moſt bountiful benefactor; accounting ſin the greateſt affliction in life, becauſe of its own vile nature and hateful tendency, being againſt God, and ſeparating the ſoul from this holy Being, whom faith and love juſtly eſteems altogether lovely; if this faith exerciſeth itſelf in new obedience, powerfully leading the ſoul to ſtudy and purſue all that God has commanded, in a conſtant, hearty, univerſal, practical endeavour to perform every duty, though ever ſo difficult, becauſe God has commanded it, eſteeming all God's precepts concerning all things to be right;

And now, if theſe, though haſtily drawn, be the genuine marks and evidences of a ſincere repentance and obedience, which the goſpel requires in all thoſe who hope for ſalvation, through the perfect righteouſneſs and atonement of Chriſt, the great Redeemer; againſt whom, God hath ſaid, there is no condemnation, but they ſhall have eternal life; (thoſe who believe ſhall be ſaved; thoſe who love him, he will love; thoſe who repent ſhall find mercy; and to thoſe, who by patient continuance in well doing, &c. eternal life.) If theſe things be ſo; and if I can, by the moſt ſtrict, impartial, and renewed ſearch, find out the ſtate of my ſoul; if this can be done, I muſt again conclude, that I have an intereſt in Chriſt, and the promiſes of eternal life, through him. For, I truſt, and firmly believe, God has, by his almighty power and rich grace, wrought theſe things in my ſoul, and is daily carrying on the work of his grace, by which, I truſt, I have been enabled to make my calling and election ſure; and have obtained a comfortable hope, or a firm perſuaſion, of my intereſt in Chriſt Jeſus, the only mediator and refuge of ſinners, even by his Spirit, which, I truſt, dwelleth in me. Notwithſtanding this hope, which, through grace, remains unſhaken, I ſtill daily renew the trial; though there is not a deception, that I know of; but I have charged on my conſcience, and put home to it in the moſt ſolemn manner; nor an evidence of grace, whether of the habit or the exerciſe, that I have not tried myſelf by, and have been acquitted of guile and approved of ſincerity. Now, though the trial appears but a repetition of what before was put out of doubt; and a careful ſearch after what, through grace, is not hid: yet, as I find the continual exerciſe of watchfulneſs and examination enjoined, in the word of God, and ſeeing it tends to ſet my evidences of grace in open light, and alſo tends to ſtrengthen the habit of grace, I would, by repeated trial, endeavour to obtain freſh ſtrength againſt an hour of temptation.

Through the free, rich, ſovereign grace of God, I have theſe evidences ſo clear, that I can as well deny my own exiſtence, or that my ſoul is immortal, or that I ever performed a rational act or exerciſe; I may as well doubt of theſe, as of the ſpiritual exerciſes of grace, which appear as real and conſtant as the acting of my rational powers; and I think I am as fully perſuaded of the one, as of the other: but as I know I am never out of danger, and am daily liable to ſuch darkneſs and temptations, as may cauſe me to queſtion all the experiences of my ſoul, I would guard againſt ſuch an hour. Lord, thou only knoweſt what trials may now await me. Thou knoweſt how ſoon I may be ſo plunged, as that all theſe things will prove inſufficient to keep me from ſinking under the preſſure: yet by thy bleſſing, theſe may be a witneſs for me in a day of temptation; though nothing but thy preſence can ever give me comfort. Oh let thy almighty grace be then, and alway, ſufficient for me!

.... Having been brought to the gates of the grave, and really thought myſelf to be dying; death approaching me in all its terrors, as an enemy to nature: and having lately ſeen a dear friend, who has received the ſentence of death in herſelf, under moſt terrible diſtreſs of body: I am now reſolving to enter upon a critical examination of my ſoul, to ſee what are my evidences for heaven.

I have, indeed, made this my practice, in ſome meaſure, every day, and more eſpecially under every ſermon, ſo far as I can recollect, for ſeveral years, though many times with too much coldneſs and formality. Yet, bleſſed be God, I hope, for the twelve paſt years, I have made it the grand concern of my life, to know God, and Jeſus Chriſt, by the Spirit, and to know that I did ſo. I have endeavoured to get my heart awed, and ſolemnized, by the moſt powerful, awakening, and important conſiderations, on which my eternal all depended. In a ſolemn ſenſe of eternal things, I have engaged in this affair; and truſt I have had the powerful aſſiſtance of the holy Spirit to excite me to diligence, fervency, and cloſe application in this work. The reſult has been a ſweet and comfortable hope, that God has, by his word and Spirit, formed me anew in Chriſt Jeſus; which hope has, I truſt, been raiſed in my ſoul by the witneſs of the Spirit, with the word, that I had the ſure mark and ſign of a child of God: yet I have ſtill perſevered in the ſolemn ſearch, that, if poſſible, I might not be at a loſs about my ſtate, when death approached me; but that, in the ſolemn day, my evidences might be plain and clear. And now, under a ſenſe of the vaſt importance of having all things right in my ſoul, when I know it is on the verge of eternity, ready to launch out into an unknown world of ſpirits, (knowing I can never have things too well cleared up for a dying hour) I have ſet myſelf renewedly to ſearch into my evidences.

And, firſt, in general, as to a work of grace in my ſoul; although I cannot determine the very inſtant, in which a change was wrought in me;

yet, from my infancy, I believe the Spirit of God was working on my ſoul. The firſt that I can remember of any thing, was, a concern for my ſoul, and this could not far exceed the fifth year of my age: from that time God has been working in me to will, and to do, of his own good pleaſure. I have ſeen ſin to be the worſt of evils; myſelf the worſt of ſinners, a tranſgreſſor from the womb. I have been convinced of the ſinfulneſs of my nature, the corrupt fountain from whence proceeded every ſinful act. My iniquities have appeared many, and greatly aggravated. My heart has looked like a ſink of ſin, more loathſome than the moſt offenſive carrion that ſwarms with hateful vermin! My underſtanding dark and ignorant; my will ſtubborn; my affections carnal, corrupt and diſordered; every faculty depraved and vitiated; my whole ſoul deformed and polluted, filled with pride, enmity, carnality, hypocriſy, ſelf-confidence, and all manner of ſins. I have ſeen my utter inability to help myſelf; the abſolute need I ſtood in that God ſhould work all my works in and for me; and the infinite juſtice of God, if he ſhould caſt me off forever; my dreadful expoſedneſs to divine wrath: and by the powerful conviction of theſe things on my ſoul, I have been brought to deſpair of help in myſelf, or from any created arm. Only in the Lord Jehovah was my help found. I truſt, God did then bow my will, cauſing me to accept of mercy on his own terms. I truſt, my whole ſoul was then made willing to ſubmit to the moſt humbling, ſelf-denying terms of the goſpel. Jeſus was revealed to me, as the all-ſufficient Mediator, as the moſt ſuitable Saviour for guilty, miſerable ſinners: He, whom the Father had appointed, and declared himſelf well pleaſed with. Oh how did infinite wiſdom, grace, and love, now diſplay themſelves, in the glorious ſcheme of redemption by Jeſus Chriſt! Here, I truſt, my ſoul felt a divine power to lay hold on this hope ſet before me in the goſpel, and now revealed by the Holy Ghoſt in my heart. I ſaw God could be juſt, and the juſtifier of him that believeth in his Son: and how was my ſoul ſwallowed up in adoring, admiring views of the divine perfections, diſplayed in the wonders of redemption! I truſt, I was enabled to give up my whole ſoul entirely, and all my concerns into his hands, to reſt upon him, and receive him as my prophet, prieſt, and king; utterly renouncing my own righteouſneſs, which I ſaw was but as filthy rags. I ſaw infinite ſecurity in reſting on Jeſus Chriſt. I think, I had the moſt rational, ſolid conviction of theſe things on my ſoul; and after all my ſearching and reſearching, I muſt conclude, that fleſh and blood hath not revealed theſe things unto me; but the Father and the Son, by the Holy Ghoſt.

Next, as to the fruits or effects of this faith, I find, ſo far as I can diſcern, by continued critical obſervation, an habitual diſpoſition,

Firſt, To reſt and live upon God, as the only centre of my ſoul. To truſt all the important concerns of time and eternity with the great Mediator; to look to him for grace and ſtrength, to keep me near to himſelf, in a conſtant dependence on him; renewing my choice of him for my only everlaſting portion; devoting myſelf to him, to be his only, and his eternally.

Secondly, To love him above all. If I love not God ſupremely, for himſelf, I am under the moſt fatal miſtake: and my judgment muſt be under the power of groſs darkneſs, unfit to be relied upon in the ſmalleſt matter, if my whole ſoul does not go out after God, as the only ſuitable object of love and delight. Here I find the moſt powerful attraction: here I ſee all that is worthy my regard! Hence ariſes my ardent deſire after a perfect conformity to him; eſteeming his law to be holy, juſt, and good; his precepts concerning all things to be right; conſtantly repairing to him as my only unerring counſellor, in every emergency of life; chooſing he ſhould rule, govern and diſpoſe of me, and every concern of mine, forever. Hence, I truſt, my love to his people. As I love him, ſo I love all that is his, and all who appear in reality to love him: his people are my people, the dear choſen companions of my life.

Thirdly, An habitual hatred to ſin, as the worſt, yea, the only evil; the abominable thing, which my ſoul truly hateth. I abhor myſelf, becauſe of the inbeing of ſin: I am neceſſarily unhappy, becauſe I am a ſinner. Wo is me, becauſe of the leproſy of ſin, by which I am ſo defiled, that I pollute all I touch! I know no ſorrow like this ſorrow. Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep, day and night, for this grievous hurt; this undoing ſin, that ſo unlikens, and alienates the ſoul from the bleſſed God!

Fourthly, Yet a more confirmed habitual judgment to be the Lord's, though ſpiritual joys abate, and the tide of affection ebb. I find an unwavering determination to purſue the choice I have made, as the moſt reaſonable ſervice; conformity to God, the ſubſtance of all religion. The moſt neceſſary, rational, and ſubſtantial good, that a creature can attain, is to be intentionally, and deſignedly devoted to God, as the chief and proper good, and his glory as the beſt and laſt end. This is true beauty, harmony, and excellence!

CHAPTER IV.

Miſcellaneous Extracts from her Diary, which ſhe kept, and wrote in it almoſt daily, until June 1769, *to the* 43d *year of her age; and is contained in a number of volumes. After that time ſhe wrote but little in her Diary: or if ſhe did, it appeared beſt to her not to preſerve it.*

October, 1744.

OH GOD, infinite in power, grace, and holineſs, I ſet apart this day to thee, for the people that know thee not. Thy providence calls for deep humiliation, and fervent addreſſes to the throne of all grace. Pity to the poor heathen and jews calls upon me, though but a worthleſs worm, to uſe all the intereſt I have at the throne of grace, through my everlaſting advocate, for ſuch poor, blinded ſouls as they. How ſhall I addreſs thee, oh God, ſuitably, and ſo as to prevail! Oh let my prayer be the prayer of faith; let me get near thee this day! Lord, I beſeech thee, let me engage in no duty this day, without thee. Oh be with me of a truth; and let me find acceptance with thee. Thy preſence I muſt have, to make my duties acceptable: for without thee I can do nothing.

Oh my God, I do not ſue barely for fluency of words, or ſtrong workings of affections; but entirely for acceptance with thee; to be heard for poor heathen and jews, and thy church, oh God, I thus plead. Their caſe is truly lamentable, without thy pity. Thou haſt awaked my compaſſion by their miſery. Can I enjoy the precious doctrines, ordinances and power of the goſpel, and be inſenſible of their wretchedneſs in their darkneſs and unbelief? Forbid it, oh God! Let me never ſhew ſuch ingratitude to thee, my bountiful benefactor; nor ſuch inhuman, unnatural, and cruel inſenſibility to the miſery of my fellow-creatures. Oh pity them, my God, who cannot pity themſelves. Thou Fountain of compaſſion, ſtir up bowels of compaſſion in thine own children, both miniſters and people, for jews and gentiles, that they may come to the ſaving knowledge of Jeſus Chriſt; that we, being all united in that one myſtical body whereof he is the head, may rejoice together, and bring forth abundant fruit, to the glory of thy free grace. May thy church flouriſh; thy Zion triumph in her God; thy miniſters be as a flame of fire, clothed with zeal and ſucceſs, faithful, and unwearied in thy ſervice. Let thy ſaints ſhout aloud, and live like thy redeemed, aſhamed of ingratitude, and full of faith and love. Even ſo come, Lord Jeſus, in the day of thy power! Amen and Amen.

Oct. 26th, 1744. I have juſt now finiſhed the eighteenth year of my age. Good God! to what little purpoſe have I lived theſe eighteen years! Ah, Lord, thou haſt come theſe many years ſeeking fruit; but alas, how little haſt thou found! How vilely have I requited thy care; and how incorrigible have I been, under all thy cultivations! But, ſure I am, theſe unparalleled inſtances of ingratitude and rebellion have not ſtopped the current of thy unbounded goodneſs. Was ever mortal ſo favoured before? It is too bold an aſſertion to ſay, infinite mercy could not go beyond, conſidered in itſelf; yet when I look on it as relating to me, the moſt ungrateful, unworthy, ill-deſerving of all the redeemed race, the chief of ſinners, and moſt helpleſs of mortals, I am ready to cry out, Never was there a greater inſtance of divine mercy! It is two years ſince I gave myſelf up to God and his church, and publicly avouched the Lord for my God: and though I would lament my vileneſs, that I have lived ſo unbecoming one in covenant with a holy God; yet, oh Lord my God, what ſhall I render to thee for thy preſerving and ſuſtaining grace; that I have been enabled to reſiſt moſt fierce and otherwiſe irreſiſtible aſſaults? Yea, I will praiſe him, who has been the health of my countenance, and my God. It has been becauſe thou haſt been the health of my countenance, that it has been in any meaſure healthful, hitherto: therefore will I ſtill hope in thy mercy. Oh God of my former revivals, leave me not now. How many months have I paſſed without any ſenſible decline of the power of godlineſs in my ſoul! For near theſe two years, more eſpecially, I truſt I have made ſenſible progreſs in my chriſtian courſe. This I dare aſſert, to the honour of free, unmerited grace. To thy name, eternal Jehovah, be the glory! Thy grace hath been cultivated in my ſoul, notwithſtanding all my corruptions. I have been admitted to near converſe with thee. Thou haſt made ſuch diſcoveries of thyſelf, that I have ſeemed, as it were, to behold thee with open face; and in ſome degree to be changed into thine image. Theſe powerful diſcoveries have formed my ſoul to a holy calm and ſerenity; a deep abaſement; holy, ſolemn, humble awe of the great Jehovah; with holineſs to the Lord inſcribed on all my powers; not only in holy raptures of joy, with the gracious manifeſtation of thy moſt endearing love, but ſweetly ſwallowed up in the opening views and apprehenſions of Deity. The glories of Jehovah I cannot deſcribe; or even the ſenſible transforming power which ſuch diſcoveries of thyſelf have had on my ſoul.

And oh, what a deſpicable worm did I appear to myſelf, when thou waſt pleaſed to paſs before me in the glories of thy nature, and cauſed me to cry out, "Wo is me! I am undone! I am unclean! I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye ſeeth thee; wherefore I abhor myſelf, and repent in duſt and aſhes." Yet ſince thou haſt been thus gracious, I entreat thee, oh God, who art ſtill the ſame, my almighty and faithful God, to ſhew me thy glory. Lord, give me ſoul quickening, ſoul humbling, and ſoul reviving and transforming views of thyſelf. Oh Lord God, ariſe for my help. Entreat me not to leave thee; but ſuffer me, yea do thou ſtrengthen me to a holy violence, to wreſtle with thee, and tell thee, I cannot let thee go, my Lord, and my God. Oh now admit me to a near converſe with thee. Unveil thy perfections, ſo far as a mortal worm can bear. Lord, fill a finite vapour. Break in on my ſoul with divine power. Show me thy glory. I cannot withdraw my petition. Dear, ever gracious, all-condeſcending Saviour, condeſcend to grant my requeſt. Shouldeſt thou now hold forth thy ſceptre, and bid me aſk what I would, this ſhould be my immediate requeſt: Oh give me transforming diſcoveries of thyſelf: Show me thy glory! Amen, even ſo, Lord Jeſus, Amen and Amen!

Nov. 5. Lord, is early piety ſo admirable? Is a heart early given up to God worthy the notice and approbation of the whole creation, as I have heard? Why then haſt thou thus honoured me? Is a heart early devoted to God peculiarly acceptable to him; and do ſuch generally receive the moſt endearing tokens of thy love? Why then haſt thou conferred ſuch great honour and grace on ſo vile a worm as I am? Lord, it would have been great grace, and great honour to have been adopted into the number of thy children, at the laſt hour. But to me it appears ſuperlative grace and love to be a *young* diſciple of my Lord, a beloved John. How great an honour to be accepted, when a babe, by the King of kings! And how great the privilege to be often, more often than later converts, receiving grace and ſtrength from God! My God, I count it an honour to be a diſciple; but peculiarly my honour, to be a *young* diſciple. I think myſelf happy that I am a member of thy church; but peculiarly ſo, that I was admitted the youngeſt member belonging to the communion; the youngeſt member of our female ſociety; as likewiſe the youngeſt of all my chriſtian friends. Though ſome do indeed deſpiſe my youth; yet ſince I know the grace of God has appeared more glorious by it, I will rejoice and glory in it, though it be an infirmity, if thereby the power of God may be the more manifeſted, and he ordain praiſe out of the mouth of a babe and ſuckling.

April 28*th*, 1745. Laſt night I watched with dear Mr. Helyer.* I truſt God was with me. Oh that God would ſpare his life, and reſtore him to health! Oh God, my ſoul is pained for thy church. Oh that my own life might fend off the ſtroke from him! How freely, for thy church's ſake, could I caſt myſelf on the mercy of God in Chriſt Jeſus my Lord, and take his place! Not with any conceitedneſs of my being better prepared to die; but purely for the church's ſake, that ſhe might be built up, and not pulled down.

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* Mr. Helyer had been lately ordained colleague with the Rev. and aged Mr. Clap; and was now in a conſumption, of which he ſoon died.

Lord, now in my diſtreſs I have vowed, if thou wilt ſpare the life, and reſtore the health of thy ſervant, then will I ſeek and ſerve thee, by thy grace, with my whole heart. I ſtill hope in thy mercy.

May 18*th.* This day much ſunk on account of Mr. Helyer and the church. I find ſatan beſets me like a roaring lion: but I look to my good God. My dear tempted Saviour can ſuccour me, when tempted. Having had, as I truſt, free acceſs to God, for the good of his church, I was led to confine it to the life of Mr. Helyer; and therefore to conclude he would ſurely recover. Hence I told a friend, if he did not recover, I ſhould be ready to doubt of all my experiences; and whether I had ever exerciſed a true faith in God. Here ſatan took great advantage of me.

June 1*ſt.* On the 21ſt of May, a ſovereign and righteous God took my dear paſtor, Mr. Helyer, to himſelf: and oh how do I now ſeem to be ſtripped of my guide, my ſpiritual counſellor! Satan has this day beſet me to diſbelieve all that God commands me to believe; and my having ſo ſtrong a perſuaſion of Mr. Helyer's recovery, made me almoſt ready to fall under the temptation. And juſt as I was ready to give all over as loſt; as if God was not the hearer of prayer, and my faith as well as all my religion, muſt be vain, this thought darted into my mind, that I would once more ſee if the word of God could afford any light to my diſtreſſed ſoul. I immediately opened the Bible; and the firſt words that offered to my ſight, were thoſe in John xxi. 23. *Then went this ſaying abroad among the brethren, that that diſciple ſhould not die: yet Jeſus ſaid not unto him, he ſhall not die; but, if I will that he tarry* *till I come, what is that to thee?* Here I ſaw, that ſome miſtook the words which Chriſt himſelf ſpoke: yet my unbelieving heart replied, ſurely theſe were not his children! But upon a review of the words, I found the ſaying went abroad *among the brethren.* And now, Oh how was every objection anſwered! Even Chriſt's own diſciples might miſtake his expreſſions, and yet be diſciples ſtill: ſo might I be a child of God; and yet miſtake his intimations of anſwering my prayers for the church's good, for his intention to preſerve the life of his ſervant. This was ſuch a diſplay of divine condeſcenſion and grace, as calmed my ſoul, and put ſatan to flight. There are, however, many things dark and intricate in this affair, which I never expect to ſee through, until I awake in his likeneſs; but then I ſhall be ſatisfied.

June 23d, 1746. Oh my unbelieving heart! How long wilt thou riſe in ſecret diſſatisfaction at God's diſpoſals of me? As I appear recovering from my diſorders, I would fain think it beſt; cheerfully embrace life, and bleſs my God for it: and yet I feel a reluctance, even while I am writing. I am almoſt impatient for that ſtate and world, where my will ſhall be entirely ſwallowed up in God's. I believe, for above two years, there has not been a day, if an hour or minute, when awake, in which, if death had come, I could have ſaid, It is come in a day or hour wherein I have not longed and panted for it. The vanity of this world has rendered it burdenſome to me. I am ſure the bewitching pleaſures of it, have more imbittered it to me, than all its ſorrows.

When I compare infinite with finite, eternal with temporal, I find there is a boundleſs, unfathomable, infinite, eternal diſproportion between thoſe immenſe, immortal delights above, and thoſe of time and ſenſe. And is it a ſmall diſappointment, when I hoped in a ſhort time to have been in the full enjoyment of God, and theſe glories; when I ſeemed to be on the confines of eternity; new glories appearing to my gazing, aſtoniſhed ſoul, all bright, all ſerene, the happy haven; from theſe happy views to be ordered back to earth, all dark and gloomy; the cavern far from God, my life, and my all in all; to grovel among the inſects of this earth; the fear of a vain heart, that it will chooſe vanity? Oh how ſhocking, how ſurpriſing the change! What finite ſpirit, though of a ſuperior order, would feel no emotion, no reluctance at ſuch a diſappointment, I cannot conceive.

But come, my moſt noble powers, ſhow your wiſdom by a profound ſubmiſſion. Come, ye noble orders above; ye immortal choirs, aſſiſt my ſoaring contemplation; take me on your wings, and haſten the tedious hours. In vain do I call to finite Beings: you receive your heat from that infinite fire, and derive your light and life from a Being acceſſible by ſinners, through the great Redeemer. Then, oh Fountain of light, life and love, dart into my dark, drooping and benumbed ſoul, ſome glorious beams of light, life and love: oh make up to me, as far as poſſible in this diſtant, mortal ſtate, the want of full, complete diſcoveries of thy infinite glories. I know, I know there are ſoul raviſhing, ſoul quickening, ſoul humbling, ſoul transforming diſcoveries of inviſibilities. Theſe have inflamed my ſoul for thoſe yet unknown glories; and yet well known by anticipation, and prelibation. Oh for a freſh view, while here! Oh my God, mitigate the darkneſs by intervening light.

June 26th. Yeſterday I had a ſweet morning. My meditations of God were compoſed and ſolemn: my heart was fixed and enlivened in prayer: but nature was much ſpent; ſo that I felt the effects all the day after. Oh what a clog is this body! At night, after ſerious examination by my rules, I addreſſed the throne of grace with ſome little life. The bleſſed Spirit came, and filled my ſoul with a ſenſe of the glory and majeſty of the great Jehovah; of the repeated affronts and indignities I had offered to him; of his aſtoniſhing patience and forbearance, that I was not made a monument of divine wrath; a ſpectacle to angels, men and devils; that after ſuch incorrigibleneſs under divine cultivation, both of the Spirit, providences and ordinances, all the ſweet ſunbeams of overflowing, unbounded, infinite love, I was not bound over to ſuffer the ſtrange puniſhment aſſigned to the workers of iniquity; but that God was yet acceſſible, through the glorious Mediator. I ſaw my infinite need of the Mediator; my ground of ſtrong confidence in him; that he was a ſurety, whom God the Father had appointed, and declared himſelf well pleaſed with. I ſaw myſelf a ſinner, and dare not approach abſolute perfection in any way but through a Mediator. The faithfulneſs of God afforded ſtrong conſolation.

Thus was I held up above nature, until on a ſudden I almoſt fainted; and nature ſeemed as though it would afford no more aſſiſtance. Yet, after ſome ſtruggles for breath, reviving a little, my ſoul remembered a degenerate world, heathen and jews. The one never heard of this dear, ſure, and infinitely ſufficient Saviour, and only refuge for guilty man; and the other now ſaw no form or comelineſs in him that they ſhould deſire. My ſoul could not but wreſtle for theſe, until the body was almoſt lifeleſs, and I was forced to commit myſelf into the hands of a faithful God; and was obliged to be helped to bed.

Oh if this body were no help to my devotion, yet if it would but keep pace with my nobler powers, I could bear it: but that it ſhould drag down my immortal powers; I could not bear it from any hand but thine, thou wiſe, good, gracious, juſt, ſovereign God and Father. It ſeems to me I ſhould reſent it with contempt, as an affront, ſhould the greateſt monarch on earth offer me a reprieve from thoſe immortal joys, which are in thy preſence. I receive life, and bleſs thee for it, only as it is the will of my wiſe God. Not all the creatures on earth, nor the deareſt relations here, would make me willing to ſtay a moment, hadſt thou not ſaid, *Return and live.* But now, welcome this body, and this (otherwiſe) my hated clog, and continual burden. On theſe terms, the will and glory of God, whatever I receive from thee, my God, I would chooſe and love; as I have choſen thy will for mine in all things.

June 30th. Glory to God in the higheſt, for free, rich, undeſerved goodneſs! This day I have, at leaſt in heart, declared my experiences of the mercy of God, even in the great aſſembly of the people of God: and renewed my vows to be the Lord's; and called his ſaints to witneſs, if I forſake the Lord, in ſinging the 32d and 116th pſalms. Scarce a word in them, but my heart went with it; and I made it my own act and deed. Oh how ſolemn, how ſweet, how awful was the place! Oh unmerited free grace! The word preached came with a divine power to my ſoul. I ſaw an infinite beauty and amiableneſs in the all-ſufficient God

Man-Mediator. I admire and love him, for what he is in himſelf, as well as for what he is to me: yea, I love his laws; his will is dear: I chooſe it; I place my chief happineſs in a conformity thereto: yea, and I reſolve to walk before him, in the land of the living.

I ſaid, at the cloſe of the ſervice, "Lord, now let thy handmaid depart; for I have ſeen thy ſalvation." I ſhould be willing ſuch a ſabbath ſhould be my laſt, and for ſuch moments to land me at the deſired heaven.

July. Lord, I am thine; reſolvedly ſo. It is my conſtant ſtudy, What ſhall I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me? I look back with pleaſure on all thoſe engagements, whereby I am bound to be the Lord's: Oh never let me retract thoſe ſolemn vows! It is thou who haſt pitied my weakneſs, and pardoned my moſt unnatural rebellion. Oh infinite mercy, free grace, unbounded love, unſpeakable condeſcenſion! What ſhall I ſay of God! My thoughts riſe and ſwell: my love burns and flows, while I muſe on God in himſelf, and God to his creatures. Oh what ſhall a finite, mortal worm ſay about, or conceive of, an infinite immortal object! It is high, what can we know: deep, what can we do! Alas! as for me, how little do I know of what may be known of this dear, immortal, eſſential good! Yet, bleſſed be God, ſo much I know of him, that I count all things elſe but droſs and dung, for the excellency of this knowledge. Oh I long to bathe myſelf in this infinite fountain, and let out all my ſoul in God. But ah, finite, narrow, depraved capacity, when ſhall you be enlarged; oh when!

Nov. 17*th.* My ſoul has been much afflicted this day, and refuſed to be comforted; becauſe I am not allowed to go up to my Father's houſe. Oh had I nothing to conſult but my own eaſe, I would venture a rack of pain after it, if I might viſit thine abode, oh my God: but I muſt conſult the duty I owe to my body, and the diſhonour I may bring on religion. Oh when, oh when ſhall I enter thy courts above, and live the life of heaven born ſouls! Lord, is there no ſoul there, who was once as unmeet to partake of that inheritance as I am; whom thy free grace has made meet? If there be not, yet, Lord, what cannot infinite power, and free unbounded grace effect? I know, if I ever enter the new Jeruſalem, the almighty power and ſanctifying efficacy of the Spirit of God muſt paſs on my ſoul, to make me a meet inhabitant for that high and holy place. This, *this*, will not ſuffer my heart to object my unfitneſs. And, alas! my advances are ſo inconſiderable, that I dare not wiſh for months and years; but rather for glory begun, this grace made perfect. Then, oh *then*, ſhall I really make advances in love and likeneſs to my God. Oh thou end of all my hopes and wiſhes, ſtand not afar off from my ſoul: oh let come what will, give me to behold thy face and glory, reconciled to me in Jeſus Chriſt, and I venture all events. Oh may I but enjoy this my God, and all the blackneſs of hell could not diſmay or affright me.

Feb. 5*th*, 1747. Some very ſolemn, awful thoughts of death, this day: that vaſt, and, to nature, ſhocking ſeparation between ſoul and body, thoſe old and dear companions. That this body, thoſe eyes, this noſe and mouth, muſt ere long become food for worms; be covered with the clods of the valley; and rottenneſs enter into my bones! Here I muſed; how dark the ſcene, while my infirm, ſickly conſtitution tells me, *it is haſtening on me.* But directly I muſe, and ſtretch my thoughts beyond the grave. Here I view a riſen and aſcended Saviour; an innumerable company of the ſpirits of the juſt made perfect; refined from all the droſs of ſinful corruption; dreſſed in the likeneſs of their God. Tranſported here, I gaze on brighter ſcenes of bliſs, overbalancing all the gloomy proſpect, ariſing from the horrors of the grave. For me to be with Chriſt, I eſteem far the beſt.

Great encouragement this night in prayer, wreſtling with God for zeal and courage to dare to be ſingularly good, in this corrupt world and age in which I live; and that I might never ceaſe making this petition, until I had obtained this mercy of him, nor even until I did arrive complete in his kingdom and glory above.

Feb. 6th. Great refreſhment and aſſiſtance this night in prayer; far beyond what is common for me. Oh how was I held up, as it were, to heaven, to gaze on the divine glory; while the ſpirit of prayer and ſupplication was abundantly poured out into my ſoul: yea, I took hold of the ſtrength of the almighty Jehovah, proteſting, with all reverence, I could not, I would not let him go, except he bleſs. Oh it ſeems God did allow me the utmoſt bounds of humble boldneſs. I ſaw, by the eye of faith, the Lord, the Lord moſt high, exceeding glorious; myſelf, leſs than a worm: He, moſt holy; I, a wretched, polluted ſinner: He, infinitely wiſe; and myſelf ignorant as a beaſt before him. I beheld an infinite diſproportion between abſolute perfection, and imperfection itſelf; and yet that this God was acceſſible, through the bleſſed Jeſus; and that I ſtood in abſolute neceſſity of his favour and gracious regards; and, with me, ſo did the whole race of mankind. I wreſtled in an agony for this family, particularizing every ſoul in it, even to the third generation. My ſoul felt their abſolute need of God: and, imitating my Saviour, who, being in an agony, prayed more earneſtly, my ſoul was ſo engaged, that it ſeemed ready to break looſe from the body. So likewiſe for all the children of God; for our church and congregation; for the whole town; for this land; for our nation; and for heathens and jews. I do not know that I was ever more, if ſo much, ſtrengthened and carried out, in every petition, with ſuch unwearied, undivided importunity, in my life before. I ſaid, *It is good to be here.*

But I am now fully perſuaded, that a few ſuch ſeaſons, ſucceſſively, would burſt the bands of nature: for though I was at that time inſenſible of my weakneſs; yet ſince, nature ſeems as though it would ſink and die. But oh, ſuch a ſeaſon would a thouſandfold more than recompenſe me, even though life ſhould pay for it. My ſoul did even break with the longings I had for the open viſion and full fruition of God; and until then, for as large meaſures of grace, as was poſſible for me, a finite, mortal worm, to receive. I could not, I would not ſtop my thirſt beneath the higheſt attainment poſſible in this world. Oh how infinitely eaſy did it then appear to me, for God to fill and ſatisfy a finite vapour, out of his unmeaſurable fulneſs! I longed to be filled with the fulneſs of God.

Feb. 7th. An abiding ſweetneſs remains on my ſpirits this day, from the viſitations of laſt night. Oh how good is God to my ſoul! How ſweet the abundant expreſſions of his grace and love to me! Verily I would, I could forever offer up my whole ſoul a ſacrifice of love to this God of love, for his moſt free and unſpeakable love to our wretched race; and to me, the leaſt of them all. Here language fails, and my mortal tongue dies, unable to utter ſuch an unſpeakable myſtery. Oh may I live anſwerably to ſuch high privileges, always under a realizing and powerful ſenſe of ſuch free, boundleſs, ſovereign love! Oh the height and depth, the length and breadth of this love of God, which hath ſtooped to regard me, even unworthy me, the leaſt and moſt unworthy of all the finite race!

Feb. 8*th.* Abundantly refreſhed; eſpecially in converſing with a chriſtian friend. God was pleaſed to revive in me a freſh ſenſe of his long experienced faithfulneſs, while I was ſpeaking of his infinite goodneſs. My Saviour, my almighty friend, ſeems again returning to my ſoul. Oh, I would bid my God ten thouſand welcomes to my ſoul! Oh that chriſtians would practice the duty of chriſtian conference more! What a mean would this be to revive vital godlineſs!

Feb. 13*th.* Oh God, if I may not get ſatisfied in thee, now paſs, I beſeech thee, an irrevocable decree: oh ſwear by thyſelf, that nothing elſe ſhall ſatisfy me. I want none but thee; and if thou ſatisfy me not, I would remain eternally unſatisfied, uneaſy and reſtleſs. But I know thou wilt do it: for thou haſt bid me open wide my mouth, and haſt promiſed thou wouldſt fill it. Oh divine power, come with the command; and, behold, it is opened! Opened ſo wide, that nothing but thy infinite ſelf can fill it; and thou wilt, conſiſtent with thy truth and faithfulneſs, fill it. Yea; I know thy mighty love and beneficence would incline thee to do it, had I not a promiſe to plead; even that love and beneficence which firſt moved thee to promiſe, and has now begot in my ſoul this ſacred thirſt.

When ſhall I come, and appear before God! I would, my God, wait with patience thy time; yet, oh be not offended with my importunity, which riſes not, I truſt, from diſcontent with the allotments of providence. No, bleſſed be God! I have friends, the moſt tender and kind that the creation affords. Thy providence hath, and doth ſupply all my wants; ſo that I can ſay, I am full and abound: I am ſurrounded with goodneſs and mercy. And when I look around me, I know none on earth, with whom I deſire to change circumſtances: becauſe, though I have not their wealth, I have not their cares and entanglements; and can enjoy my God without their diſtraction. I truſt, the true ſpring of my deſires is love to God; that I may behold his face and glory, and get free from this body of ſin and death; where and when I ſhall adore, love, praiſe and ſerve this ever bleſſed God, to the utmoſt of my powers.

My God, my Father, my Saviour, my almighty Friend, my only everlaſting portion, when ſhall I ſee thee in glory? Oh the unutterable felicity, once to behold the God I love! Thou, thou art the delight of thine own infinite ſelf, and beholdeſt thine own infinite perfections with infinite pleaſure: How then ſhall thy poor, finite worm, be filled, raviſhed and tranſported with the glorious viſion! Could I ſee no more of thee hereafter than now, I would be content to ſtruggle and fight, in this field of battle. But to ſee the God I wiſh! A glance of his infinite perfections has ſwallowed up my whole ſoul in longings to behold with open face. What faint ideas have I of the perfections of God, in this diſtant land! How ſhort my views of infinite holineſs! How low are all my conceptions of thine admirable beauty! Oh for one moment's contemplation of thee, as do the bleſſed above! But this I know, would fix me eternally there: I cannot ſee thy face, and live. Oh then, let me die to behold it. I would give my life away, for the bleſt viſion and fruition of my God; and ſhould think myſelf an infinite gainer. Oh come, Lord Jeſus, pity, pity my thirſty ſoul!

May 1*ſt.* God is now eaſing all my pain, by the ſight of his bleſſed countenance. After a few cloudy days, he is come himſelf with the rod; and I have ſo much to do to admire him, that I loſe the ſmart of that. Thou art welcome oh my God, thou art welcome, bring what thou wilt with thee. Come thyſelf, and it is well: I am happy. I have this day heard that my doctor ſays, he can do no more for me; ſignifying my caſe to be incurable. I think I never did waſte ſo faſt in my life, as within theſe few days: but I can, yea, I will rejoice, while my God doth thus ſmile.

May 9th. Very weak and low in body to-day. This is new work. To be ſick is not new to me; but dying work is new. Oh my ſoul I never knew what dying was. Oh my Saviour help me to encounter this laſt enemy, death. Since thou haſt taken away the ſting, hence ariſes all my hope. The valley is dark; oh let thy rod and ſtaff comfort me. Let there be no deluſion in my faith.

May 10*th.* Permitted this day to commemorate my Saviour's dying love. Here is my comfort in death. How ſweet were theſe words to my ſoul! "This is my body, which was broken FOR YOU; and this is my blood ſhed *for you.*" Oh condeſcending love! Why has it ſtooped to me? Oh ſovereign grace, never to be fathomed by a finite worm!

May 11*th.* Exerciſed with ſtrong pains, amazing to nature. I ſued for patience with every breath, ſupported by theſe words: *Patient in tribulation;* a Chriſtlike, childlike diſpoſition. *Shall a living man complain; a man for the puniſhment of his ſins?* Oh how good is God, that I am not always held up under ſuch extremity of pain! Verily God is gracious in all. *Though he ſlay me, yet will I truſt in him.* Lord, thou art the portion of my ſoul.

May —. Weak in body. O what a ſolemn thing it is to die! How ſhall I encounter death! For ſoul and body to part muſt be hard work. Oh the important hour that haſtens on me! A miſtake here can never be repaired: a deluſion here, will prove everlaſtingly, eternally fatal. But, ſurely, my Saviour, I reſt on thee for life and for ſalvation: I ſee infinite fulneſs in thee for all my wants; and my heart rather fears to die than to be dead. Yet this care I will leave with thee, my deareſt Redeemer.

May 14*th.* I find it to be the opinion of my doctor, that I am haſtening on to my great change. Bleſſed be God for ſo pious, faithful a phyſician. How ſweet now to ſurvey that dear, that bleſſed inheritance! There is my treaſure, my God, and my Chriſt. Oh infinite riches! Come, Lord Jeſus, oh come quickly! With an ever-haſty ſoul would I meet the meſſage. Tranſporting hour of dear releaſe; I long for thy aproach. I am weary of all below, and for thee only do I wait. But, ah! methinks I find too much impatience, and cannot find ſuch a cheerful freedom to wait God's time, though it ſhould be months and years, as I deſire. I want to be entirely reſigned to ſtay, if it be the will of God that I ſhould linger along to the utmoſt bounds of human life. Lord, make me to reſign to thy ſovereign pleaſure. Yet, if it may be, oh come thou quickly, my life, my Lord, my joy, my only reſt and ſatisfaction.

May —. Much better in health: but oh with what reluctance do I meet this life! Oh what an unreſigned ſoul is mine! How unprepared to meet ſuch a diſappointment! Yet, oh my God, I am reſolved never to give over ſtruggling, until I am fully reſigned to this. Help, Lord, help.

May—. Great alteration in myſelf to-day: diſorders ſeem to vaniſh: God ſeems paſſing before me in adorable ſovereignty. When I am raiſed on the wing of deſire, as it were, juſt on the entry of bliſs, and joys unſpeakable are opened to me in the moſt raviſhing proſpects; my flattering diſorders tell me, it was but a dream that I was in: I may yet live long. Oh dark, oh diſmal diſappointment! How doſt thou cauſe my late tranſported ſpirits to flag and droop! Stay, my ſoul, it is GOD. Oh adorable ſovereignty! Thou wilt make me ſubmit. Henceforth, come life, come death; only let my will be ſwallowed up in thine, and all ſhall be well. I am determined through grace aſſiſting, that nothing ſhall diſpleaſe me which pleaſeth thee. This is my prayer, and this my purpoſe; let my practice be the ſame. I may ſhrink at the rod, and fear the frown; but ſtill I will cling to the hand, and love the face, if both be there. Let me now take up all my reſt and ſatisfaction in God, and improve all my time and talents for his glory.

Oct. 1*ſt.* Glory to God for his aſſiſtance this day. He has held up my poor weak body beyond all my expectations, through many duties. Glory to God, for that nearneſs of acceſs, with which I have been favoured: And glory to him for that affecting ſenſe of ſin in my confeſſions; and for that unreſerved and renewed ſurrender of myſelf, ſoul and body, to God. Now know I, oh Lord, that thou art a prayer-hearing God. Now I know, that not all my unworthineſs can ſtop the current of infinite goodneſs; and that thou art gracious, becauſe thou wilt be gracious. Oh how haſt thou triumphed over all thoſe mighty difficulties, which ſeemed to be in the way! And as thou haſt never failed, on thy part, in giving abundant matter for praiſe; oh let me not now fail, in my meaſure, in aſcribing glory and honour to thy free grace. Let me now, and forever, be ſtudying what I ſhall render for all thy benefits done unto me.

Oh the height and depth of that unbounded grace and mercy, which loved me out of death and deſtruction, into life and ſalvation: yea, out of all that is dreadful, into all that is deſirable. From the ſtricteſt ſearch I can make, I muſt conclude that, through free, rich, ſovereign grace, I am of the number of his choſen, redeemed ones; in whom there is wrought, by the holy Spirit, a free, full, hearty conſent to the terms of the goſpel; a reliance on Chriſt Jeſus for life and ſalvation; with an entire reſignation of the whole ſoul to his government and diſcipline; a cheerful embracing of Chriſt, as Lord and Saviour, in all his offices of prophet, prieſt and king; and in all his benefits: and in the exerciſe of this faith, cleaving to him, and him only, hating every falſe way, and delighting in the way of holineſs. Now is Chriſt precious to my ſoul: I eſteem him the pearl of great price, the chief of ten thouſand; yea, altogether lovely, even in his perſonal excellencies, and the only ſuitable Saviour for me. To thee will I repair for all ſupplies of grace and ſtrength. I long after a thorough conformity to thee. I love thee above all, and earneſtly long to leave all, to be with thee, where thou art. I love my friends, as my life; yet I would leave both for thee, oh thou deſire of my ſoul. Oh when ſhall I be where I ſhall ſin no more; never act the part of a traitor; never behave as an ungrateful enemy to the beſt of friends. Lord, I cannot bear to treat thee as I too often do. Oh what had I been, had it not been for thee! How wretched, how miſerable! What hope towards God could I have had! Baniſhed from God, I muſt have wandered an eternal exile. Oh my Redeemer, what haſt thou done for me! Why was I not a miſerable heathen? Why have I heard the joyful news of a Saviour? Yet more, Why hath he been ſavingly revealed to me, unworthy me? Oh the freeneſs of this grace; the infinity of this love! Oh my God, Redeemer, what is it that thou haſt not done for me! I were undone without thee: I have no hope but in thee: no acceſs to God, no comfort of the Spirit, but in and through thee. Oh thou beſt of names, and beſt of Beings, I cannot ſpeak thy worth; it is infinite, and needs an infinite underſtanding to know it.

But art thou thus infinitely great and gracious; and thouſands of thouſands of ſouls know nothing of thee, but by the dim light of nature? Oh ſend thy light and truth into the dark corners of the earth: oh let thoſe who never heard of a Saviour, and thoſe who now ſee no form or comelineſs in him, fall down before his moſt amazing beauty. Oh reveal thyſelf to theſe, and they ſhall confeſs all beſides is but droſs and dung. Oh let heathens and jews ſee the God whom they have hitherto deſpiſed.

Feb. 1748. I am amazed that I know ſo little of God. Lord, I am as ignorant as a beaſt before thee. I fear whether ſuch ignorance be conſiſtent with a ſtate of grace. Can I be born of God; and yet know no more of the myſteries of thy kingdom? Oh however ignorant I am in other reſpects, let me know thee, and Jeſus Chriſt, whom to know is life eternal. Bleſſed be thy name, thou haſt choſen the fooliſh and baſe things of this world: oh then, let me but be able to comprehend, with all ſaints, what is the breadth and length, and depth and height, and to know the love of Chriſt, which paſſeth knowledge; and I will never envy the moſt capacious learned underſtanding in the whole univerſe, who yet knows not thee. But art thou, indeed, my God, my infinite portion; and yet I know no more of thee? Oh unveil thy glories to my ſoul! Oh take me to thyſelf, to the open viſion; and I ſhall then know more of thee, than the moſt learned, experienced ſaint ever did know in this world.

This night I was ſwallowed up under a ſenſe of my ignorance, ſo that I knew not how to live under it. I was afraid I was too ignorant, ever to have been ſavingly enlightened. I appeared to myſelf to be the moſt ignorant wretch the earth ever bore, ſcarce rational. But, bleſſed be God, in this time of great diſtreſs, he was pleaſed to let light into my mind, and aſſure me that fleſh and blood had not revealed God and Chriſt, and the things of the kingdom to me, ſo as to make me chooſe them before the things of time and ſenſe. Now was God pleaſed to make ſuch diſcoveries of his glorious fulneſs to my ſoul, as gave me ſome ſweet idea of open viſion; and I even fainted for full fruition. Oh with what importunity did I wreſtle for the aſſimilating viſion! But alas, this clog of fleſh interrupted! I felt as if I had almoſt graſped inviſibilities; and that I would hold my beloved and not let him go; and that I would gaze forever. But ah this clog! I ſoon found nature to faint. Oh cruel weakneſs and diſeaſe, thus to interrupt my adoring ſoul! Had you come, and ſtopped me in the enjoyment of my friends, and forbid my continuance amidſt ten thouſand earthly delights, I had not ſaid a word: but oh how cruel to interrupt my weary, thirſty, famiſhing ſoul, when juſt hoping to take my fill amidſt ſuch delights and glories, as were then breaking in on my ſoul! Oh my God, am I thine; and ſhall it be thus with me? Shall I enjoy thee no more here? Then, oh my compaſſionate Saviour, take, I pray thee, take me where neither ſick nor ſinful nature ſhall ever interrupt more. I am almoſt ready to ſay, Could one of the perfect, bleſſed ſpirits above, who have no propenſity in their natures to murmur or repine, forbear to complain of ſuch a clog as this!

Dec. 19*th*, 1748. I have been with a dear child of God: ſaw her ſick, dying, and dead. I ſaw the diſtreſſing agonies of her ſoul. God hid his face, and ſhe was troubled. Satan roared, and ſhe was terribly afraid. Death approached her, and its horrors took hold upon her ſoul. Often was I called to her dying bed, to hear her diſtreſs, May I never forget, or loſe the impreſſion of theſe things! I ſaw her ghaſtly looks, and heard her doleful cries: yea, I *felt* her agonies: they pierced my ſoul. God gave me to believe that he would appear for her; and I thought I was come there to be encouraged againſt my own death. But, ah! I found her dying, and knew not how God was dealing with her, as to comforts. While I was yet looking to God, ſhe ſpake: God covered her head in this day of battle; and ſhe was no more afraid. Now was her ſoul enflamed, while her body was cold. My ſoul revived: I felt her joy. She kiſſed me with her dying lips; and, with ſmiles, expreſſed her full aſſurance of eternal happineſs; admiring a precious Chriſt, till ſhe could ſpeak no more.

Oh adorable ſovereignty! I ſaw God in all this. It was the Lord's doing, and marvellous in my eyes. God met me in the way of his providence: he granted my requeſt, with reſpect to his handmaid. I was with her in her laſt moments; ſaw God's faithfulneſs: I ſaw him fulfil his word to her; the word on which he had cauſed her to hope. May I never forget what a ſolemn thing it is to die! How inexcuſable ſhall I be, if I ſhould be found unprepared after all theſe things!

April 18*th*, 1749. How ſoon is the ſcene changed! I was lately even ſwallowed up under a ſenſe of the unbounded ſeries of mercies, conſtantly flowing in upon me: but now anguiſh and horror hath taken hold of me, ſo that nothing in this world affords me any real delight or pleaſure. My fear and dread of thunder is ſo great, that I find no reſt at home or abroad: but am in one conſtant diſtreſs, whether it be clear or cloudy, ſo that nature is ſcarcely able to endure the amazing ſhock.* Oh my God, my God, my covenant God, my Father, my reſt, my refuge, my high tower, my rock of defence; for ſo I believe thou art to me; and therefore would caſt my ſoul on thee with the utmoſt confidence: and yet my nature is thrown into the greateſt diſtreſs at the noiſe of thy thunder. Oh ſhall my ſoul be ſhaken from its confidence in thee! Where then can this immortal, this diſtreſſed ſoul find reſt? Oh ſtay me on thyſelf: let me not be afraid with any amazement. Oh compoſe me to a quiet temper of mind: calm all my fears, and I will rejoice in thy ſalvation. The humble ſhall hear thereof, and be glad, and truſt in my God. Oh ſay to my tempeſtuous ſoul, Be ſtill, be calm, be not afraid; it is I; I, thy covenant God, and deareſt Father; thy faithful God, and thy almighty Redeemer. Oh ſpeak with almighty power, and all this mighty terror ſhall inſtantly vaniſh; and ſweet reſt and compoſure ſhall enſue. Oh my God, contend not forever, leſt the ſpirit fail, and the ſoul which thou haſt made: nor let ſatan take the advantage, to work on my fear, and ſo drive my ſoul from its confidence in God. This I believe he is powerfully and ſubtilly aiming at: oh ſhow thyſelf ſtronger than the ſtrong man armed. Thou captain of my ſalvation, ariſe for my help: I am thine, and thou art mine. I am perſuaded, neither life, nor death, principalities nor powers, things preſent nor things to come, ſhall ever be able to ſeparate me from the love of God in Chriſt Jeſus my Lord: and though ſatan may, if thou permitteſt, terrify and diſtreſs, even to death; yet he cannot break the bleſſed union between Chriſt and my ſoul. Even by death, through Chriſt, I ſhould be made a complete conqueror, over ſin, death, ſatan, and hell.

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* Miss Anthony, from the constitution of her animal frame, or from some unknown cause, was from her youth greatly terrified by thunder; and was often thrown into great perturbation and distress, when there were any signs of a thunder storm: and even when there were no appearances of it, she was sometimes in constant distress and terror from day to day, by apprehensions of it; which seems to have been her case, when she wrote this.

It was truly unaccountable, that a person of such piety, and who was often raised above the fear of death, and did frequently long for it, should be thus terrified. What she suspected, was doubtless true, that the tempter took advantage of this animal weakness and propensity, to work on her imagination, and confuse, disconcert, and perplex her mind. In the after part of her life, she was in a great degree delivered from these fears.

Aug. 1*ſt*, 1749. Bleſſed be God for the aſſiſtance of the day, in extraordinary prayer for the advancement of Chriſt's kingdom and intereſt in the world. I truſt my ſoul hath been more than ordinarily engaged for the outpouring of the Spirit; for the whole church of God militant; for the downfall of antichriſt; and for the bringing in of the jews and heathen. Oh that the ſavages of the wilderneſs may become the lambs of Chriſt's fold! How ſweet is it to be united in ſpirit with a number of God's dear children, at one and the ſame time, for one and the ſame glorious intereſt; even the advancement of our Redeemer's kingdom in the world! Though abſent in body, yet united in ſpirit and intereſt: oh may we lift up holy hands, without wrath and doubting. Oh grant the unity of the Spirit, which is the bond of peace: may God hear our prayers! Let our requeſt find a gracious acceptance. Fulfil thy promiſe to thy Son; and let the glorious things ſpoken concerning thy Zion be ſoon accompliſhed, to the glory of thy eternal name, and the good of thine elect.

April 16*th*, 1750. Oh my God, when wilt thou come unto me, and releaſe my weary ſoul?

Thou haſt now taken a dear ſaint from her knees to glory. She often told me her fears and tears; but thou waſt the guide of her youth, and the ſtaff of her old age. She is cut down as a ſhock of corn, fully ripe; a lovely pattern of piety. I knew her humble expreſſions of herſelf; great ſelf-diffidence, and raiſed hope in the dear Redeemer: and now God has diſtinguiſhed her by her death. She was found dying, on her knees, at prayer. Bleſſed is that ſervant, whom his Lord, when he cometh, ſhall find ſo doing. Oh, methinks, perhaps her ſoul was kiſſed away. Her clay veſſel, unable to bear the weight of divine love, burſt out with beams of joy unſpeakable, and full of glory. Did not God, while ſhe was in prayer, give her ſuch lively views of himſelf, ſuch a raviſhing proſpect of infinite glory? Did he not draw aſide the veil, and let her behold him? Oh methinks I hear her crying in an extacy, ‘ I cannot ſee thee, and live: Let me die, that I may behold thee, as thou art.’ Oh methinks I ſee her drink in and gaze, until ſhe had even forgot to live. Oh bleſſed death! Oh ſweeter life! There, ſeeing God, I truſt, ſhe is ſatisfied. Oh when ſhall I follow her! I long, *I long* to riſe, and dwell above. How long, Lord God, holy and true, before I hear the ſummons, and drop this clog of earth? Ah, how am I pained at this diſtance! This frail body unfits me for every duty. My ſoul cannot riſe and ſing. Darkneſs, fears and pain fetter my ſoul in its moſt lively efforts. Oh come, my dear Saviour.

July 3d, 1750. Exceeding terrible thunder and lightning laſt night: but, bleſſed be God, I did not feel thoſe diſtreſſing agonies which I uſed to feel. I believed my God gave each clap of thyſelf ſtronger than the ſtrong man armed. Thou captain of my ſalvation, ariſe for my help: I am thine, and thou art mine. I am perſuaded, neither life, nor death, principalities nor powers, things preſent nor things to come, ſhall ever be able to ſeparate me from the love of God in Chriſt Jeſus my Lord: and though ſatan may, if thou permitteſt, terrify and diſtreſs, even to death; yet he cannot break the bleſſed union between Chriſt and my ſoul. Even by death, through Chriſt, I ſhould be made a complete conqueror, over ſin, death, ſatan, and hell.

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Thou haſt now taken a dear ſaint from her knees to glory. She often told me her fears and tears; but thou waſt the guide of her youth, and the ſtaff of her old age. She is cut down as a ſhock of corn, fully ripe; a lovely pattern of piety. I knew her humble expreſſions of herſelf; great ſelf-diffidence, and raiſed hope in the dear Redeemer: and now God has diſtinguiſhed her by her death. She was found dying, on her knees, at prayer. Bleſſed is that ſervant, whom his Lord, when he cometh, ſhall find ſo doing. Oh, methinks, perhaps her ſoul was kiſſed away. Her clay veſſel, unable to bear the weight of divine love, burſt out with beams of joy unſpeakable, and full of glory. Did not God, while ſhe was in prayer, give her ſuch lively views of himſelf, ſuch a raviſhing proſpect of infinite glory? Did he not draw aſide the veil, and let her behold him? Oh methinks I hear her crying in an extacy, 'I cannot ſee thee, and live: Let me die, that I may behold thee, as thou art.' Oh methinks I ſee her drink in and gaze, until ſhe had even forgot to live. Oh bleſſed death! Oh ſweeter life! There, ſeeing God, I truſt, ſhe is ſatisfied. Oh when ſhall I follow her! I long, *I long* to riſe, and dwell above. How long, Lord God, holy and true, before I hear the ſummons, and drop this clog of earth? Ah, how am I pained at this diſtance! This frail body unfits me for every duty. My ſoul cannot riſe and ſing. Darkneſs, fears and pain fetter my ſoul in its moſt lively efforts. Oh come, my dear Saviour.

July 3d, 1750. Exceeding terrible thunder and lightning laſt night: but, bleſſed be God, I did not feel thoſe diſtreſſing agonies which I uſed to feel. I believed my God gave each clap of thunder its commiſſion. What ſhall I render to the Lord for ſo far compoſing my ſoul, and preſerving the whole houſe and family? Oh for more light, life and love! This afternoon hard thunder again: but, bleſſed be God, I was in no diſtreſs. Oh how good is God to me in this, as well as in every diſtreſs!

July 8*th*. Had little or no ſleep laſt night. Roſe very early. Went to town.* It was extremely hot; all which, with a ſlothful wicked heart, did much unfit me for public worſhip: yet, bleſſed be God, after meeting, I was much refreſhed, and my ſpirits much revived, by reading Dr. Watts's ſermon on *Nearneſs to God, the felicity of the creature.* Oh, if I know any thing of heaven, this, *this* is heaven; to be near my God. There is ſcarcely any thing that doth ſo revive and ſweetly refreſh my ſoul, even when at the loweſt ebb, as this. How ſoon do I feel the warming, quickening influence of ſuch meditations! Oh what can heaven afford equal to the fruition of God! I long for heaven, for freedom from ſin; and for the bleſſed ſociety of perfected ſaints and angels; and on many other accounts: but the moſt pleaſing, conſtant, and abiding joy flows from the thought of enjoying God, as he is in himſelf, Father, Son, and Spirit; my infinitely full and all-ſufficient portion. Oh happy hour! Come, come, oh come, and dawn on my languiſhing ſpirit. Oh come! I would fly to meet the tranſporting moment. But language fails. My ſoul ſwells with the thought, too big to be uttered. I muſt ceaſe to attempt to expreſs my longing, and loſe my ſoul in contemplation.

July 10*th*. Again my ſoul is refreſhed with and in God. What can a finite creature wiſh or deſire beyond *reſt in God?* Oh how inconceivable is the happineſs, for a finite vapour to be filled out of God's fulneſs, and almoſt ſeem to claſp an infinite God in itſelf, as in heaven, while it ſtretches after this God, and enjoys him to the full! Oh infinite myſtery! The infinite God, the portion of a finite worm; and yet not completely ſatisfied, until it awake in his likeneſs. My ſoul ſtretches for God, as though it would ſtretch into immortality. This is the God, whoſe being and perfections I have been tempted to diſbelieve. Oh let me ſee him as he is; let me ſee him for myſelf; let me love him, as he is worthy; or rather, let me love him as much as finite nature, enlarged in all its vaſt capacities, is capable of. Why this diſtance? Why this veil between? I would gaze my life away on this beauty, and theſe perfections. Oh infinite God, thou only delight of my ſoul! It is through Jeſus the Mediator, by the holy Spirit, that I have acceſs to the infinite Deity himſelf. Be not afraid, my ſoul, with any amazement; but be humble, *humble to the duſt.*

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* She then lived at a little diſtance from the town.

Spent ſome part of this day in ſeeking God's direction and bleſſing in regard to my propoſed journey to Boſton. My ſoul ſeems utterly averſe to going, without the divine preſence. Bleſſed be God, whether I go, or ſtay, I truſt I have been near to God, and permitted to wreſtle hard for his direction, with an unbiaſed affection either for going or ſtaying. All I ſeem to ſeek for, or deſire, is to glorify and enjoy God: for nearneſs to him is the greateſt felicity I can ſee or deſire. Therefore, I leave it with God, truſting in his faithfulneſs. I will cry unto God, unto God moſt high, who performeth all things for me.

Chriſt Jeſus for all that do believe; appealing to God for the ſincerity of my faith; of the free, full, and unreſerved dedication of myſelf to him and his ſervice, and choice of him for my portion, Lord and king; not only when in great fear and terror, but in the moſt ſedate and compoſed ſeaſons I ever knew; as well in proſperity as adverſity: a choice which flowed from a deep, ſound conviction of his infinite excellency; a choice entirely free. I aſſerted the faithfulneſs of God, triumphed in his infinite grace and love; and all this while there was the moſt violent conflict within: ſatan oppoſing all thoſe, and many more, and raiſing my fear to a diſtreſſing height. Thus I continued for ſome time, ſo that when I had finiſhed the duty of prayer, I found my ſpirits much exhauſted, and my body almoſt ſtiff, as though it had been numb.

Theſe are ſome of the moſt diſtreſſing conflicts with which I am frequently exerciſed; ſo that nature ſeems ſometimes almoſt ready to faint under them, chiefly in ſecret prayer. I am forced, as it were, to do like the jews, of whom it is ſaid, Every one, with one hand wrought in the work, and with the other held a weapon. Glory to God, who thus upholds me, that I am not quite overcome by theſe powers of darkneſs! Oh when ſhall my ſoul be at reſt in this God! I long for a happy releaſe: yet I ſubmit to thy will: only afford me thy ſtrength and gracious preſence, that I faint not, nor be outdone. Oh let not ſatan get the advantage againſt me. Glory to that God who has ſtood by me, and defeated the ſubtle policy and malice of thoſe combined legions that have riſen up againſt me. Surely I was no match for one of theſe, had not Jehovah appeared for me.

Oh then, my ſoul, be not diſmayed: be reſolute, and reſiſt in his ſtrength, which has been made perfect in thy weakneſs. Let not theſe ſore combats diſcourage thee; but rather encourage to truſt and fight under the Lord Jehovah. Perhaps thou art near thy journey's end, that ſatan rages thus: oh droop not, then, at the end of thy race. Wilt thou ingloriouſly deſert the cauſe of God? It is not unlikely that ſatan has reſerved the moſt violent aſſaults to the laſt. But will that God, who hath never left me in one inſtance unſuccoured, or unrelieved, now forſake me? No, ſurely no. Oh then, my ſoul, fear not, though ſatan ſtrive to ſhake thee. Sometimes he would ſuggeſt, God is not ſuch a Being as I have apprehended him to be; and that there is no ſecurity in the goſpel way of ſalvation, by Jeſus Chriſt, to venture an immortal ſoul on: again, he would perſuade me there is no reality in religion; the work of grace on the hearts of God's children, in regeneration and ſanctification, is nothing real; that there is no real change in theſe: then he proceeds to deny all revealed religion, and then the being of God. Thus doth he ſtrive to ruin my ſoul: but bleſſed be God who doth fight for me.

March 29th, 1751. Fain would my heart aſpire after God, and riſe above all earthly and ſenſible objects; but I cannot, *I cannot:* I am drawn down and held by ſuch clogs and fetters. My bodily diſorders are ſuch that I cannot fix my heart on any thing long: not on any thing, either worldly or religious. If it were only in religious matters, I might well fear it were indeed owing to the diſorders of my heart: but it is the ſame in every concern of life. A little fixedneſs and intenſeneſs quite overſets me. Oh when ſhall my ſoul be free and active! When ſhall it no more be clogged with this burden of mortality! Oh when!

My God, I long to get near thee. I long to reach a more noble and exalted height of life and fervour. I long to get above the ſun, and ſing among the heirs of glory, thoſe birds of paradiſe. There, tranſported, I ſhall ſee the God I love; ſee him, in the ſight of whom I hope to enjoy unbounded felicity: and ſeeing him, I hope to be like him, conformed to his image. Oh bleſſed viſion: oh endleſs fruition! Then I ſhall not fear nor faint any more. Oh come, my Redeemer, come away: break through theſe intervening clouds, and ſet the priſoner free from every interruption. Oh bring me where I long to be; near my God and Saviour. Thou art all my reſt, delight and deſire, while I remain here; and thou ſhalt be infinitely more ſo, when I ſee thee without this veil of mortality. What is there in life I count worth living for, but thee? Does it not appear all vain; yea, burdenſome, without thee, my God? Verily I ſee nothing worth living for, but this God; nothing but glorifying and enjoying him. Oh then, why ſhould mortality confine me here, under ſuch languiſhments! May I not glorify and enjoy thee more, when my ſoul is more refined, and ſatisfied with full viſion and fruition? Lord, thou knoweſt what is beſt: yet I long. Oh come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly! Amen.

May, 1752. I have this day been in ſome young company, not of the ruder ſort: but, alas! how vain, how unprofitable the converſation! Nothing ſolid, nothing real and ſubſtantial; all vain and trifling. Oh how empty is ſuch pleaſure! Are theſe rational, immortal ſouls, who are capable of enjoying God, the infinite, immortal fountain of delight and happineſs; and yet do they neglect this, for ſuch inſipid, falſe delight! Oh mean, ſordid ſouls! Let me never have my portion here. May I always look on it as it muſt one day appear, unworthy the regard, below the notice of a rational being, capable of ſuch ſuperior joy, as is in thy favour, and the contemplation of thee, oh my God. Here is ſolid, rational and immortal delight, and unbounded pleaſure; all that is worthy the vigour, ardour and delight of immortal ſouls. They may wonder at me, that I have no taſte for ſuch things: but I wonder, even with aſtoniſhment, at them, that they can ſtarve their ſouls thus. I wonder, if they have no delight in God as pure, holy, kind and good, yet that they do not follow ſomething more ſolid and ſublime, more deep, and worthy of a rational ſoul. Miſerable life! Oh pining poverty, ſtarving ſouls, moſt tormenting penury! Oh rather let me loſe mortality, drenched deep in unbounded fulneſs, and over-filled with deep, immenſe divinity!

June, 1752. Oh my God, my gracious God, is it ſo! My ſoul, my immortal ſoul, is it as I have this day heard? Are believers thus nearly united to Chriſt? Is it a vital, ſpiritual, indiſſoluble union; *I in them, and they in me?* My faith was even ready to ſtagger at this, as to my own part. I can hold it, in a general view of it; but when it is ſet out in ſuch lively terms; the ineſtimable privileges reſulting therefrom, and the ſurpriſing heights and depths of the condeſcending grace of God, to take worms of the duſt thus near to his infinite Majeſty, I am ready to ſay, All my hopes are vain! It can never be ſo as to me. I can never be thus united to the great God-Man-Mediator, and derive no more life from him! Can I be thus cloſely united to an infinite Being, and yet feel ſo little ſtrength and grace? Can I be united to the pure and holy God, and yet be thus unholy? Can I be in him, in whom dwells all the fulneſs of the Godhead, as the branches are in the vine, and bear ſo little fruit? Oh methinks it is impoſſible! And yet in this is all my confidence, delight, deſire, and expectation. This makes life ſupportable, and death deſirable.

Oh my Lord and head, am I thus united to thee; thou in me, and I in thee! I could never have dared to claim ſuch an union with the Moſt High, hadſt thou not revealed it. Oh happy privilege: the only deſire or joy of my ſoul: the higheſt felicity of a rational being: the fountain, whence flows all the happineſs I enjoy, expect, or deſire. Oh bleſſed union: dear privilege: all that is worthy the wiſh of a rational creature. Why was I born to be made thus happy? Bleſſed, forever bleſſed be God, that I have a being among rational creatures for this end! That I ſhould be raiſed to this honour and dignity of being ſo nearly allied to the great, eternal, infinite God. Here be all my future contemplation and joy: here be all my ſenſe of pleaſure: here be all my ſweet repoſe, and all my reſt: here be all the confidence of my ſoul; its only center, and fixed abode: here let me loſe all the reliſh of creature delights: and with theſe, here let me loſe concern to pleaſe a vain world. Let them think me mean, ſordid, low-lived, and having no taſte for refined pleaſures: while my whole ſoul is divinely raviſhed, with the infinite glories of thy nature, and the felicity of being ſo nearly united to Jeſus the dear Mediator, it is enough. Lord, here I would delight to dwell. It is long ſince I have voluntarily choſen to lay up all my good in thee: and I have never willingly retracted; though, alas! I have too, too often ſeemed ſo to do: yet, oh my God, my deſire has been to thee, and to the remembrance of thy name. I truſt my heart has never even ſecretly drawn back from its firſt choice of thee; but has a thouſand, and ten thouſand times renewed its firſt ſolemn engagements to be thine. And, if a hearty conſent to the terms of the goſpel, a daily deſire after and delight in Chriſt, and after conformity to him, be an evidence of my union to him, I will ſtill hope. Notwithſtanding all my yet unallowed weakneſs, barrenneſs and ſin, I am united to this God by faith; and ſhall be brought to glory. Here, oh my ſoul, take thy ſhield, thy faith and confidence. Be fixed, and be no more afraid. Here rejoice and triumph. If indeed united to the great Redeemer, thou art happy; and ſhalt be ſo, though heaven and earth paſs away. As long as the eternal God is thy refuge, nothing but ſin ſhall hurt thee: and that ſhall not have dominion over thee. Oh my only deſirable refuge, ſave me from every inclination to ſin!

June 30th. This day I have been in company with ſome of great note, perſons of quality, who were very agreeable, as to civil, ſocial, affable behaviour: but I would not give one hour's familiar, chriſtian conference with a dear ſaint; or, what is more, one moment's communion with God, for a year's converſe with theſe. Oh when ſhall the ties of mere civility and common friendſhip be no more; when I ſhall dwell and converſe where I long to be, with Jeſus, and ſaints made perfect!

—Again paid a viſit long due. I went with ſome reluctance; but went becauſe I would prevent or remove all prejudice againſt ſtrict religion, and leave no room for any to think religion made me ſtiff and unſociable, diſregardful of relatives. But, oh, when ſhall I dwell forever where I love; with Jeſus, and his dear children, to converſe of him only; for here is all my delight! Oh come ſweet hour of my releaſe! All below this, is but ſordid drudgery, only as far as it is done in obedience, under a ſenſe of duty.

July —. This day diſordered in body; and the weather extremely hot: yet I have been to the houſe and table of my Lord Redeemer. I had an idea of this feaſt, as a token or pledge of reconciliation: and, bleſſed be God, here I have received full aſſurance that God was my reconciled God and Father. In this ordinance I ſaw repreſented to faith, the ſum and ſubſtance of all religion, all my hope, expectation or deſire. My ſoul did even break with love and joy. I longed to be where no mortal eye could behold me; for this ſeemed all the reſtraint I knew. My frame ſeemed as though it would diſſolve, to give vent. Oh here I ſaw the great Father reconciled, by the Son reconciling; and the Spirit applying and ſealing. Oh methinks, this is heaven in kind! All clouds were ſcattered: the partition wall broken down; and I was brought near to God and my Redeemer, by the bleſſed Spirit. Oh happy moment! I ſaw my evidence clear, and the truth and faithfulneſs of God engaged to bring me to glory. Now love caſt out fear: all ſlaviſh fear fled. My faith beheld the dear Redeemer dying, riſing and reigning; and I was aſſured it was for me. Love embraced and admired him; and godly ſorrow aroſe and joined the tranſport of love and joy. Humility accompanied my glory and triumph: I lay in the duſt: I triumphed to heaven: I appeared below the worm; yet challenged angels to compare with me, with reſpect to redeeming love. What more ſhall I ſay reſpecting this memorable ſeaſon? Oh my ſoul, when thou revieweſt this record, and fain would know more of it, think, if thou art capable of the moſt elevated thought, oh think what divine delight it affords a poor, weary, combating ſoul, to be taken near, yea very near, her only delight, her God; and have the moſt free and intimate communion, without a doubt, without a fear; to behold her God and her Chriſt ſecure, her heaven ſure; yea, all the wiſhes or deſires, approaching her very near. Thus, if thou wouldſt know by renewed experience, oh taſte again, my ſoul; for this is the beſt way to know: all expreſſions are flat, and below its worth.

Oct.—. I am now exerciſed with a ſore trial. Difficulties on every hand approach. I am tried in the tendereſt part. My dear parents afflicted greatly. My natural affections work ſtrongly. Expoſed to want and contempt; and no proſpect of relief, only from the unſeen hand of providence. All ways ſeem hedged up. I think things could not be more intricate, unleſs all was come on me, which I have reaſon to expect, without a wonderful interpoſition of divine providence: yet, contrary to my natural diſpoſition, I am kept from ſinking. I ſee no injuſtice, nor want of faithfulneſs and love, in God, in thus trying me. All my enjoyments are his by right, as the ſovereign giver and diſpoſer of all things—His, as I have moſt ſolemnly and repeatedly given them up to his all-wiſe diſpoſal of them. I cannot but adore his goodneſs and mercy, that I am ſo far ſupported under theſe things: my ſpirit is ſerious, I truſt, yet not overwhelmed. I ſee God ordering and governing affairs relating to my temporal intereſt, for my trial, and, to human eyes, daſhing all expectation of happineſs or comfort, yea, of a bare ſubſiſtence in this world: yet I would ſet the crown on the head of King Jeſus, and bid him reign; yea, reign ſovereign and glorious, in the kingdom of providence; governing and diſpoſing of all that relates to me, according to the purpoſe of his own will, and for his own glory: and herein I would rejoice and glory. Oh it is enough, if he be glorified, for whom it is my happineſs to live, and my joy to die; whoſe glory is my entire felicity, whether in adverſe or proſperous circumſtances, in regard to my own perſonal, or family intereſt.

Nov. 19*th*. This day permitted to wait on God in his houſe, and at his table. I was glad, under my preſent trials, that I had an opportunity publicly to own and renew my choice of God for my portion; that however he might ſee beſt in his providence to afflict me, yet I would ſtill own and avouch him for my God and governor; for, though he ſlay me, yet will I truſt in him, and let the world know that I do ſo. Oh I long to make ſome more full and public acknowledgment, that I now, under theſe moſt dark and diſtreſſing diſpenſations of providence, eſteem him the only object worthy of the higheſt praiſe, love and delight. I truſt it is out of the power of all created mortal finite things to make me wretched, or unhappy, while God, the infinite, uncreated, immortal ſource of being and bleſſedneſs, cannot change, and my intereſt in him is firm. That this God cannot change, I am confident, without the leaſt doubt; yea, I am ſure of it: and that my intereſt in him is firm, I am, through grace, well ſatisfied. Having laid up my good in God, I am at reſt; and pleaſed that he ſhould chooſe all my trials and comforts, as he ſees beſt.

Bleſſed be God, my communion ſeaſon was ſweet, and, I hope, ſtrengthening. This time twelve-months I came to the table of the Lord laden with large experiences of his goodneſs to me in my journey to Boſton, and return home. I ſaw him wiſe and good to me then, in his mercies: and now I ſee him the ſame wiſe and good God, in his afflictive dealings with me. Oh thou beſt of Beings, who would not truſt and love thee! Surely all who know thy name will. So let me, though thou ſhouldeſt deprive me of all earthly friends; of health and food, and all the neceſſaries of life, except what I ſeek from the charity of the world: and this, without the conſtant, bountiful interpoſition of providence, I may expect. Yet, that thou art, I truſt, my God, affords greater joy than when corn and wine, and all the riches and dainties of the world are increaſed. Thou art the ſufficient portion for my ſoul, abſtracted from all the delights of earth: thy perfections afford the higheſt entertainments of which human nature is capable, and thy glory the higheſt end that can be purſued. While thy glory is the higheſt and ultimate end of all my deſire, love and joy, and I believe thou haſt this in view, in all thy diſpenſations, I may well rejoice in all the trials that befal me. Bleſſed be God! all my affairs are in the hands of Him who doth all things according to the purpoſe of his own will, and that it is for his own glory. Well, if it be ſo, then all is well, infinitely well. My felicity and eternal happineſs is the glory of God in the diſplay of his perfections. While my ſoul longs for this, I muſt rejoice in the proſpect of it, or prove myſelf moſt baſe and falſe: and if I do rejoice in this, I muſt bleſs God for the methods he takes to advance it, however it croſs my poor, pitiful, low and mean temporal intereſt. If then

I can truſt God with his own glory, I may reſt aſſured all is well, and my moſt ardent deſires are fulfilling. Oh bleſſed God, this gives the moſt adverſe diſpenſation of thy providence another face: when I know no intereſt but the cauſe of God, and can confide in him, that he will take care of this. Father, I have ſaid, Thy will be done! I repeat the ſacred requeſt: oh let me never retract. Diſpoſe of all my concerns, as thou ſeeſt beſt; though now thy providence ſeems to be expoſing me to poverty and want, to reproach and contempt, to falſe reports: yet I bleſs thee that they are no more. So entirely do I acquieſce in this wiſe and good, though afflictive diſpenſation of thy providence, that my ſoul cries out, Reign, Lord, reign; and govern all things as thou ſeeſt beſt!

Dec. 1752. I have had a ſhort reprieve from death. Lord let me never forget the ſolemn ſhock, when I was at the point of death, and really thought myſelf actually dying. Oh the important moment, the amazing ſtruggle, for ſoul and body to part! Never did I apprehend death ſo real, and terrible to nature. My ſoul, I truſted, was ſecured; yet, oh yet, death appeared the king of terrors, as an enemy to nature. I would look on this as a warning to me to prepare for a ſudden death, which God only knows how ſoon may be. I would now live as one who daily expects another ſudden ſhock, that ſhall put a period to life, as in a moment. Lord, I bleſs thee for the abiding impreſſion on my ſoul, and the reconciliation I find to a ſpeedy and ſudden exit. Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly! However ſudden and terrible the ſhock may be to nature; yet grace ſhall gain the conqueſt. My ſoul ſhall riſe triumphant to the ſeats of immortality and bliſs. Farewell, my dear friends! You have been long and often warned of a ſeparation: think not then that it is too ſudden, ſince my daily and hourly deſires after immortality prevent the ſurpriſe. I believe and truſt that my hope is ſecure, built on the Rock of ages. God, my eternal refuge, will not fail me in the laſt extremity, whether I be able to let you know the frame of my mind then, or not; yet, I truſt you may rejoice in my ſtate, which, through grace, on repeated examination, I am confirmed is ſafe and ſecure in Jeſus, the all-ſufficient Mediator; to whom I now commit my ſoul, in expectation of a ſudden death.

God has been viſiting me with ſevere and terrible pain, ſo that I was not able to lie in bed more than two nights in eleven: yet goodneſs and mercy ſtill followed me, and I was made comfortable, in the midſt of poverty and want. All my wants were well ſupplied; food, phyſic, firing and clothing, without my care or charge. Yet the pain was ſo ſevere and extreme, that I found, without divine aſſiſtance, I was utterly unable to ſurmount it. God graciouſly ſhewed me my own weakneſs in a time of trial; that without him, I ſhould faint under the leaſt rebuke of his hand. Oh how tenderly does God deal with me! I was afraid I ſhould grow ſelf-confident and proud, becauſe ſo reſigned under the laſt trial; and was almoſt ready to think it neceſſary that my corruptions ſhould be let looſe in me, to ſhow me what I was; or feared God would ſuffer it ſo to be, to convince me what I am. But bleſſed be his name, he has not taken that method; but by a gentler way, however painful to the body, ſhowed me my amazing weakneſs and inability to bear the leaſt trial of myſelf. Oh who would not truſt this good, kind and wiſe God! Oh my God, let me ſtill do ſo, though thou continue to ſhut up all proſpect of ſupport from us. I know thy truth has never failed me; nor has thy mercy neglected me. Why ſhould I fear any evil, ſince thou art with me? I am the care of thy providence, and the regard of thine eye. Thou wilt not leave me friendleſs and hopeleſs. Thou wilt not leave thyſelf without a witneſs in my ſoul, that thou art he who art the help of the helpleſs, and the refuge of the poor. I truſt thou wilt ſupply my wants while here, and at laſt bring me to glory.

Feb. 1753. God ſeems now about to deprive me of the deareſt enjoyments here, even *ſecret retirement.* I lately thought, it was out of the power of all things here below to make me unhappy: but I had forgot my *religious privileges.* Now I am ready to ſay, I ſhall never enjoy myſelf more. If I cannot unboſom my ſoul to God in ſecret, farewell comfort! I muſt ſigh out my remaining days! Oh my God, teach me a becoming temper under this diſpenſation. I am ready to ſay, I do well to grieve for this, and to refuſe to be comforted; becauſe it is the enjoyment of God himſelf. How can I keep up lively communion with God, in the conſtant hurry and converſe of the world, and creatures? I never yet could: however, there is ſurely ſome ſubmiſſion required of me, to all the allotments of divine providence: oh be thou my teacher! Lord, my ſoul is overwhelmed, do thou appear for me. My way ſeems hedged up, and grows darker and darker daily: but oh may I not miſtruſt my good God in the leaſt, who, I believe, has, in infinite wiſdom, appointed every trial for me: not one but what is the reſult of perfect wiſdom and counſel. Oh then, let me patiently bear every trial, until it ſhall pleaſe my kind, wiſe, and good God to remove it: oh let me not faint under this affliction! Where ſhall I go, or what ſhall I do, when I may not pour out my joys and ſorrows, into thy boſom, oh my compaſſionate Saviour!

God is now denying me all opportunity for ſecret retirement in my Father's houſe, another family having moved into it; though all things elſe appear more comfortable for my abode there, than they did for ſome time paſt. By this providence, and the deſire of ſome friends, I am compelled as it were to be abroad, where I can with freedom, without reſtraint, enjoy religious privileges, both private and ſecret; yet with ſome diſadvantage to temporal affairs, and with no hope of a continuance; ſo that I am kept very unfixed at preſent, and there is no proſpect of my being more ſettled. Lord, I wait and hope: thou haſt been my refuge and truſt; a very preſent help in time of trouble. I look unto thee yet: I cry unto God, unto God Moſt High, who hath, and I truſt will, perform all things for me. Oh lead me in the way of duty, that I may not go aſtray. Thou haſt never yet left me in any exigency: Shall I now diſtruſt! Fortify my heart againſt every deſponding thought: and when thou haſt prepared me for, take me to, thoſe dear manſions above, which thou haſt prepared for thy children. Oh fix me there near thyſelf! Come Lord Jeſus, oh come quickly! The world ſeems weary of me, throwing me from place to place; and I ſurely am weary of the world. We are agreed to part. Oh then, why tarry I here? Lord, I am unſatisfied with this mortal life: I wiſh, I long for a releaſe. I thirſt for the waters of immortal life. I groan, being burdened with earth and ſin. Fain would my ſoul reach the realms of light and life, and go no more out; but dwell near Jeſus the tranſcendent Redeemer, the lovely mediator, the joy of nations, the darling of thy ſaints, the deſire of my ſoul!

March —. Oh my God, when ſhall my ſoul be entirely conformed to thee! I know it ſhall be when I awake in thy likeneſs: but I long for greater degrees of ſanctification in this life. Oh make me inwardly and hiddenly conformed to thy will and law; that my whole ſoul may be transformed into thine image. Oh cauſe that the inmoſt receſſes of my heart may be ſanctified: and give me that ſweet, that lovely grace, *ſincerity in the inward part.* I am weary of this deſigning, deceitful, treacherous heart. Lord root out of my ſoul, all that is not conformed to thee. Set fire to the ſtubble; tear out this baſe, this wretched, ſordid ſelfiſhneſs. Slay this pride and oppoſition to thee. My ſoul thirſteth for that *righteouſneſs*, which only ſhall render me pleaſing in thy ſight; in *thy ſight*, who art of purer eyes than to behold ſin, and canſt not look on the leaſt iniquity, but with infinite deteſtation and abhorrence. Oh come, bleſſed Spirit; come, and work in my ſoul a hearty, entire, univerſal, perfect conformity to God! Nothing below this can ſatisfy or content me.

Alas! I ſtill find my heart prone to forſake God. This wretched, ungrateful ſoul of mine is bent to backſliding. All things reproach my ſordid ſoul; and eternal infamy ſeems to await ſuch an abuſer of infinite love and benignity. Oh my ſoul, Why art thou not confounded with ſhame! Was ever a wretch more vile and ungrateful? Look all around thee, and ſee heaps on heaps of abuſed, forfeited, ſlighted mercies. Where ſhall I hide my guilty head? Can ſuch horrid treachery be in a ſingle heart? Can ſuch unnatural rebellion appear in a ſoul conſecrated to the law, intereſt and authority of its ſovereign? But oh ſtill more affecting! Can ſuch heights of ingratitude, enmity, rebellion and diſobedience, remain in a child, bound by all the obligations of gratitude and love, to honour, love, fear and ſerve a kind, wiſe, good and gracious Father? Oh God, can it be! What are my hopes? How inconſiſtent my practice! Lord, ſcreen my guilty, obnoxious ſoul, from the eternal, amazing reproaches of ſuch horrid ingratitude. Oh Jeſus, the hope of thy people, the refuge of the diſtreſſed, ſave me from the tormenting reproach, which my ingratitude deſerves. Surely, oh ſurely, the leaſt deviation from thy law, or treſpaſs againſt thee, after ſuch mercies as I have been favoured with, deſerves infinite revenge! But oh ſovereign Prince of peace, I hear thee ſay, Fury is not in me, to thoſe who deſire to make peace with me. Infinite grace! Here is my everlaſting confidence, even in Jeſus the Mediator of reconciliation. Oh my almighty refuge! through thee I have the utmoſt confidence, and boldneſs of acceſs, even to a holy, ſin-revenging God; confidence, as to a Father, without the leaſt ſlaviſh fear. My Redeemer is the Son: his Son is my ſurety and advocate. Bleſſed privilege! Glorious ſecurity! My ſoul is here at *reſt* from fears of condemnation; but *reſtleſs* for perfect conformity; always to ſerve and pleaſe God.

April —. This day viſited a dear and afflicted relation; one in inexpreſſible pain of body, who has received the ſentence of death in herſelf. I find my affections ſtrong; and am forced to ſtifle, check, and hold them in, leſt they ſhould quite overcome me. Oh Lord, I have ſworn, and may not go back, that I will give up the deareſt enjoyments here below, at the call of thy providence. I have ſolemnly renounced relative ſelf, ſo as to reſign my deareſt friends, at thy call, without murmuring. Now the vows of God are upon me, and I cannot go back without perjury. Lord, thou knoweſt what ſtrength of affection I have for my friends; that there is nothing in life, next to the enjoyment of God, that I am ſo wedded to: yet theſe I now give up to thy divine diſpoſal. Oh let me have no will of my own; but be always ſwallowed up in thee! Oh my God, prepare me for every trial of this kind, that I may be called to endure: for I know, without thy ſtrength and grace, I ſhould be but as a wild bull in a net; or as a bullock unaccuſtomed to the yoke. I ſhould rage and foam, until I had grieved thy Spirit quite away. Oh my God, now help me by thy grace, through which I reſolve to watch my heart with the greateſt diligence. Lord, help me!

April—. Lord, when ſhall I put from this tempeſtuous ſhore? I am weary of the world. I long for a calm, cool retreat, from noiſe and heat, and all the ſordid clamours of earthly, grovelling ſouls. I hate the ſulphureous breath of calumny and detraction. My ſoul was made for harmony and love: and without this, immortality would be a curſe; my being a horrid torment. My ſoul abhors rancour and envy. I deteſt evil ſurmiſes, and love the balmy air, where peace and friendſhip reign unmoleſted; where ſharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper, never fly; nor clouds of ſmoke from the infernal pit, ſuffocate the air, nor taint, nor poiſon the dear aſſociates. There I would fix my dear abode; wide from the wrangling wretch, who courts reſentment and revenge; nor ſhould his rage, nor ſhould his yells, within the ſacred realms be heard. My ſoul is near allied to ſpirits born and bred on high, where no reſentment ever riſes; nor is the vulgar paſſion, common to fools and madmen, with the ſordid bull and bear, ever known there. There, ſweet are their joys, and bleſt are their ſouls, where all unite in piety and love. Oh I long to join the lovely band; nor would I ever quit the dear delights.

Scarce any thing in life gives me a greater diſguſt to earth, than the ſour and ſevere reflections which ſome people take a pleaſure in making on their neighbours. I hate contradiction; yet conſcience often obliges me to vindicate the injured abſent. I had rather be counted a fool, not capable of reſentment of injuries, than feel the diſquieting paſſion in my ſoul. My Saviour would have his diſciples wiſe as ſerpents, but harmleſs as doves. If others offend, I will forgive. I would never relate any injury I have received, ſo long as I find the leaſt anger ſtirring. It is ſometimes neceſſary to relate what we think ill treatment, in order to have it cleared up, if it can be: but yet I would firſt get above it in myſelf, before I mention it to another. It is a fixed maxim with me, firſt to get the victory over and in myſelf, before I ſeek to get it for myſelf over another. I ſometimes give my ſentiments about perſons or things, if it be needful, and I do not find myſelf or friends injured by them: but when that is the caſe, I ſuffer not myſelf even barely to relate the affair, leſt it ſhould irritate my own or my friend's corruption. My firſt work is to keep down every heart-riſing thought, and exerciſe every candid, charitable one, towards the perſon; and ſo never leave this ſtruggle within me, until I find a hearty regard for them, ſo as to influence me to carry them to God, in the arms of faith and prayer. Nor do I pleaſe myſelf that I do really forget and forgive an injury, until I can with freedom and fervency beg all the bleſſings and comforts of God's grace for them; not only their eſcaping eternal miſery, but that they may have a large meaſure of grace; that they may be filled with holineſs and comfort, and ſhine as lights, and do much good in the world; and at laſt ſhine as monuments of free grace, in the kingdom of their heavenly Father.

May —. Bleſſed be God, I have this day had liberty to enter his courts, and heard two excellent ſermons from 1 Pet. i. 22. *See that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently.* Theſe ſermons afforded me matter of conviction and humiliation; nor did this prevent ſolid comfort and ſatisfaction. Lord, I bluſh before thee, that I riſe no higher in brotherly love. I find in many things I come ſhort of my duty: yea, in *all* I come ſhort; and in many go beſide and contrary. I often neglect and omit my duty, or elſe perform it ſo, that it had as good or better been omitted. Oh, give me underſtanding that I may keep thy precepts. How impure is my moſt pure love; how remiſs is my moſt fervent affection, both to thee, and to thy people! Therefore it is that it has ſo little influence on my practice. Lord, I am aſhamed, and even confounded before thee, that I follow thee no cloſer; that I am no more conformed to thee; that I keep thy commands no better. Surely I love thy law. In it is all my delight. I approve of it, as moſt right. My very ſoul, if I am not utterly deceived, ſaith, It is more to be deſired than gold; yea, than much fine gold. All the duties thou haſt enjoined on me, I love, and long to practiſe. Oh then, why do I neglect? Why am I not juſt what God has commanded? Oh why do I not expreſs the devout ſincerity of my love to God, by a univerſal and perfect conformity to all his laws and precepts? Oh my God, when ſhall it be! Why, oh why does my practice proclaim ſuch ingratitude? Oh my beſt Friend, my Father, my Saviour, my kind benefactor, compared with thee, all others are but empty names: why then do I not always do the things that pleaſe thee? Oh help me, Lord, by thy grace and Spirit! I want to be ſuch as this wiſe, good Being will approve.

May —. I have this day heard two more dear ſermons from 1 Pet. i. 22. I ſtill find farther cauſe of humiliation, that I fall ſo ſhort of what I ought to be; and yet ſtrong evidence that I have this divine principle of love to the brethren rooted in my ſoul. I find the moſt ſteady, cordial affection to all, ſo far as I can diſcover the image of Chriſt in them. I have a preſent proof of this. Some perſons whom I heartily love and honour, believing them to be dear children of God; though I have reaſon to believe very diſagreeable: I have heard much amiſs of them; I ſee many things in their conduct, which, though I do not condemn as ſins in them, yet I believe would be ſo in me, if I were to act them; and which are quite contrary to my ſentiments and turn of mind: yet I feel a diſpoſition on every occaſion, to cover their failings with a mantle of love, putting the moſt favourable conſtruction on all their actions; even when they appear to be againſt me. God is my witneſs, how dearly I love them, without any natural bonds to engage me to this love; and how greatly I long for their comfort, both in temporals and ſpirituals; and how I deſire to ſerve them.

I feel a ſweet cementing love to all the members of Chriſt's body, wherever they are diſperſed up and down in the world; not only thoſe of my own acquaintance and opinion, but thoſe whom I never ſaw, and who differ from me in many reſpects: yea, even thoſe who contemn and deſpiſe me. Love to all theſe appears to be a ſpiritual, genuine, gracious affection, which extends to all ſaints. Witneſs the refreſhing ſeaſons I have had, when wreſtling with God for a time of refreſhing from his preſence on all his children. I have felt the unity of the ſpirit, in the bond of peace, ſweetly drawing out my own heart to love and long for them, as for my own ſoul. And I have found of late, this love more ſtrongly acting, more ſenſibly exerciſed, than formerly; and felt the ſatisfaction of it, though, until now, I have not rejoiced in it, as the ſtrongeſt evidence of my love to God. Therefore I have this farther proof of my ſincerity; that I did not cheriſh this frame or temper, becauſe, or on account of its being an evidence in my favour; but for its own worth, being good in itſelf, proceeding from God, who is love, and commanded by a good God; and the nature, properties, and tendency all divine. If I love not God ſupremely, for himſelf, and his children, for and in him, I muſt doubt whether I am rational, or capable of judging or knowing any thing of the actings of my own mind.

June 10*th*. I have this day heard two excellent ſermons on enduring temptation. My ſoul feels ſuch a mixture of joy and grief as I cannot expreſs. I feel an unſpeakable joy in the liberty of public worſhip; and yet I am melted in grief and ſorrow, becauſe deprived of ſecret retirement. I have had no opportunity for this the laſt week: but what fixedneſs I have been allowed, has been in a common room; for I have not the privilege of a cloſet or a garret for retirement. This takes away almoſt all the reliſh of life. I feel a more ſenſible indifference for all other comforts of life, than ever; and what I have formerly moſt feared and dreaded, now ſeem matters of indifference, neither feared nor dreaded; as though nothing could give me any trouble, but the want of ſecret, fixed, and ſolemn communion with God. I am ready to burſt into a flood of tears, when I look on the dear children of God, my chriſtian friends, and think how they can pour out their ſouls in ſecret, into the boſom of their God and Saviour. Oh how did my ſoul long this day, when public worſhip ended, to retire into ſome corner, ſecure from all fear of interruption, and pour out all my ſoul to him! I was almoſt ready to go to ſome chriſtian friend, to vent my grief, and beg a place of retirement: but I feared it might offend them, as phariſaical, and ſatan take the advantage to diſtract me about it; though my ſoul did even break with the longing I had for my God. Oh God, thou deſire of my ſoul, appear for me! Every day's prevention ſeems to encreaſe the vehement longings of my ſoul for an opportunity. Oh when, *when* ſhall I come, and pour out my ſoul before thee in ſecret! When, oh *when* ſhall I enjoy thee, as I have enjoyed thee, in ſecret duties! Let me never forget the pain I now endure in being deprived of retirement, when my ſoul feels the moſt devout ardour, and fervent longings to get near my God, and plead my cauſe before him.

Yet, bleſſed be God, who, I truſt, keeps me from a repining impatience, I hope I feel a child-like tenderneſs, under the rod. I weep beneath the ſtroke; and deſire to juſtify, love and rejoice in my Father forever. I find a diſpoſition, under this heavy trial, to juſtify God, and ſpeak well of him, before my dear chriſtian friends, who tenderly pity and ſympathize with me: and I am afraid freely to vent my grief to them, leſt ſatan ſhould take the advantage, and betray them into ſome unbecoming thoughts of my kind, good, and gracious God. Oh thou, thou thyſelf art the deſire of my ſoul; the perfection of beauty; the only delight of my immortal ſpirit, whatever thy outward diſpenſations may be towards me.

June 17*th*. This day heard two more precious ſermons on enduring temptation. Bleſſed be God, I have had a little more opportunity the week paſt for ſecret duties, though abroad, and attended with frequent interruptions. Oh I find the want of my former uninterrupted opportunities. If ever a thirſty hart panted for the water brook; more, unſpeakably more, does my thirſty ſoul pant for God, the living God. When ſhall I come and appear before him? I love his ſanctuary: I claſp the precious moments, embrace the dear ſeaſon, and feel an unſpeakable ſatisfaction to find myſelf worſhipping God, the ſupreme Deity, who is infinitely worthy of all poſſible adoration and worſhip; and long to continue the ſacred exerciſe, where no mortal eye can ſee, or ear hear; but the omniſcient God alone witneſſes the devout ardour, the intenſe fervour of my love; while, with undiſſembled ſincerity, I pour out my ſoul in vehement, immortal breathings after him, the infinite good, in whom is all my delight and deſire. Oh that I could once enjoy that bleſſed, that happy retirement I have long enjoyed! Methinks I ſhould feel myſelf on the borders of the heavenly Canaan. How, oh how are my ſabbaths ſpoiled; my glory defaced! The *ſabbath*—This dear day I loved, and was concerned to ſpend every moment in the exerciſes of religion. I felt impatient of every moment that was taken up in civil, or ſocial, and even neceſſary concerns. All was burdenſome to me on the ſabbath, except the time that was ſpent in public or private duties: but now, every minute, almoſt, beſide public worſhip, is ſpent in company, and worldly converſation. For theſe things my ſoul is melted, and ſorely bowed down.

Sept. 2d. Oh how infinitely gracious is God to unworthy me! I have ſeen the King in his beauty, and the land that is far off, by faith, while in his houſe, and at his table. I have this day taſted that the Lord is gracious. My ſoul was even overwhelmed with the wonders of divine love and grace of God, manifeſted in and through Jeſus Chriſt his Son. I was obliged to put the utmoſt reſtraint on myſelf, to prevent diſcovering it before the dear communicants. I was ſcarcely able to contain myſelf under the powerful communication of divine goodneſs to my ſoul. I have had a ſweet pledge and foretaſte this day, of eternal life. My ſoul was raiſed above this earth. Here, oh here, I let go my hold of every creature enjoyment, and claſped the immortal God in the arms of my faith, as the only deſirable portion of my ſoul! And here, oh tranſporting goodneſs! here he diſplayed his infinite fulneſs and perfection, as worthy of my everlaſting confidence and delight. I ſaid, it is enough; my ſoul can wiſh no more. Burſt, ye bands; break, break ye fetters, and let me know the extent of my bleſſedneſs! I found, indeed, as his word teſtified, Chriſt to be the bread of life. Here, I truſt, I did find ſtrength and nouriſhment, by faith in Chriſt, at his table.

Let them deſpiſe this ordinance (if they dare ſpeak evil of thoſe things they know not) who never enjoyed God in it: but ſurely my ſoul ſhall forever magnify his name for this glorious goſpel-feaſt, wherein all the bleſſed privileges and promiſes of the new and everlaſting covenant are held forth, diſplayed, confirmed, and ſealed. Oh, methinks, the ſum and ſubſtance of the whole law and goſpel is here diſplayed to the believing ſoul, beyond what it is in any other mean or ordinance on earth. This I have reaſon to call the higheſt privilege on this ſide heaven. The enjoyment of God at his table, ſeems to have the neareſt reſemblance to the pure and perfect enjoyments of the heavenly ſtate. Bleſſed be God, who has for ſeveral months, if not years paſt, in my moſt dull, dead, or diſconſolate, diſtreſſed frames, brought me near himſelf in this ordinance. Here the partition-wall has been broken down: here my ſoul draws near with confidence, as to a reconciled God, through Jeſus the Mediator, by the Holy Ghoſt. Even when I could get near in no other duty, here I have ventured, and found ſpeedy acceſs: for the blood of Jeſus has given boldneſs. Now would I walk with God as did Enoch. I have this day renewed my ſolemn engagements to be the Lord's entirely; body, ſoul and ſpirit; confeſſing ſin, flying to Chriſt for pardon, giving up all my enjoyments to the diſpoſing hand of providence; and by faith, I truſt, ſeeking to God, through Chriſt, for grace and ſtrength to practiſe every duty, and bear every burden, ſo as it may be for the glory of his name.

Lord, prepare me for death, or a life of trials! Thou knoweſt to which I ſhall be called.

Sept. —. I have this day heard a ſermon from Ephes. vi. 1. *Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right.* The parent's authority, and the duty of children, were ſhewed. Upon a ſtrict enquiry, I have reaſon to be humbled that I have fallen ſo far ſhort of my duty to God, and my dear parents. God has given me the beſt of parents, whom I am under innumerable obligations to love, honour, and obey. I know of no perſon in the world ſo happy in parents as I am. But, alas! I have abundant reaſon to be humbled before God and them, that I behave ſo unworthy a child, thus highly favoured: yet, bleſſed be God, I hope it is my moſt ſincere endeavour to approve myſelf grateful to God, and dutiful to them. Upon a ſtrict ſearch, I do not remember that I have knowingly and willingly tranſgreſſed any poſitive command of theirs, nor acted contrary to what I thought was their mind; except in matters of religion, where conſcience, and a ſenſe of duty to God inclined me to ſome things, which they would have choſen I ſhould not; yet, through their lenity, did not abſolutely forbid. I know I have ſometimes expoſed my health in the ways of religion, beyond what their tender affections for me could freely conſent to: yet it was with grief, from a real ſenſe of duty, and ardent deſire after the enjoyment of God. I know this zeal has made me venture as far as I dare, without violating a poſitive command, which I do not think that I ever did knowingly: but in other matters I have endeavoured to ſhun every thing that was diſagreeable to them, and to practiſe thoſe things which were moſt peaſing to them, upon the ſmalleſt intimation of their pleaſure. I have never wilfully or knowingly abuſed their tender indulgence, their unwillingneſs to contradict and croſs me. To take the advantage of this, has been highly deteſted and abhorred by me. The uncommon reſpect and lenity they have ſhowed to me, eſpecially in matters of religion, often filled me with ſhame and bluſhing; and have never leſſened, but increaſed my ſenſe of duty and reſpect for them. The leaſt diſcovery I have made of diſreſpect to them in my carriage, though not taken notice of by them, ſo far as I could diſcern, has filled me with the deepeſt reſentment, deteſtation and abhorrence of myſelf, and the ſevereſt reflections before God. The ſtrength of my affection for them is much greater than to any creature comfort in this world; and no worldly trouble goes ſo near my ſoul, as that which afflicts them. Their troubles are moſt ſharp and cutting to me: and the loſs of my parents, I fear, would be almoſt inſupportable to me. This is what my very ſoul ſhrinks back from: and therefore I daily find need to go to God for grace to bear ſuch a trial, if called to it. That I do love them moſt ſtrongly, I know: but, alas, how far do I fall ſhort of that filial reſpect and reverence, which I do acknowledge to be their juſt due, and my duty to give them!

Ah, Lord, how ſhort do I come of thoſe relative duties which are incumbent on me? Thou mighteſt juſtly deprive me of the comfort of theſe dear creature enjoyments, which have hitherto, through thy bleſſing, rendered my life ſo agreeable. Thou haſt given and continued to me parents and ſiſters, free from every ſcandalous tranſgreſſion, poſſeſſed of many agreeable qualifications, and in good repute; tender and affectionate to the laſt degree; moſt amiable and deſirable as relatives; and I hope ſome are poſſeſſed of thy grace: none, I hope, altogether unmindful of thee. Oh when ſhall they all ſtrive to glorify thee, with ſouls poſſeſſed of ſincere love to thee, and all thy ways! Oh how great are the obligations lying on me, both from God and them, to behave moſt dutifully, ſetting forth a bright example of piety and virtue! The ſolemn and diſtinguiſhing profeſſion I have made, loudly calls for this from me. Lord, what ſhall I ſay! I am confounded when I reflect on the many obligations lying on me; and how far ſhort I come.

April 4th, 1754. Faſt day. This is a day ſet apart by a neighbouring government for humiliation and prayer: and as I am called upon by my paſtor and the church to join with them in public duties, ſo I would gladly ſequeſter the time from worldly concerns, for ſecret duties. Eſpecially is God calling me to it, by the alarming reports of war which are now ſpreading; as I have lately renewed my purpoſe, to ſeek the Lord for his glory in the good of his choſen; and theſe two occaſions are now offered, which I knew not of before; viz. a day ſet apart for that purpoſe, and the rumour of war ſpreading ſo ſoon after it. I am therefore more confirmed in my purpoſe. Lord, excite and aſſiſt: oh be thou in the midſt of thy people this day!—This day, I truſt, through grace, my ſoul has been engaged with God for perſonal, family, town, land, national, and univerſal bleſſings. Oh bleſſed be God for aſſiſtance in confeſſion and petition. Lord, I leave them with thee, for a gracious return, through Jeſus Chriſt, our glorious high prieſt; and beg ſupports or relief for my frail, fainting tabernacle, which is even ready to diſſolve.

April 21*ſt.* Heard a ſermon from Jer. vii. 22. *Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no phyſician there?* My ſoul has been in a ſerious, attentive frame, this day, reaching after, and relying upon the only Phyſician of ſouls. But this night, by faith, in prayer, I ſaw him more clearly, whom my ſoul loves, infinitely beautiful and glorious. Oh how ſuitable does he appear for the work of a Mediator! How every way infinitely fit did he appear, both on God's part, and on man's! How ſhameful and ſhocking the reproach it caſts on all the divine perfections, to refuſe a cordial compliance with theſe moſt wiſe, moſt kind, moſt juſt and moſt reaſonable terms of ſalvation, which the goſpel holds forth! Oh how did my ſoul acquieſce in this wonderful ſcheme of redemption, by this wonderful Redeemer! Every attribute and perfection of the divine Being appears in full luſtre and glory, in this work of grace: and man appears the moſt baſe, ſordid, irrational and ſtupid, when he refuſes to come in on this gracious invitation. Lord, here at thy croſs I throw down all my weapons of rebellion; all my natural enmity, pride and ſtubbornneſs: here I give up all ſpecious duties, good frames, and proud pretences, and glory in the croſs of Chriſt. This I eſteem the wiſdom of God, and the power of God: and a compliance with this, I eſteem man's higheſt wiſdom, ſtrength and beauty. Oh the riches both of the wiſdom and goodneſs of God! Oh thou Prince of peace, I here renew my choice, and all my engagements to be thine. Did others ſee that excellency in thee, which I now behold by faith, they muſt ſubmit, and acknowledge thee to be the chief of ten thouſand, and altogether lovely. I muſt ceaſe to be rational, if I did not now chooſe and embrace thee, under theſe views of thee; and venture my whole ſalvation on thy goſpel.

July 7th. Sabbath day. Laſt night and this morning I ſought the Lord for his preſence with me in his houſe, and at his table this day, though ſeveral circumſtances ſeemed to concur to prevent my attendance, which gave ſome damp to me; and I found not that acceſs I hoped for, nor that lively exerciſe of grace that I deſired. Yet I hoped that I had my eyes to the Lord for his preſence and grace, and felt not wholly barren: but was ſtill more fixed and enlivened by the ſermon from Pſal. xxvii. 1. *The Lord is my light, and my ſalvation.* And when permitted to commemorate the dying love of my Redeemer, my ſoul was even ſwallowed up in love, wonder and admiration. What tongue can expreſs, what ſoul conceive, the boundleſs depths of divine, infinite love and condeſcenſion to a world of mankind! And to me, unworthy me! Has the great and glorious God provided all theſe great and glorious things for me; for my eternal delightful entertainment? All language fails. My ſoul is unable to expreſs the enlarged and extenſive views of the divine goodneſs.

Again, this afternoon, all my devout reflections and grateful ſentiments were revived and enlarged. I know not whether ever I enjoyed a better day. But ah! I felt myſelf doubly fettered; in the body, and the body fettered with fellow-mortals! I longed to have left both; but if not, I wiſhed to have been where no mortal could have ſeen me: my ſoul was even ready to break through every reſtraint. This has been like one of the days of heaven on earth to my ſoul. Oh the boundleſs, endleſs treaſures of grace and love! But why do I attempt to ſpeak of thoſe aſtoniſhing bleſſings which I have this day been allowed to feaſt on?

To write or ſpeak of theſe things at this time, is like turning up a full bottle, where the haſty preſſing of the liquor ſtops the vent. I am loſt in conceiving and contemplating; much more in deſcribing or uttering. The powers of my ſoul are ſtraitened. The faculties of my mind, I ſenſibly feel, are overpowered with divine, infinite, eternal wonders: no marvel then, that the organs of the body are unable to perform this part. Let it ſuffice to ſay, I have this day ſeen the King in his beauty, and the land that is afar off. I have been ſatisfied with the goodneſs of his houſe, and yet am inſatiably longing for full fruition. It is enough! What more could God have done for me, or entitled me to? It is enough! The infinite God has given me an infinite fulneſs. It is enough! I ſee it ſo: I can wiſh no more: my finite nature can hold no more. When enlarged in all its faculties, then the full fruition. This earthen veſſel can only bear theſe drops; and with theſe it is ready to diſſolve. Didſt thou not ſupport it, this day would have proved how brittle it was; ſuch were the powerful diſcoveries with which God has favoured me. Oh God, let them be enlarged into full fruition! Oh when ſhall I ſee and know all that of which my finite nature is capable!

Aug. 9*th*, 1754. I have been much taken up of late in company and converſation: but both have been chiefly of a religious kind, and therefore more ſatisfactory in its nature, than otherwiſe it would have heen. Yet my ſoul wants to retire from all things temporal and viſible, and converſe in a more intellectual and ſpiritual manner with inviſible realities. I know I have a ſpiritual part within, which was never made to feed on any, even the moſt refined, ſublunary enjoyments; an immortal nature, which muſt have eternal things to contemplate, or it will never find reſt and delight; a capacious ſoul, which muſt have an infinite object to buſy and entertain its noble faculties and unbounded deſires; that nothing but an infinite, eternal, ſelf-ſufficient, ſelf-exiſtent good can ſuffice. And, through grace, I truſt I have a ſpiritual principle, a new nature, a regenerate part, a love ſtronger than death, that does moſt powerfully carry my whole ſoul after a Being who is moſt wiſe, moſt holy, juſt and good; and after all creature converſe, will remain unſatisfied, without ſenſible and ſweet communion with this Being. I find nothing in all the vaſt creation, commenſurate to the unbounded deſires of this capacious ſpirit: and, bleſſed be God, I find nothing that can give renewed nature a moment's ſatisfaction, but this holy, ſpiritual Being; what comes from and centers in him. In vain a thouſand amuſements and tempting vanities offer their aſſiſtance, to mitigate his tedious abſence, or grace his return: for I quarrel, and complain of the whole ſyſtem of nature. I feel ſuch a reſtleſſneſs as I can no ways account for, but that the God of nature and grace has ſworn that nothing but himſelf ſhould ever delight me. I did lift my voice to heaven, crying to the propitious Deity, who had himſelf formed my ſoul with ſuch faculties and powers, as muſt pine away in tormenting penury, without him: that he, who knew his own infinite perfections, would cauſe that none elſe ſhould ever ſatisfy me; but that I ſhould be forever reſtleſs and uneaſy, when he did not condeſcend to viſit me. A deep ſenſe of the divine, ſupreme excellence and perfections; the boundleſs capacity of my ſoul, and divine love to God, inflamed my heart; and lively faith emboldened me to aſk: and infinite, divine condeſcenſion, I truſt, heard and granted the requeſt.

Auguſt —. My time has been taken up chiefly the week paſt in a diligent, though, bleſſed be God, not an anxious attendance on my calling. I find God is, by his Spirit, daily clearing my evidence, and delivering me from a ſpirit of bondage, whereby I have the teſtimony of my conſcience, that in ſimplicity, and godly ſincerity, I have my converſation in the world. I know the natural bent of my mind is for ſtudy; yet, I truſt I have a good conſcience towards God, that I do not allow one duty to interfere with another; but render to Cæſar the things which are Cæſar's, as well as to God, the things which are God's: and I do as really ſtudy and endeavour to be diligent in buſineſs, as fervent in ſpirit. I am conſcious that I neither allow nor love an idle, lazy life: my natural temper does not incline to it; but when indulged or employed in ſtudy, and in the exerciſes of the mind, is moſt diligent and laborious. Bleſſed be God, who has cleared my way, and, I truſt, teaches me ſo to order my conduct, as gives peace to my conſcience, and confidence towards God, through Jeſus Chriſt, my only hope of acceptance with him.

Saturday night, *Aug.* —. Alas! This has been a very incumbered day; and I came to my chamber weary and tired, both in body and mind. I have torn myſelf from the buſineſs of the world; and I find ſo many duties before me, in regard of the communion, as would laſt me through the night, would my ſtrength hold out, or could I enjoy my chamber alone; but I cannot. Oh God, fit me for the approaching ſolemnity of thy day and table! Oh compoſe my ſoul for holy duties! I truſt I have been ſerving thee in my worldly employment, and had a ſenſe of my duty in being thus engaged. Now, oh my God, let me meet thee in the more ſweet and pleaſing duties of reflection, meditation, examination and prayer; and let me find it good to draw near to thee! Oh how doth my ſoul love and long for thoſe exerciſes which bring me near to God; or rather, in which God manifeſts himſelf to me! I love my God, his laws, and all thoſe duties he has enjoined on me; and therefore long for the heavenly employments above. Oh come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly!

Sept. 1*ſt*, 1754. Sabbath noon. Will God, in very deed, dwell with men? Will he, who is the High and Lofty One that inhabits eternity, condeſcend to viſit worms of the duſt? Oh infinite grace! He will, I know he will. Witneſs my ſoul, witneſs his houſe and table; witneſs this day. Oh how ſweet has been the ſeaſon! Verily my ſoul hath found it good to draw near to God. Here I have ſeen ſin to be the worſt of evils, and my ſoul the moſt polluted, ſinful, proud, unhumbled, ungrateful creature that I can behold on earth: but oh, forever adored be God, I ſaw Jeſus Chriſt the moſt amiable and wonderful Redeemer, and I ſaw him *mine!* The bleſſed Spirit aſſured me of my intereſt in him, and of that covenant-relation God the Father hath condeſcended to enter into with me through him. I know, ſurely I may ſay, I *know* I am born of God; for the Spirit himſelf hath borne witneſs to this truth, by thoſe evidences of grace, and ſealed me to the day of redemption. Bleſſed be God for this hope. Oh happy day! oh glorious moment, in which God conveyed life and light to my ſoul, and brought me into his covenant! Oh my happy ſoul, how ſhall I congratulate thee on this high and happy relation! Fain would I; but have neither powers of mind fully to conceive, nor words to expreſs this inexpreſſible, incomprehenſible grace, wherein I ſtand ſecure of all the invaluable bleſſings of time and eternity, through the almighty, all-ſufficient Mediator Jeſus Chriſt, my only hope and confidence towards God, my ſure refuge. Oh my complete Redeemer! By what name or title ſhall I extol thee? For ſince I began to admire thee, I find there are no bounds to thine amiable and glorious perfections, as God-Man Mediator. Oh ye angels of God, you adore and admire him: but it is my happy lot to claim the moſt near and tender relation. You love and ſerve him, as your Lord and King: but it is my triumphant boaſt to love, admire and rejoice in him, not only as my Lord and King; but as my moſt kind, tender, faithful, all-ſufficient Redeemer; yea, my all in all. Oh how did theſe views of things draw out my ſoul to renew my choice, and renew every devout reſolution of my ſoul, to be for him, and no other; and with full purpoſe of heart, more than ever to ſerve and obey him forever! Thus, and more than I am able to recount, did God meet with me in his houſe, and at his table.

At night. Surely I may ſay, God has been with me of a truth, this day. I have ſat under his ſhadow with great delight, and his fruit was ſweet to my taſte. The morning was ſpent in prayer, and a ſolemn renewal of my covenant: the forenoon in hearing the word: noon, in commemorating the dying love of my dear Redeemer, in ſorrow and joy: the afternoon in ſolemn worſhip, and hearing his word: this evening in reflexion and prayer. Bleſſed be God! I truſt I could ſay this day, oh God, my heart is fixed; ſolemnly fixed and engaged through the day. Oh how ſweet are ſuch ſeaſons, though my body is ready to faint under them!

Oct. 11*th.* I am now reſolving for God: and oh, how is my ſoul aſhamed and confounded before him! Alas for me, my heart ſwarms with every luſt: my ſoul appears defiled in every part: I know not what to do. Oh God, ariſe, ariſe, I beſeech thee, and quicken me according to thy word. Awake, my ſleeping ſoul, and ariſe: and do thou give me life and vigour. Without thee I can do nothing: through thee I can do all things. Oh come in, bleſſed Spirit, and revive my ſinking ſoul! I have been a talking chriſtian; but make me a feeling, experienced one. I have been a rational one; but make me a ſpiritual one.

It is now ſome years, ſince I have ſpent a whole night in prayer; and ſome months, ſince I have ſpent a whole day together in the duties of the cloſet; and ſome time, ſince I have lain proſtrate before God, in a ſolemn extraordinary confeſſion of ſins: all which I have found ſpecial helps to keep up the power of religion in my ſoul. Actual diſorders of body, and ſcruples about the duty I owe to the body, have, I think, chiefly prevented, when I have had opportunity: but now I am reſolving that, through grace, as I have opportunity, to ſpend more time this way than I have of late done. Yet not to caſt off all concern about the duties I owe to my body, nor deſtroy myſelf: but to make the law of God my rule; religion my buſineſs; communion with God, my daily employ; and the glory of God, in regard of body and ſoul, my higheſt end and aim.

Oct. 14*th.* Never did I feel ſuch an affecting, humbling, keen remorſe for ſin, as I have done theſe five days paſt. My ſoul lay proſtrate before God, under the deepeſt ſenſe of my ingratitude; acknowledging the juſtice of God, if he ſhould deny me the lively, powerful influences of his Spirit: yet not confounded; but with acceſs, allowed to wreſtle with Jehovah, and with full aſſurance to call him my Father, my Redeemer, my Sanctifier, and my God. Oh what condeſcenſion is this! What grace is here! Did ever God deign to ſtoop ſo low, to ſuch a vile, ungrateful wretch as I am? Will the bleſſed Dove again diffuſe his influences over my ſoul? He will, he will. I feel his ſacred operation on my heart. Oh tranſporting joy! Unparalleled condeſcenſion! Unbounded, infinite grace! Now I am thine, forever thine: oh let me never more offend againſt thee! Let me die, rather than grieve thee: oh ſuffer me never to act ſo vile, ungrateful a part, while life remains!

Nov. 17*th.* I have been from home nine or ten days, and have enjoyed ſome ſweet ſeaſons; but often have found my heart like a deceitful bow, or bone out of joint. I find the power of corruption ſtrong. Lord, I am amazed that there are ſuch remains of ſin yet in me. Oh my ſoul, what haſt thou been doing? Thou haſt been in this world above twenty-eight years, and always lived under the means of grace; and yet how unſanctified haſt thou remained! For theſe twelve years, what a rich variety of means haſt thou enjoyed, both public and private; how many hundred ſermons haſt thou heard; how many ſcores of ſacramental ſeaſons haſt thou enjoyed; how many thouſand prayers haſt thou put up; how many thouſand, thouſand petitions haſt thou joined in, for more ſanctification, and greater holineſs! Thou knoweſt that God is a God hearing prayer, and that this is the will of God, even my ſanctification: and yet what remains of ſin, and how little ſanctification appear in my ſoul! How perverſe and ſtubborn is my will; how dark and blind my underſtanding; how carnal my affections! Alas, what pride; what hypocriſy yet remain! How little faith, love, humility, repentance, new obedience, ſincerity, and holy conformity to God, is to be ſeen in my ſoul! So that I am even ready to cry out, I am altogether as an unclean thing; that there is nothing but wounds and bruiſes, and putrifying ſores; that the whole head is ſick, and the whole heart faint. Even to this moment I am ready to complain, that the wounds of ſin ſtink and are corrupt; ſuch is the running leproſy of ſin that I even now feel, after all the means I have enjoyed for my ſanctification.

Gracious God, what have I been doing! How have I trifled with all thy ſacred inſtitutions! Oh let me, from this time, after every ſingle duty, ſtrictly enquire what degrees of ſanctification I have gained by it! Oh my God, have I not, in this reſpect, received the grace of God, or the means of grace, in vain! Methinks I never knew the plague of my own heart; it burſts out like a putrid ſore that never was truly healed. Lord, diſplay to me the inmoſt receſſes, and let me be aſhamed and confounded; becauſe there are yet ſuch horrid remains of the abominable thing which thy ſoul hates, and which is forever rebelling and going contrary to thee: it is not ſubject to thy law, nor can it be. Oh let the Lamb of God, who takes away the ſins of the world, be more than ever precious to me; that bleſſed Redeemer, who takes away not only the guilt, but the filth; not only the power, but the pollution of ſin. Bleſſed Saviour, deareſt Jeſus, thou Son of God, I come, I come to thee; for I have heard that thy blood cleanſeth from all ſin! This,

this is the ſovereign remedy, the balm of Gilead, and thou the only Phyſician. Thy blood only can cure this leproſy: nothing elſe will do. The blood of bulls and of goats, and the aſhes of a heifer, cannot purge the conſcience. Thy blood only, oh incarnate God, can cleanſe my ſoul. Oh make me holy, and take me out of a ſinful world! Lord, ſanctify my whole ſoul, and bring me where nothing that is unholy or defileth ſhall ever enter. Oh take me out of this defiling world! Lord, my heart is defiled; and methinks all I converſe with has a defiling influence on me. If thou haſt yet any thing for me to do or ſuffer, oh give me zeal, life and fervour; and let me as a hireling fulfil my taſk. I am almoſt impatient to get rid of this defiling heart and world. Oh my God, deliver, I beſeech thee, deliver me from this bondage of corruption! Have mercy on me, oh God, I entreat thee, by all thy former clemency; have mercy on me, and free me from this burden of ſin, and make me holy; and let me dwell in the holy place, where there are no traces of ſin; no reſemblance of any thing that thou abhorreſt, or that defiles. Lord, make me holy, and I fear no evil. There is nothing I fear but ſin, or deſire but holineſs; for thou art holineſs. Deny not my requeſt, oh Lord, I beſeech thee!

Nov. 18*th.* Bleſſed be God, I am aſſured that neither ſin nor ſatan ſhall ever ſeparate my ſoul from him; that I ſhall never fall under eternal condemnation: yet, oh yet, how does ſin vex and afflict my ſoul, becauſe it is contrary to a pure and holy God! On this account I hate and abhor it, and dread it more than the ſharpeſt affliction I ever met with, or can conceive of. Yet, oh my God, how inſenſible am I of its odious nature;

how little can I conceive of this infinite evil, as contrary to a holy God! Oh may I ſee more and more of it, that it may humble me continually before a holy, ſin-hating God. Let me never have another proud thought ariſe; but ever reflect on my hateful defilement, my contrariety to God. Oh may the ſad and dreadful remains of indwelling ſin keep me low before God, and make Chriſt infinitely precious, as the Lamb of God, who takes away the ſins of the world.

I was led this night to query, why I am no more ſanctified? Since God's word declares, *This is his will, even your ſanctification;* and for this Chriſt died, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himſelf a peculiar people, zealous of good works. It is alſo his command; *Be ye perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect*—again: *Follow holineſs.* And for this he prayed the Father: *Sanctify them through thy truth;* and he ſaid the Father always heard him. For this cauſe he gave his Spirit; and it is the will and work of the Spirit to ſanctify all that believe. Why am I then no more ſanctified? Am I born of God, and yet partake no more of his holineſs? Am I united to Chriſt, as a member to the head, or a branch to the vine, and yet no more like him? What reaſon ſhall I aſſign? Do I believe theſe declarations which God has made? Surely God is true, and muſt be; and yet why am I not more holy? This then muſt be the reaſon; *For theſe things,* ſaith he, *I will be enquired of, to do them.* Then, ſurely then, the fault is in me. I have not ſought God for the ſanctifying operations of his Spirit: I have not wreſtled, as became one of his redeemed ones; as one who had permiſſion to ſue for them, in and through Jeſus Chriſt, the great Mediator. I have not laid it enough to heart. I have not been duly ſenſible of the worth of theſe things. Oh my baſe, ſlothful, negligent ſoul, complain no more; but ariſe and wreſtle, till thou obtain as great degrees of holineſs, as ever mortal did, or could.

Nov. —. Oh bleſſed be God, that he condeſcends to take me near himſelf, and commune with vile, unworthy me, after all my backſlidings and wanderings from him; and notwithſtanding the oppoſition I meet with from ſatan, and my wicked heart. Oh the horrid nature of ſin! Verily it is the worſt of the worſt of all things. Sin now appears exceeding ſinful, extremely odious, as defiling, contrary to a holy God. Chriſt, the Lamb of God, who takes away the ſin of the world; not only the power, but pollution; not only the guilt, but the filth, is moſt precious and lovely. Bleſſed be God for Jeſus Chriſt! Precious, oh precious Lord and Saviour, Prophet, Prieſt and King! How ſweet is it thus to draw near to God, and find him near to my ſoul! Oh for a perfect nearneſs, never more to ceaſe! I know heaven is my home; for I long to get there, where my treaſure, my heart, and my hopes are already. I know it is the land of promiſe; for theſe cluſters are the foretaſte, pledges, and earneſt of my inheritance. This, this communion with God is the dawn of glory, and the anticipation of eternal life.

January 31, 1755. I have been all this week trying to ſpend a day, or part of a day, with God in ſecret; but every day has had its neceſſary incumbrance, clog and hindrance. Laſt night had ſome glimſe of light, peace, joy, and confidence in God; but it was ſoon gone. This day I have ſet myſelf to prayer, and reviewing my various experiences, if poſſible to give a turn to my mind;

but I ſcarcely know what I am about. My head is pained, confuſed and bewildered, ſo that I get loſt. My heart, I know not what it is. I always found it wicked; but I have little humbling ſenſe of it now. I tell God that I am as vile a wretch as ever lived; but I am not affected with it. I tell him, I want none but him; that he is the only real good; but I feel no realizing ſenſe of his divine, infinite excellence. I believe theſe things, becauſe I once felt the power of them; and not becauſe I now ſee. My eyes run down with tears, while I expreſs theſe things, before my more ſtupid heart is affected. Oh what a ſoul have I! The members and organs of my body are more affected than that; my tongue to complain, my eyes to weep!

Feb. 1ſt. I was forced from thoſe duties yeſterday; my bodily illneſs encreaſing, ſo that I was ſcarcely able to hold up my head. And this day I find myſelf ſo diſordered, that I can attend on no duty with any fixed engagedneſs. Well, my God! I am thine. Let me not repine; but quietly bear thy hand.—*At night.* Bleſſed be God for nearer acceſs, and enlargement in prayer, with two or three chriſtian friends, this afternoon; and ſome freedom this night, though attended with bodily diſorders. Oh when will the happy day of releaſe arrive!

July 3d, 1755. Faſt day. Much incumbered laſt night; unfit for preparation for the exerciſes of this day; and ſo awaked this morning, unſettled as to the particular duties of the day: yet God graciouſly afforded ſome near and lively acceſs to him, in prayer for Zion, both in public and private. My ſoul reached after God, and laid hold on the truth, faithfulneſs, and almighty power of Jehovah, and head of the church. Sure

I am, without a ſcruple, that I prefer Jeruſalem to my chief joy. I almoſt forget my own private and ſpiritual concerns, only as they ſtand in relation to, and are included in, the proſperity of Zion. If Chriſt has a church in the world, and they are all united together, as members in the body, and united to Chriſt, as their head, I ſurely feel the inſeparable union, beyond all the ties of nature, or laws of common friendſhip. Strong influence, powerful efficacy! Weary and ſpent in family and ſecret duties at night. Oh frail and faultering fleſh; when ſhall I get free!

Feb. 5th, 1757. A ſweet morning! My ſoul engaged with God in prayer, for myſelf, the whole world, the proteſtant nations, our nation and land, the whole church, all the miniſters, particular miniſters and chriſtian friends. Sweet acceſs, bleſſed freedom, through Jeſus Chriſt, God-Man, my glorious Mediator. Oh how ſweet is ſuch a ſeaſon; though my ſpirits were exhauſted, and unfit for other duties.

Some ſenſe of divine things at noon; but not ſo engaged: more broken in my thoughts. Sent for to viſit a dear, ſick chriſtian friend, and had ſome ſweet chriſtian converſation. Felt ſtraitened at night, and not well. Endeavoured ſolemnly to renew my covenant; and truſt I was clear, fixed and hearty in the dedication and conſecration of my whole ſelf, body and ſoul, and every member, power or faculty; all I am, and all I have; every intereſt or concern, temporal, ſpiritual and eternal: yea, I think there was not the leaſt reſerve; not the leaſt iota, but was ſolemnly given up to God. All that my engaged ſoul could comprehend or apprehend, that did or could relate to me, was heartily committed to God; and I truſt I was enabled as cordially, and as unreſervedly, to embrace the Father, Son, and holy Spirit, as my everlaſting portion. Yea, I truſt I did embrace the whole Trinity, for all that I could conceive or apprehend an infinite God could be or do to or for me, for time and eternity, for ſoul or body. And thus I am the Lord's. I am the Lord's only, ſolely, and forever: and I rejoice in this diſpoſal of myſelf. Thus the Lord is mine; and I boaſt and glory in my portion. And now, bleſſed be God for Jeſus Chriſt! What more can I ſay? Here, *here* I muſt dwell; bleſſed be God for Jeſus Chriſt!

Feb. 9th. Bleſſed be God! I truſt I do enjoy ſome ſweet communion with him in prayer, every ſeaſon, and have a ſweet reliſh of ſpiritual things on my heart, more or leſs, all the day; but cannot attain to deep, fixed, and ſolemn meditation. Since ſabbath day, my head is diſordered. It is well, bleſſed be God, that I am allowed a taſte. Thou art my center: here I would reſt, and long for the happy day of dear releaſe. Oh thou bleſſed portion of my ſoul, draw me, and I will run after thee! When thou giveſt me ſtrength and nearneſs, I reſolve, through grace, to follow hard after thee: but when thou doſt weaken my ſtrength in the way, I will wait and hope, look and love; and ſay, Thou doſt all things well.

Lord, I now find that creatures cannot ſatisfy. Thou only art my dear delight. Oh the ſweetneſs of religion! Its ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all its paths are peace. I find, I feel the yoke of Chriſt is eaſy, and his burden light. Oh happy ſoul, who has enliſted under this bleſſed Captain, and has entered into his ſervice. Bleſſed be God, I truſt I do know, experimentally, that they have great peace, who love thy law: and with this let me lay me down, and ſleep; for thou ſhalt keep me!

Feb. 19*th.* Enjoyed ſome fixedneſs and refreſhment, yeſterday morning: the reſt of the day abroad with the ſick. Bleſſed be God, that I can be any comfort or help to the afflicted and helpleſs. Compoſed and refreſhed, laſt night: more wandering and hurried this morning. Went again to viſit the ſick; found my ſick friend dying in diſtreſs, and begged me to pray for her. She prayed for herſelf—"For a Chriſt; oh for a Chriſt! For the precious blood of Chriſt to be applied to my ſoul! No blood of bulls or of goats could ſave; but the precious blood of Chriſt. Mercy, Lord, mercy, Lord!" And ſo ſhe died. Oh may this affecting ſcene make an abiding impreſſion on my ſoul! Oh the importance of a dying hour; when time is cloſing and eternity opening! What but Chriſt can then afford the leaſt comfort or ſupport! This hope my friend had. I cannot but hope ſhe fell aſleep in Jeſus. If her faith was weak, her paſſage was eaſy; ſhe died like a lamb, at laſt.

Oh how much wiſdom and goodneſs has God ſhowed to me, that I was here: the more ſo, becauſe it was a family which had appeared much prejudiced againſt me, ever ſince I made a profeſſion of religion, till of late. And now I had an opportunity to magnify my profeſſion, by being kind, and doing good, not only to the ſick; but to a dear relative of hers, who had caſt my name out as evil. Oh that I might be able thus to requite all who abuſe me! What a chriſtian love and harmony is between us now! And now, I would make this improvement of this providence —Never to reſent any injury; but leave it with God to vindicate me: and it will then always turn out well. I would alſo improve this providence to prepare for my own diſſolution. Die I muſt; but when, and under what circumſtances, thou only knoweſt: nor is it much matter, ſo that I be found in Chriſt. Oh my ſoul, thou haſt this dying work to do: thou haſt this dark, unknown valley to paſs: thou haſt this king of terrors to encounter! Art thou prepared? Can thy faith, can thy preſent hopes bear thee out? Thou art often longing for the bleſſed viſion of God; but oh what will be thy frame, when death, grim, ghaſtly death, ſtares thee in the face, and holds thee in his iron jaws, while the piercing cries of dear relatives ſtrike through thy tender fond heart? Oh death, I have not known thee! I have not yet paſſed through thy territory: I cannot mark the gloomy way. But my Chriſt, my captain and guide has; and having him with me, I cannot miſcarry. Then it ſhall be my renewed care to have him really and ſenſibly with me, both in life and death.

March 12*th*. Was awaked by the cry of fire, juſt by us, as the day dawned. Soon felt much diſordered: not enlarged in reading or in meditation. Felt ſerious; but could not get near my God in prayer, for ſome time. Unable to ſtrive, or draw out my ſoul to God; yet remembered my yeſterday's frame, and was unwilling to leave the duty, without ſome communion with him. And, bleſſed be God, I began to feel ſome deſire and drawings of my ſoul; and cloſed with them, until, I truſt, I enjoyed ſweet, intimate communion with the Lord, through Jeſus Chriſt, my dear Redeemer. My paſſions were much moved; and I knew there was ſome degree of bodily diſorders working in my frame; yet, I truſt, there was the diſtinct exerciſe of grace. I longed for the grace of faith and humility. Oh how did I long to lie in the duſt, and live on God for every mercy; to be nothing, and Chriſt all; to be broken off from all dependance ſhort of him; to ſit under his table, and be fed with the crumbs which fall from it.

I felt no deſires after great proſperity, or high joys. As to temporals, I was willing, yea, I think, deſirous to receive all by morſels and crumbs, as I thought it was the will of God I ſhould: only I deſired that he would feed me. And as to ſpirituals, I rather deſired to take deep root, than to flouriſh: a humble, child-like temper appeared moſt deſirable. I truſt I heartily choſe conformity to God, before comfort; humility, holineſs, rather than joy. Surely I had acceſs to the throne of grace. But my ſtrength has failed; and I have been exceedingly diſordered all the day ſince. Come, Lord Jeſus, oh come and finiſh thy work! Let heaven ſucceed.—Some refreſhment this night; but not enlarged as uſual, for the church, or the approaching ſabbath.

May 27th. God has been graciouſly pleaſed, for theſe ſeveral days, to draw out my ſoul for Zion. I have begun my prayer with ſome petitions for myſelf; but my thoughts have turned on Zion, and I have ſcarcely thought of myſelf any more, only as a member of Zion, and a partaker, with the whole body, of every bleſſing. Oh how has God enlarged my ſoul, and held me up to wreſtle with him on Zion's behalf, until my nerves have been ſo ſtrained, that the back part of my head and neck have been ſo ſwelled and ſore, that I could ſcarcely move it; and have been obliged to take to my bed, from my knees! After which, I have thought it my duty to deſiſt from any cloſe exerciſe of mind, until I have recovered: and then I have found the ſame gracious aſſiſtance.—Oh how good is God, that he will allow a poor polluted worm of the duſt to ſpeak to him, who is the High and Lofty One, inhabiting eternity! It has ſometimes been ſuggeſted, that I ſhould ſtrain my head ſo that diſtraction would follow: but though this be an affliction, which of all evils, except ſin, I apprehend the ſoreſt, and from which I moſt reluct; yet I have been enabled, I truſt, ſweetly to commit myſelf to God; and could truſt even a diſtracted body and mind to the care and protection of my heavenly Father. This, though more to be dreaded than death, I felt diſpoſed to ſubmit to, truſting my all in the hands of a faithful God, who has excited theſe moſt ardent deſires for his glory, and the proſperity of his church; and has engaged my ſoul to wreſtle for bleſſings on his church and people, in a manner unaccountable to me; and why, I knew not: but by the event, I have been confirmed that the ſecrets of the Lord are with them that fear him; and to them he will ſhow his covenant. Yea, notwithſtanding all my inward conflicts, and the accuſations of ſatan againſt me, I have been encouraged. If I had regarded iniquity in my heart, God would not hear me: but verily God hath heard me; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer. Oh amazing condeſcenſion!

June 26, 1757. Very heavy this morning. Lay in bed too late. Had but little time or heart for ſecret duties. Went up to God's ſanctuary: felt ſomewhat ſerious and engaged in public duties; more lively at noon, in company; but not ſo fixed this afternoon. Came home: felt little compoſure for prayer. I tried to read and meditate; but found I did but trifle: could no way get my mind fixed; but time ran to waſte. I reſolved to go to God for a ſuitable frame; to ſpend ſome time in prayer for dear Zion, our nation and land. Felt great oppoſition from ſatan, and my own heart; diſcouraging ſuggeſtions, as though I had no warrant to be importunate with God for our nation and land: but I urged, that God had commanded us to pray, and to give him no reſt, till he eſtabliſh, and till he make Jeruſalem a praiſe in the earth; that even when he forbad Moſes to pray for his people, to teſtify his anger, yet he graciouſly heard, and manifeſted his approbation of Moſes, his zeal and fervency. I confeſſed my own infinite unworthineſs to open my mouth, and the unworthineſs of our guilty nation of any mercy. I acknowledged his infinite juſtice and righteouſneſs, ſhould he utterly and forever reject us, and make us a heap and deſolation. I lamented the general ſtupidity which had ſeized the whole nation, and that we appeared to be a people ripe for ſudden and awful deſtruction; to be given up into the hands of our enemies; that they ſhould enter, not only into our borders, but into our bowels; that our nation and land ſhould become a reproach among the heathen, and the ſcorn and triumph of our antichriſtian enemies. But, then, what would God do for his own great name? Had he not ſaid that thus and thus he would do with Iſrael, were it not that he feared the wrath of the enemy, and that their adverſaries ſhould behave themſelves ſtrangely; and leſt they ſhould ſay, Our hand is high, and the Lord hath not done all this? I pleaded, that he who was infinitely above all fear or reſtraint from men or devils, had thus condeſcended to give us arguments to plead with him: but if he was fixed in his purpoſe to deſtroy us, as a nation, yet I pleaded his promiſe to his church—That the gates of hell ſhould not prevail againſt it; that he would ſend his goſpel into the dark corners of the earth, and yet have a peculiar people; and that his name might ſtill be glorified in the earth.

I adored his ſovereignty, acknowledged his juſtice, and, I truſt, ſubmitted to his hand; and again was ſtrengthened to plead for the nations of the reformation, our nation and land, until a moſt violent pain ſeized the nerves of my head, which were much ſtrained, and forced me for ſome moments to deſiſt. However, my ſoul now being engaged, I made another attempt to continue; but was ſeized with ſuch extreme ſickneſs, as took away all my ſtrength, and almoſt life. Cold and helpleſs I lay, while nature ſtruggled hard for life. And I am much thoughtful whether there be not ſome of the agency of ſatan in theſe turns, as I find hard inward conflicts, ſatan ſtrongly reſiſting me, when engaged for dear Zion. Almoſt all my engagedneſs, and acceſs to God, of late, has been for Zion: and for about two weeks, I have not once had lively acceſs, but I have been broken up by a ſudden turn of bodily diſorders, though I have been able to attend other duties, with fixedneſs and attention; beſides, a great variety of inward temptations. Yet oh, may God but hold me wreſtling for his dear cauſe and intereſt: may I but prevail with him by faith, through Jeſus the glorious Redeemer, for his dear church; here I am, at his wiſe and gracious diſpoſals of me: only, may he be my ſtrength and ſtay. Lord, I know thou doſt not need me, nor my poor prayers: it is only by thee that I am allowed to open my unworthy, polluted lips. Lord, it is infinite condeſcenſion in thee, that thou wilt ſuffer me to take thy ſacred name on my unhallowed tongue.

Wedneſday, June 29, 1759. This day, roſe early, and improved my time, that I might be prepared for the hour from ſeven until eight. I then addreſſed the throne of grace for public bleſſings; was enlarged in confeſſing and lamenting the national ſins and guilt, till the hour was expired. Alas, what a few of the many particulars thereof can be enumerated in one hour. I ſeemed but to touch on them in the time. Good God, what a world of iniquity is this! I know not where to begin, nor where to end, in the enumeration of our ſins. What infinite patience has borne with ſuch vile rebels as we! Lord, what a world is this! What a den of unclean beasts; what a ſink of ſin; what an inhoſpitable wilderneſs have thy dear ſaints, who live now, to paſs through, in their way home! Oh relieve their pain; alleviate their thirſt, by ſome kind cordial, ſome foretaſte and pledge of their heavenly inheritance.—Continued in prayer, till ſtrength and ſpirits failed.

Thurſday, June 30*th*. This being the laſt Thurſday in the month; a day which ſome pious perſons have devoted to prayer for the proſperity of Zion, our nation and land; and on which is our lecture; I would obſerve it, as far as my health and my circumſtances would allow.

Enjoyed ſome freedom in prayer. Read Britain's Remembrancer. Was ready to ſay, from a view of our aggravated guilt, It is a gone caſe with our nation! God will ſhow us, by his judgments, what we would not learn by his mercies. Went up to God's houſe; heard his word; and hope I had ſome ſenſe of divine things. Returned home, with deſire to enjoy God in ſecret; where I ſet myſelf to meditate, and examine, in order to prepare for the holy ſupper: and to leave the concerns of Zion and our nation and land for after meditation and prayer. After ſome ſerious examination, I attempted to pray; endeavouring to confine myſelf to my own caſe: but while I was wreſtling with God for grace and large communications at his table, to preſerve me in this evil, ſinful time, my deſire would enlarge for the ſame grace for all his dear ſaints, who were travelling the ſame pilgrimage, hungry, and hard beſtead, groaning under the ſame evils that attended me. I had a lively ſenſe of the ſin and guilt of our nation and land. While pleading for them, I had ſuch a ſenſe of the injury done to the divine name and law, by their ſin, and of the reaſonableneſs that the divine Being ſhould ariſe, and vindicate his injured attributes againſt rebellious worms, though he ſhould utterly conſume them; and ſuch ardent deſires for his glory, that I freely gave up the nation and land to the will of God. The language of my ſoul was, "Lord, ſpare us, if thou wilt redeem us; but I cannot wiſh we ſhould be ſpared to revolt any more. Thy glory is infinitely more dear to me than any thing elſe; and I freely ſacrifice all to that. But oh, if it be thy will, take me from the evil to come; and let me not ſee the evil that will come on this people; but this with ſubmiſſion to the divine will."

Oh what a precious ſeaſon was this! How ardent were my deſires for every member of Chriſt's body; how did I feel the unity of the ſpirit; and how earneſt for ſparing mercy for our nation and land! What a lively ſenſe of the diſhonour done to the glorious attributes of God, by our ſins; what a holy revenge againſt ſin, and humble ſubmiſſion to the divine will; what a hearty conſent, that God ſhould vindicate his injured name and laws! Oh how ſweetly compoſed, and ſwallowed up, was my ſoul, in the glory of that beſt of Beings, whom I ſaw infinitely juſt and righteous, and yet infinitely affronted, abuſed and contemned, by deſpicable worms of the duſt! Oh how was I able to caſt all my cares and burdens, public and private, national and perſonal, upon this beſt of Beings! How is my ſoul now at reſt in God! Bleſſed, forever bleſſed be God, for this ſeaſon of ſweet communion with him! Though ſpent in body, yet ſweet peace in mind.

January 17, 1761. My head has been much diſordered this week; yet, thanks be to God, I truſt it has been better with me than in the laſt week. I hope ſome ſweet acceſs for myſelf, and the dear afflicted church to which I belong. Felt a tender ſympathy with my dear paſtor; begged direction, and wrote a letter to him this day. May the Lord bleſs it! I have devoted my pen to him; and what he ſhall aſſiſt to write, *that* I commit to his bleſſing. I know I have but little faculty, at preſent, for writing; but if God delight in me, he can aſſiſt and bleſs: if not, here I am; let the Lord do as ſeemeth good to him.

I have this week been ready to think I ſhould be exerciſed with ſome ſharp trials, from the frame of my mind; for when I have endeavoured to realize the moſt ſore and trying affliction coming on me, I have rather embraced, than drawn back; becauſe I believed, if God called me thereto, I ſhould ſee his ſalvation. And oh, communion with God is all I can wiſh. I am weary of life. Oh for conformity to God, and enjoyment of him! At preſent, I ſeem to have no hopes or fears about the world: if God will but ſanctify and ſatisfy my ſoul, it is enough. Oh my God, my God, thine I am! Take me into thine own merciful and gracious hands: ſubdue every luſt: conform me to thy bleſſed law: reſign me to thy ſovereign will: delight thou in me: make me to delight in thee, and it is all; I have no requeſt, beyond this. Lord, if thou ſeeſt me ſlighting temporal bleſſings, oh correct this error; for I know I am abſolutely dependent on thee. Conformity and communion with thee, appears the one, the only one thing needful. With thy ſmiles, I can be happy on a dunghill, or in a dungeon: without thee, I muſt be miſerable in a palace. Oh hold not my ſoul at a diſtance from thyſelf, thou only beſt of Beings, thou center of my ſoul, thou end of all my wiſhes! Thou art the boundleſs bound of immortal deſire. My God, my God! The fathomleſs ocean of delight; it is thine own infinite dignity to be ſelf-ſufficient and independent: and it is my higheſt felicity to be dependent and inſufficient; but in an all-ſufficient God, through an all-ſufficient and glorious Mediator. Here, *here* let my ſoul forever reſt; and all my wiſhes, all my hopes, be forever fixed.

April 4th. Thanks be God, I have enjoyed more peace and tranquillity of mind this week, than for a long time. I awaked on monday morning from dreams which had a tendency to diſtract my fancy; but, bleſſed, forever bleſſed be God, ſome ſenſe of his perfections ſtayed my ſoul: and I have ſeen ſuch a fulneſs here, as made me willing to relinquiſh all hopes or expectations from the world, for ſuch diſcoveries. Here I found a ſolid, rational ſatisfaction, beyond what all this world can give. I felt myſelf at once weaned from it; and God only a ſuitable good. Here the iſſue was ſtaunched; and here my ſoul reſted. This, I found, was the cauſe of my former weanedneſs from the world, the diſcoveries I then had of the perfections of God, the tranſcendant glories of the divine nature, and the foretaſte I then had of heaven. I now felt reconciled to a weak, ſickly body, which of late I had ſo dreaded, if it might be a mean of ſhutting my eyes to the world, and opening them on God and eternity. I felt indifferent; yea, reluctant, to the pleaſures and amuſements of life, and reconciled to the trials of it: nor have daily occurrences made any great impreſſions on my mind. But I find my views abate: oh Lord, revive them!

October 17*th.* Thanks be to God, this night my deſires were ſo enlarged, and I had ſo much to ſay, that I knew not how to leave off, even when bodily ſtrength was exhauſted. Oh what a good God have I! What a good maſter do I ſerve, in whoſe ſervice is great delight. I have devoted myſelf to him: oh may I be devoted to the ſervice of the ſanctuary; a conſecrated veſſel, though of the meaneſt uſe! Here I am, oh Lord. Set me apart for thyſelf. Wilt thou condeſcend to take me into thy ſervice? Though I miniſter not publicly before the Lord, in holy things; yet fain would I be devoted to the ſervice of the ſanctuary, in ſecret, ſolemn, and fervent ſupplication. Eſpecially, may I conſecrate myſelf, and the ſaturday night, and ſabbath day, for this ſervice of his ſanctuary; that his gracious preſence, aſſiſtance and influences, may be granted to all his churches. God ſeems to be inclining my heart to this public ſervice, in a private, ſecret way: and bleſſed be his name, who is inclining my heart to forſake every falſe way, and to greater endeavours to perfect holineſs, in his fear. Oh my God, thou knoweſt my ſincerity! Accept and improve me; for I am thine. But oh bear my expences;

furniſh and ſupply me for, and in the ſervice. I know thou wilt get nothing by me; yet, oh boundleſs grace, fulfil my humble, but bold requeſt. Lord, I truſt my eyes are not lofty, nor my heart haughty, when I beg to be improved in the ſervice of thy ſanctuary. I feel diſpoſed to bring the caſes of God's people, mentioned in public, into private, ſecret prayers. Oh that God would ſet me apart for himſelf! But oh, let me not forget the duties of the private ſtation, in which God has placed me. I have many relative duties incumbent on me, which I am too apt to forget, neglect, or perform too ſuperficially. Oh let me not now, under pretence of more extraordinary ſervices, overlook theſe: but let me now, while I am offering myſelf to the ſervice of the ſanctuary, devoting myſelf to God, and waiting on him for the ſpirit of prayer and ſupplication, be ſetting myſelf to ſtudy my ſeveral relations in life, and the duties of each.

November 4, 1761. Nineteen years ago, this day,* I gave myſelf up to God, in a public, ſolemn covenant, and ſwore allegiance to Jeſus, as my only rightful Lord and King, and vowed ſubmiſſion to him. Oh what a barren fig-tree have I been in thy vineyard! I bluſh, and am aſhamed of my wretched unfaithfulneſs, under all thy rich cultivations. When ſhall I be tranſplanted under thy immediate ſun-beams, where there is not one barren and unfruitful? Oh that the enſuing year might place me in the paradiſe of my God, to go no more out forever. Methinks my warfare is nearly at an end. Come, Lord Jeſus, oh come quickly!

November 5th. I ſtrove to ſpend laſt evening ſolemnly with God; but attained to nothing more than hard conflicts. This day, on which I am *thirty-five* years old, I would fain have ſpent in humble confeſſion, devout adoration, and in ſelf-dedication; but bodily diſorders have prevented: nor could I attain to that cheerful, hearty ſubmiſſion I ought, and deſired to exerciſe. Oh God, few and evil indeed have been the days of my pilgrimage. It has afforded me ſome ſtrength this night by reflecting, that the great Captain of my ſalvation has conquered ſin and ſatan; that there ever was, and will be enmity between the ſeed of the woman, and the ſeed of the ſerpent; that Chriſt ever knew the ſtrong oppoſition ſatan would make; and therefore conquered him for all his elect: yet, as Chriſt was made perfect through ſufferings, ſo muſt every child taſte of the cup. Satan's enmity is againſt Chriſt himſelf, to diſtreſs and deſtroy his intereſt as much as poſſible: but he ſhall never prevail. Chriſt will maintain his throne, though earth and hell oppoſe. He has conquered, and will defeat the powers of darkneſs; and not one of his members ſhall be hurt. Oh my Redeemer, what ſupport does this afford my poor ſoul! And will not he, who has preſerved me theſe five and thirty years, ſtill preſerve? But oh, have I attained to only half the years of human life? How does this damp my ſoul! Oh cut ſhort the tedious days: but let them be well improved. Gracious Redeemer, when I reflect on the amazing conflicts I have had, I am ready to ſay, Why has ſuch a reed been ſet up as a mark for ſatan's rage? But, I truſt thou wilt hereby ordain praiſe to thy victorious, all-conquering power and grace. Sure I am, didſt thou not keep me by thy almighty power, I had long before now fallen a prey into the teeth of this devouring lion. Glorious Redeemer, leave me not: for the moment thou doſt leave me, I fall a ſacrifice to the malice and craft of this ſerpent. I am amazed at the vigilance of ſatan! If he cannot terrify, he will allure. If he cannot gain his end himſelf, he will take unto him ſeven, yea a legion of other ſpirits: and if ſpirits prevail not, men ſhall be uſed as inſtruments to carry on his deſigns, by frowns or by flatteries. Methinks, if ever I get to heaven, I ſhall be a miracle of power and grace: but hitherto thou haſt preſerved me. Through thy grace I have ſtood the ſiege of five and thirty years; ſome times enabled to ſally out under thee, the great Captain of my ſalvation, and put the enemy to flight: at other times they have been ſuffered to approach near the walls, and made great breaches. Oh how often have I been brought into deep waters, where I could find no place for my feet: at other times thou haſt led me through Jordan; and I have, as it were, taken ſtones out of the bottom, while my feet have ſtood on dry ground. Thus haſt thou led me five and thirty years to this day: and here I am, a living monument of thy power and goodneſs. Oh furniſh me with greater degrees of grace; and haſten my eſcape from Sodom. I have waited for thy ſalvation: When ſhall my ſoul be ſatisfied with thy favour, which is my life? When ſhall theſe ſhadows flee away; oh when ſhall it be all bright, immortal day, without a ſetting ſun forever?

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* She now reckons according to the alteration from old style to new.

November 8*th*. Sabbath day. Hard ſtruggle with ſatan and a diſordered body laſt night and this day. Bleſſed be God, attained ſome attention and engagedneſs in his houſe this morning, after much wandering and diſcouragement: but all my hope is in God. Paſt ſins and failings are ſatan's bait, (and I am perſuaded he is permitted to charge me with unknown faults:) theſe I would lament, and fly to Jeſus for pardon and cleanſing; but not be diſcouraged, ſince Jeſus ever lives my glorious advocate above. I know ſin and ſatan would fain ſeparate me from Chriſt Jeſus, my Lord; but ſince he has promiſed ſin ſhall not, in its guilt, blemiſh or ſpot the juſtification of his people, which is complete in him; ſo I ought not to let it ſeparate from his conſolations, by its diſcouraging influence on me.

Rouſe up, oh my ſoul; fly, cling to thy Redeemer, who delights in thoſe who hope in his mercy. I have truſted, and ſhall never be aſhamed. I have committed my everlaſting all into his faithful hands. I daily renew my truſt and confidence in him. I have given up myſelf, and my all to him. I am at his diſpoſal, and count it all my happineſs to be for him, and no other. One thing, and only one thing, as firſt and ſupreme, have I deſired; and that do I diligently ſeek after: To glorify God and enjoy him. I am determined for nothing elſe, and none elſe but God. Maſter! I love thee and thy ſervice, and will not conſent to leave it. I have renewed my ſolemn choice, and am endeavouring to put far from me every iniquity, as I hate every falſe way, and practiſe every known duty. I truſt I am now actually engaged to lay aſide every weight, and the ſins which moſt eaſily beſet me. Let the Lord do to me what ſeemeth good to him. Let him give proſperity, or adverſity, comfort or diſtreſs; I am determined, by his grace, to follow hard after him; to endeavour after an entire ſubmiſſion to all his diſpenſations, a cordial compliance with every known duty, a firm and reſolute reſiſtance of every ſinful deſire, or temptation. It is meet to be ſaid to God, I have borne chaſtiſement, I will offend no more. Oh may his grace be ſufficient, and his ſtrength made perfect in my weakneſs! If God afford light, peace and joy, I ſhall go on my way rejoicing: but if farther trials and conflicts await me, let him lead and guide me. I am his, and at his diſpoſal. Let me never repine, ſo he do but glorify himſelf in me. What though I be brought by ways I know not, and led in paths that I have not known; yet he hath promiſed to make darkneſs light, and crooked things ſtraight, and not forſake. Amen, and amen! Oh God, thy word is enough; thy promiſe is a ſufficient ſecurity.

November 25th. Oh my everlaſting immutable refuge! When wilt thou appear for my relief? I am under no apprehenſion of an eternal ſeparation. But why hideſt thou thy comforting, quickening face, at this time, while devils and inward luſts vex and diſtract my ſoul? How are my ſtrength and heart broken with theſe fiery conflicts! All my hope is in thee. Oh let me not be aſhamed of my confidence. It has been my long boaſted triumph, that I never came before thy throne, and found thee loth to hear; that I always found thee a God ready at hand, in times of need; and while I was yet ſpeaking thou didſt anſwer. But why doſt thou now ſeem to ſhut thine eyes and ears at my diſtreſs? Lord, thou knoweſt I hate theſe luſts and corruptions. I long for nothing ſo much as entire conformity to thee; a cordial and abſolute ſubjection to thy ſovereign will: and this makes the conflict with all that oppoſe. Lord, here I am. Fulfil the whole good pleaſure of thy grace in me, and the work of faith with power. Complete what thou haſt begun and art doing, however diſtreſſing. I am thine; make me what thou wilt have me to be. Spare not the rod to ſpoil thy child. Thou beſt knoweſt what is good for me. Father, I ſubmit. Let me not reluct: it is right thou ſhouldſt take thine own way. I glory in thine adorable ſovereignty. I would not for a thouſand worlds be left to my own choice. I had ruined myſelf eternally, long before now, if left to myſelf. I need hard things. I have an untoward, proud, ſtubborn heart, that needs bit and bridle, curb and ſpur, and the *laſh* too. Oh ſhameful, hateful character of a redeemed ſoul! Lord, never leave me, till thou haſt reduced me to a better temper; and then preſerve me in it, or I ſhall never keep it. I truſt I have a principle of real grace; but I cannot keep it; I cannot exerciſe it of myſelf: all my ſufficiency is of thee. Oh omnipotent Redeemer, maintain thy conqueſt! Thou haſt conquered me, ſin and ſatan; though they would fain rend me from thy almighty arms; but in thee do I truſt.

Feb. 1762. Bleſſed be God that my ſalvation is not in myſelf, nor from myſelf: but in Chriſt Jeſus is full redemption. Glory to God! All I want is in the Son of his love: and I have ſufficient warrant to come boldly, and take freely, all I want for myſelf, and give to God all I owe to him, out of this ſame fountain. Here I have wiſdom, righteouſneſs and ſanctification; and here I have redemption; the full price to plead with God. True, I have ſinned; but Chriſt has died. Here is my advocate. Look on my ſhield, the face of thine anointed, and turn not away from me. Oh my ſoul, ſink not into thyſelf: grovel not thus in thy own corruptions; but ſtretch thy thoughts to infinite fulneſs. Here is enough, and it is offered to thee: take it freely. God the Father, Son, and holy Spirit, bid thee come and welcome. Here I have enough, durable riches and righteouſneſs; enough for time and eternity. Spend freely, my ſoul; thou haſt goods laid up for endleſs years. Feaſt forever; the ſtores will never be exhauſted: fare ſumptuouſly every day: put freely on thy wedding garments: freely eat, and freely drink: there are dainties enough in my Father's houſe. Oh my ſoul, pinch not, pine not, when there is bread enough, and to ſpare; and wines on the lees, well refined. Here is infinite fulneſs, freely offered: God has prepared it for thee, and thou ſhalt ſoon be at the fountain head in glory. Let faith now fetch in large ſupplies, till thou ſhalt arrive where faith is turned into fruition.

June 6th. Attended public worſhip three times this day, and ſat down at Chriſt's table; but very much indiſpoſed in body and mind. I am perſuaded theſe diſorders are the attendants of this dark ſtate of things; but ſhall fly, as a fog before the ſun, when God ariſes to favour Zion. I live in the faith of this. Oh God, wilt thou *ſerve thyſelf by me?* What am I, or what can I do? Oh ſerve thyſelf by me; and then I ſhall anſwer the great end of my being. How ſweet is it now to me to think of God's ſerving himſelf by me! To this I now feel diſpoſed to give up all my comforts, all my wiſhes or deſires; and all ſeems centered here. Oh if this wiſe good God will but ſerve himſelf by me, it is the whole of my being: it is the higheſt dignity, the beſt employ, the deareſt lot in life. Being intereſted in thy ſpecial favour, through Chriſt, what more can I deſire, than that thou ſhouldſt ſerve thyſelf by me. Here I am, oh Lord, and have devoted all I am to thee and thy ſervice! Glorious privilege. Oh grant me this requeſt, in which I ſee ſuch unſpeakable delight;

and in which every deſire and wiſh ſeems anſwered, and every good implied; as to pleaſe and glorify thee is perfect felicity to me.

Sept. 4th. This night was enabled to cry to God, as the God of Zion, for help, under his awful withdrawings; ſenſible that none but he could help. I hope he did excite deſires, give ſtrength, and ſhow me my unworthineſs, who was but duſt and aſhes, a worm of the earth, to ſpeak unto the Majeſty of heaven: yet, under ſome ſenſe of his ſupporting influence, I was emboldened to wreſtle. I truſt he gave me ſome view of the dependance of all creatures and things on him, for life, being and motion; that as all things and creatures were created by him, ſo they were continually dependent upon him; that the higheſt angel in heaven, yea, all the thouſands, and thouſands of thouſands, the innumerable millions that ſurround the throne of God, both ſaints and angels, are dependent on him; with all the ſtars of heaven, and foundations of the earth; all the beaſts of the field, from behemoth, to the meaneſt reptile that crawls; all the fiſhes of the ſea, from leviathan, to the leaſt fiſh that inhabits the watery world; all the fowls of heaven, to the leaſt fly that traces the air: not only the animate, but the inanimate alſo, from the talleſt cedar and ſturdy oak, to the meaneſt reed or ruſh, or ſpire of graſs that grows; from the largeſt mountain, to the ſmalleſt atom; all are ſupported by his influence and energy. Joined to theſe, I ſaw the whole race of mortals that ever were, or ever ſhall be, ſupported, upheld and governed by this God, to whom I was now applying for his gracious aids and ſpiritual influences on the hearts of his people. How did my finite thoughts ſtretch to take in this numberleſs number of creation; and then the unbounded

Infinity, which ſuſtained, ſupported, ſupplied and governed them, out of his own infinite ſelf-ſufficiency! From my (yet too low) conception of this Being, and all theſe things, did I plead, that his dear ſaints might not be left as a barren heath, deſtitute of his life-giving influence. Oh in what extreme poverty and want did I behold Zion at this day, and cried out for the Lord God of Elijah, the God and Father of our Lord Jeſus, and the reſidue of the Spirit; that he would appear and bleſs his own inſtitutions, and manifeſt the power of his reſurrection, on the enſuing day of the Son of Man. I cried after a departing God.

Alas, what an awful time is this! Is not the Lord gone up from among us? Is not that glory that once filled the temple, ſcarce diſcernible, in its remoteſt part? Lord, ſhall not thy people cry after thee! Oh help, oh help, Lord God of our ſalvation! And while thou art thus ſuſtaining, influencing, and enlightening the natural world, as its creator and preſerver, oh let not the great Head of his church ſuſpend ſpiritual influences. Shouldſt thou withdraw thy ſuſtaining influence, creation ſinks into its primitive nothing: and ſhouldſt thou withdraw thy vital influence from thy church and children, they wither as a ſapleſs branch. Oh turn us to thee, and cauſe thy face to ſhine upon us, and we ſhall be ſaved!

Sept. 5th. Bleſſed be God, I truſt I had gracious acceſs this morning, for his preſence in his houſe. I may call it a good day; my ſoul was engaged. Entertained from Luke xvii. 5. *Lord, increaſe our faith.* Sweet, inſtructing and ſtrengthening truths. A word of reproof and comfort to me concerning Zion, that Zion's God reigns. Bleſſed be God for this ſabbath! I am willing it ſhould be my laſt; and endeavoured to hear, attend and improve, as my laſt. I truſt God was in this place; and did not leave himſelf without witneſs, that he is the exciter, inditer, the hearer and anſwerer of prayer. I viewed myſelf as paſſing off the ſtage of time, into boundleſs eternity: the things of time and ſenſe ſhrank into nothing. I was ſerious, and ſolemnly willing to put from this mortal ſhore.

Oh that thou wouldſt water the ſeed this day ſown, and give the increaſe. Oh my God, I cannot let thee go, unleſs thou wilt ariſe and bleſs Zion. I cannot ſee this evil on Zion, and hold my peace; cannot ſee this general and awful declenſion; cannot ſee this abounding profaneneſs and immorality; this amazing blindneſs, ſtupidity and ſecurity, and be unconcerned. I cannot hear the complaints of thy dear children, and feel the ſame cauſe in myſelf, and yet be ſilent. Oh thou God of Zion, ariſe! Oh thou Almighty Arm, awake! Doſt thou not ſee; and doſt thou not regard? Oh thou who art jealous for thy name and worſhip, doſt thou not behold thine aſſemblies? How heavy, dull, dark and wandering, thine own children are; how ſtupid, ſecure, careleſs and vain, ſinners are? Oh, is not thy worſhip, which ought to be lively, ſpiritual and holy, degenerated, in moſt of thy churches, to mere bodily exerciſes? I fear there is not one ſoul at this day, in all thy churches, that worſhips thee as thou waſt worſhipped in primitive times. How is the gold become dim! What deadneſs, what blindneſs have overſpread us!

Once I was greatly engaged for Zion, on account of outward circumſtances; but I ſeem ſcarcely to think of that now, under her moſt melancholy ſpiritual dangers. I fear God is about to ſay, Let her that is filthy, be filthy ſtill. Oh for that reſt which remains to thy people! Oh ſhow me thy glory! If I may not ſee more of thee here, oh take me to heaven! My God, my God, thou knoweſt that I love thee above all things elſe. Let me not deſpiſe the bounties of thy providence: but take me near to thyſelf. Doſt thou not know my deſire is after thee; does not every wiſh center in thee; doſt thou not fill all my thoughts? Is not the whole bent of my thoughts, from my firſt waking, to my laſt, after thee? Do I not purſue thee all the day? Oh let nothing turn me aſide, till I find thee. Let neither riches, pleaſures, nor honours, nor all the beſt enjoyments of earth, ſtay my purſuit, or amuſe my ſoul for a moment.

September 7th. Thanks be to God, though I am perfect weakneſs, yet I have Omnipotence to reſt on; though I am ignorant as a beaſt, and have no knowledge, yet I have infinite wiſdom to apply to. And this God has ſaid, *To thoſe who have no might, he increaſeth ſtrength—I will inſtruct and teach thee in the way thou ſhalt go—I will guide thee by mine eye—Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he ſhall direct thy path.* Amen and amen! Fulfil thy word unto thy handmaid; the word on which thou haſt cauſed me to reſt.

Bleſſed be God for heart's eaſe by prayer; and heart-ſtrength, by emptying itſelf into infinite fulneſs. Oh happy momens, when this finite vapour ſhall aſcend to infinite fulneſs, and be fed and nouriſhed by ſubſtantial realities; this bubble ſwim in the infinite ocean; this drop of the bucket be moſt ſenſibly encircled in the everlaſting fountain; and this ſingle particle of the duſt of the balance, be a pillar in the temple of my God! Oh when, my God, ſhall darkneſs and diſtance vaniſh; when ſhall my heaven commence; when my God ſhall be all and in all; the perfection of being and excellency, my everlaſting, conſummate bliſs? I received my being from thee, and ſhall never be happy but in thee. I enjoy myſelf only in reaching and ſtretching into thy fulneſs. Glory to thy name, for this moſt wiſe, moſt juſt, moſt gracious way of ſalvation by Jeſus Chriſt; and ſanctification by the bleſſed Spirit; this union with God; and this transformation into thine image! What ſhall hinder my everlaſting communion with thee, ſince I am brought nigh by the blood of thy Son, and in ſome meaſure conformed to thee, by the bleſſed Spirit? I have committed my everlaſting all to Jeſus Chriſt; have come in on the terms of the goſpel; and fled for refuge to the hope ſet before me. I eſteem all thy precepts, concerning all things, to be right; and hate every falſe way: and neither wiſh nor ſeek any good, in earth or heaven, but the fulleſt enjoyment of God, and all that is implied in this.

September 8th. Bleſſed be God for that gracious acceſs he allows me; though, for the moſt part, when I begin prayer, I know not what to ſay, or aſk, as though I had no words or deſires: but glory to the bleſſed Spirit, who ordinarily helps my infirmities, and engages my heart. This night it came to my turn to pray with his dear handmaids: but oh, I knew not what to ſay; and a pain in the head ſeemed to unfit me. I dare not refuſe, though I expected great ſtraitneſs. I begged aſſiſtance, yet feared the deſire might riſe from pride; and therefore, I hope, ſubmitted to God. But oh, how gracious was God to me! What kind acceſs; what deſires did he put into my heart, and arguments into my mouth! I ſeemed to find a child-like freedom and confidence: my requeſts were chiefly for Zion, the glory of God, the intereſt of Chriſt, the ſalvation of ſouls, and the ſtrength and refreſhment of ſaints. Surely the bleſſed God put ſtrength in me, that I might plead with him. Methinks God was in this place, and I truſt others could ſay ſo too. Glory to God! *

September 26th. Thanks to the Lord for the aſſiſtance of this day! Though ſatan was buſy, yet my God has helped. Oh for the proſperity of Zion, the ſalvation of poor ſinners; though while I pray, they curſe and ſwear! How affecting is it to my ſoul! While I am in ſecret, earneſtly wreſtling with God for their ſalvation, my ears are filled with the profaneneſs of the ſtreet. Oh how does iniquity run down our ſtreets, like an overflowing flood! Even while I am ſaying, oh Lord, have mercy on ſinners, and glorify thyſelf in their ſalvation; my ears are filled, my heart is grieved, my ſoul is vexed, and my fleſh trembles, with their horrid imprecations. While my ſoul is in an agony for their ſalvation, I hear them imprecating their own deſtruction: and while my ſoul is bowing down, with ſolemn and awful reverence, before the Majeſty of heaven, ſolemnized with his dread; oh how ſhocking is it to hear a company of rebels taking his ſacred, venerable, precious name, profanely on their unhallowed lips! Perhaps I ſeldom retire for prayer, at leaſt in the evening, but I hear the ſacred name of Jehovah profaned a hundred times, while I am engaged. Woe is me that I ſojourn in Meſech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar; and my place of retirement unavoidably ſo near a profane, unreſtrained ſtreet of people. Oh the patience of a God; and oh the enmity of the carnal mind! Surely God's throne will be forever juſt, if, after ſo long forbearance, he turns the wicked into an eternal hell. Juſt, forever juſt ſhall be thine executed vengeance on ſtupid, ſecure ſinners; rational, immortal, yet God-provoking, God-deſpiſing, heaven-daring, damnation-requeſting tranſgreſſors. I tremble, yet adore the juſtice of their ſentence!

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* Some account of this society of women, and of her praying with them, is given page 14.

November 9th. God was better to me yeſterday than my fears. My chief petitions at the throne of grace for myſelf are, for ſubmiſſion to his will; for thankfulneſs, and a fixed truſt in him. I humbly aſk every needful ſupply from him; but that he would give me reſignation to his will; and let the Lord do with me as ſeemeth him good. I can look on the pooreſt, meaneſt circumſtances in life, with an humble ſubjection to God, and acquieſcence in his will, as infinitely preferable to all the affluence, pomp and grandeur of this world, with a temper in contrariety to God and his ſovereign will.

Bleſſed Jeſus, when the poor diſeaſed people followed thee, crying after thee, when thou waſt on earth in the fleſh, even when thy diſciples forbad them, thou didſt call for them and heal them. How many months have I been crying after thee day and night, that thou wouldſt heal this unreſigned will; and oh, wilt thou not hear and heal me? I truſt thou wilt, ſince thou doſt enable me to follow thee with perſevering importunity, notwithſtanding thy ſeeming denials and delays, and the cruel diſcouragements caſt in my way by ſatan and unbelief. Hope I have felt my ſoul cling more ſenſibly to God, as my covenant God, on ſome threatening aſpects. If this may be the dear effect, all ſhall be well, infinitely well, that ends in a cloſer union with God.

Oh my God, thou haſt heard me, thou haſt not caſt me away in anger. Thou haſt heard, thou haſt owned me; thou haſt not deſpiſed my affliction, thou wilt aſſuredly do well by me; thou wilt ſerve thyſelf of me, and glorify thyſelf in me. Mercy and truth ſhall yet ſpring up: God will yet appear to my joy and triumph: he will ariſe: I ſhall yet ſee his ſalvation. Surely God will fulfil his word and grace to me: ſurely he does not hide himſelf, as to his comfortable preſence, and gracious approbation, and in his providence, from me; and yet keep me ſeeking him, with perhaps the greateſt diligence and engagedneſs of any time in my life, for nought and in vain. Surely, did not the Spirit of God ſecretly hold me wreſtling, I could never thus follow him, when ſenſible comfort was ſo ſuſpended, and under ſo many and great diſcouragements. On God will I wait; in him will I truſt: he is my rock.

Feb. 7, 1763. Oh what torment is this inſenſibility! Wherefore is it? Is there any thing that I hold dearer than this God, that cauſes him to hide himſelf from me? Is there a wretched, baſe luſt in my ſoul, preferred before this glorious, lovely beſt of beings? Oh tear it out! Lord, if I periſh forever; yet let me juſtify, adore and love thee, above every thing elſe. But, *periſh, periſh*, did I ſay! What, baniſhment from God! That I cannot bear. I am undone, I am ruined, if ſeparated from God. I cannot, I cannot! What, torn from my center, rent from my life! Oh hell of hells, beyond all conception! Lord, Lord, what ſhould I do? What, immortal, and ſeparate from God! What, and after a diſplay of ſuch love, and ſuch ſatisfying enjoyment of a Being, who is his own infinite happineſs! Oh what, without God! The thought has too many hells in it for me to bear. I cannot, my God, I cannot bear it! Separate me not from thee! Rather let me ſink into my primitive nothing, than have a being, without ſuch a God as thou art for my portion and everlaſting felicity.—But I cannot be content to be aſſured of enjoying thee hereafter, and yet live without thee here. No: I am comfortleſs, helpleſs and dejected; yea, wretched and miſerable, in the enjoyment of every thing elſe, under a ſenſe of abſence from thee, even in this life: and am ready to ſay, Leave me only my being and my God, and I am content. Thou knoweſt I have triumphed in thee, in the ſenſe of abſence from every thing elſe.

And now, if there be any ſecret rival in my heart, tear it out. If I love any thing more than thee, I am unworthy of thee; whether parents, ſiſters, friends, houſes, land, riches, honours or pleaſures; yea, food or raiment, or life. Search out the Agag, and let it be hewed to pieces before the Lord. Oh let thy Spirit enter the moſt ſecret receſſes of my ſoul, and divide between the joints and marrow! Oh help me, help me! Without thee I can do nothing. Help me to accompliſh a diligent ſearch, and to find out the ſecret abomination of my heart: help me to dig into the wall, and to find out the hidden abominations which thy ſoul hateth; and which cauſe thee to hide thy face. Let there be nothing in my ſoul loved or hid, that is offenſive to thee, oh thou beſt of Beings, who only art worthy to be loved, and ſerved, and enjoyed. Purge away my droſs and my tin, and reveal thyſelf and thy love, ſo as to enkindle mine.—Cauſe me to remember this ſolemn ſeaſon. If thou ſhouldſt call for every thing I enjoy in life, let me ſtill remember it is not my being nor my God, and therefore cannot make me miſerable. Oh let me remember how mean, how nothing, all things beſide theſe now appear! Oh ſecure but thyſelf to me, thou all-ſufficient good, and I muſt be happy. What motes, what atoms, what duſt and vanity, are all things elſe! They are no portion for my immortal ſpirit: I cannot live upon them. One thing, and one only, is abſolutely needful for me; and that is, God for my portion. Nothing leſs can ſuffice my immortal, capacious ſpirit. Oh for a fuller aſſurance, a nearer acceſs, a cloſer union; more intimate communion, ſome ſure earneſt, or ſpeedy full poſſeſſion! Why this darkneſs, this diſtance, this inſufferable abſence and ignorance! Oh thou, who only knoweſt thine own infinite worth and excellency, and my abſolute poverty and neceſſity, reveal thyſelf to me, in and through Jeſus Chriſt: oh hold me no longer at this inſupportable diſtance, in this ſordid, ſtupid inſenſibility!

May 35th. Bleſſed be God, there is help laid upon one who is mighty to ſave. I cannot be ſo low, but Chriſt is able to raiſe me; I cannot be ſo weak, but he is able to ſtrengthen; nor ſo polluted, but he is able to cleanſe; nor ſo needy, but that he is able to ſupply all my needs. Moſt glorious almighty Redeemer, as ever thou didſt undertake the cure of any ſoul, undertake for me. I have this day heard, that thou art made of God, wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctification and redemption, to thy people: and thus, oh thns, I need thee. Forever bleſſed be thy name, for the hopes I have in thee: oh make me love and prize thee more: oh let me enjoy thee, and my ſoul ſays, It is enough! Look into my heart, and ſee the ſecret groanings of my ſoul after God; and hear the paſſionate ſighs and cries after conformity to, and communion with, the great firſt cauſe and laſt end of all things; the great ſource and fountainhead of all perfection; the uncreated, ſurpaſſing excellency; eſſential rectitude; only complete, infinitely complete original of all poſſible exiſtence and felicity. Does not my ſoul reach and ſtretch, and long after perfect conformity to thee, thou firſt and beſt of beings; thou ſweet and only center of my immortal, rational, and (I hope) gracious nature; thou only and utmoſt wiſh of my ſoul. Oh attemper me to thyſelf; fix me on thyſelf; ſatisfy me in thyſelf; ſupply me from thyſelf: and may all I am, and have, or can do, be for thee, and thee alone; and all my good laid up in thee.

Sept. —. How depraved is fallen man; and what a wretched heart have I! Dear Lord, what a leprous ſoul is this; how polluted, how defiled! What a running ſore, that pollutes all I touch! I ſtain and ſpoil every thing I have any concern with. Sin, this worſt of leproſy, defiles and ruins holy ordinances and duties; it deprives God's word and ordinances of their efficacy: yea, it turns precious truths and wholeſome food into poiſon, through ſome ſecret prejudice or indulged iniquity, ſome root of bitterneſs. It takes offence at the matter, or manner, or inſtrument, or ſeaſon; or occaſions careleſſneſs and inattention: it weakens faith; it diſturbs or deſtroys love; it corrupts zeal; it abates fervour; it poiſons patience and meekneſs; it ſtabs humility; it murders holy reſolutions: many, very many of them die under its hands. It ſtrangles brotherly love, and makes an inſurrection in the moral world: it commits outrage in God's rightful dominions; and as it weakens every grace, ſo it pollutes every duty, wherein ſome, or every grace is to be exerciſed. Oh how does it pollute prayer, that ſacred thing, which we never touch but we defile, and leave the print of our loathſome corruption and pollution upon it! It turns mercies into a curſe, and prevents the right uſe and end of afflictions. Thus does ſin ſpoil all it comes near to: and thus do we, as ſinners, pollute all we have any thing to do with, whether ordinances or providences. Oh my ſoul, thou art polluting holy things from day to day! Lord, I bluſh, I am aſhamed: What ſhall I do? I dare not omit duty; yet, may a ſacred bluſhing cover me whenever I attempt a duty, knowing that I ſhall now leave the print of my pollution on this holy thing. Hence let Chriſt be more than ever precious to my ſoul! Surely I need juſt ſuch a Saviour as the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and with none leſs could I ever be ſaved. Not all the wiſdom, power and grace, of all the angels above, or ſaints below, if joined in one, could ſave me. Nothing leſs than infinite wiſdom, power and grace, could ſave me: and ſure I am that I ſhall yet periſh, if ſovereign, rich, and free grace, through a Redeemer, do not prevent. So great, ſo ſtrong is the power of my pollution, notwithſtanding the implantation of divine grace in my heart, that I ſhould make ſhipwreck of faith and a good conſcience, if left to myſelf. Methinks it is a wonder, a miracle of grace, that from ſuch a heart as mine I have not run into all exceſs of wretchedneſs: it is owing to infinite power, and preventing grace, that I have not acted as bad as ever one did.

December 18th. At night. Thanks be to God, for ſome acceſs this evening. I hope I did hunger and thirſt after righteouſneſs, and was enabled to apply to the great Redeemer for grace ſufficient for me; for wiſdom and prudence, for meekneſs and patience, for a hearty, cheerful acquieſcence in the will of God; for hearty love and good-will, for ſtrength againſt every temptation; and to the purpoſes before mentioned: That God and the Redeemer might be abundantly glorified in and by me, by the indwelling, and abundant communications of the holy Spirit. I hope I was enabled to apply to the fountain, through Jeſus, for a full ſupply for life; and, in particular, for the week enſuing, ſenſible of my own abſolute poverty and neceſſity. Oh my great Redeemer, how many and great are my wants! Lord, I am ruined, if thou doſt not appear to ſupply them. There are ſo many great and conſtant demands on me for every grace, ariſing from preſent circumſtances, temptations, corruptions, duties, difficulties and relations, that I ſeem to have run all out; and, like a broken merchant, to have been making ſham, ſorry, mean, and beggarly ſhifts, to keep up my credit. But I can ſhift no longer: a new ſupply I muſt have, or my credit is gone. Thine honour is concerned: I fall not alone. Lord, I have boaſted a fountain at hand, a ſufficient ſupply to anſwer all demands. I have ſaid, My God ſhall ſupply all my needs; but my demands are very many; and the tempter, ſeeing my weakneſs and poverty, grows inſolent, and threatens ruin. Lord, art thou not ſurety for thy handmaid? I truſt thou art, and ſhall not be caſt into the priſon of hell.—But I have demands upon me, as thy ſervant, Lord; and my expences are very great. Thou wouldſt have me live up to my ſtation and dignity; and this is vaſtly expenſive to grace, in this evil world. Thou muſt maintain thy ſervants out of thine own inexhauſtible treaſury. Lord, I have nothing to live upon of my own; and, turn which way I will, there is a demand upon me for wiſdom, for patience, for meekneſs, for faith, for love, for humility, or for ſome grace or other. Oh my glorious Head, I pray thee communicate a ſupply. What ſhall I do if thou doſt not? Duties and temptations both have ſuch demands, as nothing of my own will anſwer. Bleſſed Maſter, bountifully ſupply my wants; and I will be for thee, and no other, all the days of my life. And, ſpeedily, Lord; for thou knoweſt the demands of every duty and temptation are poſitive and preſſing, and muſt be anſwered from thee.

Feb. 5, 1764. Broken off laſt night from prayer by a very ſick turn: had an ill night; a confuſed ſtupid morning; could do nothing in any exerciſe of religion, and the weather forbade my going out: but could bear it no longer thus to waſte holy time. The weather permitting, I went out this afternoon, and ſat before the Lord, as his people ſit: but, alas! I was as a beaſt before him. I was ready to ſay, Why are ſuch pearls caſt before ſuch a ſwiniſh temper as mine? *Wherefore is there a price put into the hand of a fool, ſeeing he has no heart for it?* To believe I have powers and faculties, capable of the higheſt and moſt noble contemplations and enjoyments; and to believe there is a moſt glorious Being, infinitely more than adequate to the utmoſt deſires and wiſhes of my powers and faculties; a Being, to whom I am under every poſſible bond and obligation, to contemplate, love, ſerve, and adore him; a Being, in the love and ſervice of whom, is my higheſt and only intereſt and felicity: and yet to be thus inſenſible and inactive, is moſt extreme pain! Oh God, what is hell but a privation of light and communication from thee, the fountain of all being and bleſſedneſs! To be called upon to behold the Lamb of God, who takes away the ſin of the world, and believe my whole ſalvation to be there; and to have no ſenſible conceptions nor apprehenſions thereof, ſurely is more than brutal. *The ox knows his owner, and the aſs his maſter's crib.*

Glory to God! I have found him acceſſible this night in ſecret prayer. I found him able to enlarge the moſt narrow, contracted ſoul. Nothing but almighty power could effect ſo great, ſo mighty a work. Now let my light break out of obſcurity, and my darkneſs be like the noon-day. What are all the enjoyments of this empty world, to one moment's communion with this firſt and beſt of Beings; the ſource, fountain, and center of all perfection; the original and only felicity of a rational mind; the only durable and laſting good of an immortal ſoul; the life of my ſoul, and length of my days; the author of my being, and ſtrength of my heart; the only ſuitable portion of my ſoul forever! I ſhall outlive all theſe ſublunary, earthly delights: and what but this beſt of Beings ſhall then be a ſuitable, permanent happineſs for my immortal ſpirit?

March 27th. Bleſſed be God for ſome rational conception, and ſpiritual conviction that religion is a moſt reaſonable ſervice; conformity to God, the ſum and ſubſtance of all religion; the beauty, harmony and importance of being intentionally and deſignedly devoted to God, as the chief and proper good; and his glory, as the beſt and laſt end; the comfort and happineſs of enjoying the ſame mind that was in Chriſt, whoſe meat and drink was to do the will of God; the unſpeakable pleaſure and privilege of always doing the things that pleaſe God: ardent deſires after this, as the only ſuitable, ſubſtantial, and neceſſary good.—Moſt great and glorious Good, wean me from every thing beſide and below thine ever-bleſſed ſelf. Thou only Fountain of complete happineſs, direct all my ways, guide all my deſires, ſanctify, regulate, and enliven all my powers; and may they all act for God! Cure me more and more of every ſelfiſh, ſiniſter, carnal, and worldly diſpoſition: purify and purge all my intentional aims and deſigns, and uſe me for thyſelf. I am thine own; made by and for thee; redeemed, upheld, and preſerved for and to the ſame end, and voluntarily devoted. Fain would I be fixed in my poſt. I not only eſteem my ſervice due, and thy ſalvation my happineſs; but I eſteem thy ſervice my privilege, my pleaſure, and greateſt honour.—Oh my God, I beſeech thee, by all thy gracious character, by all thy endearing compaſſion, by all thy unbounded goodneſs, and by all thine infinite condeſcenſion to man; by all thy grace to me, by all the love of redemption, by all thy covenant faithfulneſs ſhown to thine unworthy worm; that thou wilt conform me more and more to thyſelf, that I may come as near to my glorious Redeemer and great pattern, as is conſiſtent with this ſtate of imperfection. Oh when ſhall every moment be filled with duty, and every duty with purity, ſpirituality, love, zeal and devotion! Why, ſeeing I am the daughter of a king, ſhould I be lean from day to day? Why ſhould I appear as one of diſhonourable birth and parentage? True, my original was mean and baſe: my nature ſin: my father an Amorite, and my mother a Hittite, an accurſed ſtock! But by thine adoption, I am become honourable in thy ſight; and thou haſt ſaid of me, *The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold.* Oh make me then to ſhine in all thy beauty, my Lord and my God!

April 29th. Glory to God in the higheſt, that there is peace on earth, and good-will to man! All glory to the Redeemer, that he is taking to himſelf his great power, and triumphing glorioufly in ſome parts of our land. Oh our Immanuel, come, and make thine abode with us! Ten thouſand praiſes to Jeſus, the king of the jews, that any one of them is bowed to thy ſcepter. Glorious Conquerer, go on to conquer till, with Iſrael, the fulneſs of the gentiles are brought in. Dear omnipotent Redeemer, how ſhall thine infinite ſtrength be magnified, if jewiſh prejudices, obſtinacy, blindneſs and infidelity, be broken down before thee! My hope takes wing at this, and mounts on high, borne aloft by a thouſand precious promiſes of the latter-day glory, and the great Conqueror's triumph! Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly; and fulfil the glorious things that are ſpoken concerning the city of our God. Oh come, and ſhow thine almighty power in ſubduing jewiſh prejudices againſt thee, which have been contracting and ſtrengthening for more than ſeventeen hundred years! Now make bare thine arm, and reveal thy power, thou already-come Meſſiah; and let them no longer look for another.

Oct. 21ſt. Oh my ſoul, arouſe; ſhake off thy ſloth: he quickened thee, who was dead in treſpaſſes and ſins! Was this thine awful, wretched ſtate; and am I now made alive? Oh let me live to him, and him alone, who gave me life! I ſee a life of religion, a life of entire devotedneſs and conformity to God, that beſt of Beings, the firſt cauſe and laſt end, the moſt rational thing in nature. I ſee ſin, which is a tranſgreſſion of, or want of conformity to, the law of God, that tranſcript of the divine nature, and everlaſting rule of righteouſneſs, the moſt irrational, abſurd thing in the world.—Oh for a deep abaſement, ſuitable to the dignity and grandeur of that majeſty, before whom I attempt to bow! Oh for a divine rectitude, truſt and confidence; purity, integrity, uprightneſs, and engagedneſs of ſpirit, proportionable to the perfections of Him whom I worſhip! Oh for ardent, vehement love, like His whom I admire and adore, which overflows all its banks! When, oh when ſhall I be a true worſhipper; true to the intereſt, character and dignity of my Lord; true to my own intereſt, character and eſtate; ſo ſuitably, ſpiritually, and truly impreſſed with both, that I may ſet God in his place, and lie in mine before him. Oh how far ſhort have I ever come of being a completely true worſhipper! Lord, it is only thou that canſt make me ſo. Help, oh Lord, help! To thee I fly.

April 26, 1766. I am more and more confirmed in this moſt certain truth: *That an unholy creature is neceſſarily an unhappy creature.* God be merciful to me a ſinner! A ſinner found among apoſtates: a rebel by nature. "All my original is ſhame, and all my nature ſin." Continually going counter to God's holy law and nature. Oh my great, my abſolute need of the great, the almighty Redeemer, to ſanctify me by his Spirit and grace, as well as juſtify me by his atonement and merits! Here is all my hope, my refuge; this ſure foundation laid in Zion.

Glory to God for that moſt ſweet and gracious ſeaſon I laſt night enjoyed. I bowed before the Lord with fear and trembling. I felt myſelf to be a polluted, guilty ſinner: the terror of ſuſpected thunder took hold of me, while, I truſt, a childlike deſire, and longing for his dear, delightful favour, engaged me. Oh how did I long for his manifeſted love to my ſoul! I cried, My Father, my Father, the Maker of my frame, and the Father of my ſpirit, do not, oh do not forſake me; oh baniſh me not from thy favour!

> "I cannot live without thy light,
> Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy ſight."

Oh how could I bear to be ſeparated, and under the frowns of God! Whoſe heart could endure, or hands be ſtrong in that day? Sure mine could not.—Oh how intenſely, ardently and vehemently, did I long and wreſtle for conformity to this amiable and beſt of Beings; and how ſenſible of my great want of holineſs! *God be merciful to me a ſinner*, was my prayer, and my ſoul was in the prayer. God be merciful to me a ſinner contained, at once, my miſery and my help. That I was a ſinner, I felt to my inmoſt ſoul; and that was my unſpeakable miſery: and therefore my abſolute need of mercy, even the mercy of God, which is infinite, pardoning, and ſanctifying mercy. Indeed, the ſenſe of my miſery, as a polluted ſinner, got the aſcendant; and ſo my deſires after holineſs engaged my whole ſoul, and ſwallowed up my fears of thunder, or dread of other evils. Surely the Spirit of God did excite theſe deſires in my ſoul! I laid me down, and ſlept; for the Lord ſuſtained me, and held me ſleeping, while it thundered, and lightened, and rained; and I heard it not. Oh how gracious is God to me!

October —. Wo is me that I am a ſinner, the chief of ſinners! Oh the amazing power of iniquity in this wretched heart, that is too mighty for every thing but omnipotence! It is hell in kind; and will be hell in degree, if almighty, ſovereign grace do not prevent. Lord God Almighty, is any thing too hard for thee? This ſin in my nature is too hard for every power but thine. All the angels in heaven and men on earth, united with me, cannot touch it: it is like leviathan, without fear. It is the ſame that makes devils:

and it is of thy mercy, that it has not completed me a raging, roaring devil. Hadſt thou aſſigned my rank among their order, I need no more than theſe luſts, this unſanctified, polluted, depraved nature unreſtrained, to complete the character; and if ever I eſcape their puniſhment, it will be ſolely of the pure mercy of God, through a Redeemer, and not from any natural worth in me; yea, and *ſovereign mercy*, of him who has mercy on whom he will have mercy. Oh my God, appear for me!

May 21, 1769. It is long ſince I wrote any thing. Diſorders of body, dejection of ſpirits, averſion from my pen, and temptation from within and without, are my exerciſes. But why, my ſoul, ſunk down ſo low? It is upon the immutability of God's covenant I have reſted. Here alone I muſt reſt: and here, through grace, I will reſt, when ſatan and unbelief bid me die. It is unchangeable, it is everlaſting. This has been my ſtrength and my confidence: and here again I reſt. What this gives me, I ſhall ſurely have; and more I have no warrant to expect. It is well ordered in all things, and *ſure*. It contains all my ſalvation: let it be all my deſire, and all my delight. Here, as on an eternal baſis, my ſoul has reſted: it has life and death, and eternity in it. Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly! Fit me, and take me.

June 25th. Soon after I wrote laſt, my bodily diſorders increaſed, ſo as to lay me by: but a ſweet calm, reſting on covenant fulneſs and faithfulneſs, abode with me, ſo as to render it rather a dear refuge and releaſe, a recovery of ſpiritual ſtrength, than a ſmarting rod. The word preached by Mr. Hart, and Mr. Auſtin, has alſo concurred to ſtrengthen my faith.—Bodily diſorders abated; but for a few days paſt have returned, with inward exerciſes. I was, bleſſed be God, enabled this afternoon to viſit his ſanctuary, and hear of his great ſalvation. Oh my baſe, my ſordid, ſtupid inſenſibility of this great ſalvation! Yet, ſurely, ſurely I have an intereſt therein. It has been all my deſire, all my delight, and all my joy: it has been, it is, and ſhall be all my purſuit. My God, my all, I am fixed, I am determined in the choice of this ſalvation; and thou haſt ſealed it to my ſoul; haſt given me the ſtrongeſt and fulleſt aſſurance of it. My whole heart and ſoul have been wrapt up in it: all my powers have embraced it, joyfully ſubmitted to it, and acquieſced in it, as moſt worthy of God; ſafe and happifying to man. And God, the unchangeable, everlaſting God, has graciouſly condeſcended to aſſure me repeatedly, beyond the power of a doubt or fear, that he would perform in and upon me all that it contains.

Now, oh *now*, and henceforward, while I live, let me glorify this God, by a ſteady, confident reliance on his goodneſs and grace. Is the Lord a man, that he ſhould lie; or the ſon of man, that he ſhould repent? Hath he not ſaid; and will he not perform it? Why has he condeſcended to give thee ſuch repeated, ſtrong aſſurance; but that thou ſhouldſt glorify him, by a ſteady reliance on him? Grant me this grace, alſo, oh, my God! It is a covenant bleſſing; a part of that *great ſalvation;* a deliverance from the power of unbelief. Faith is thy gift.

N. B. THE Extracts from Miss Anthony's Diary, contained in the preceding Chapters, are but a small part of her writings; the whole of which take up above a thousand pages.

The editor has endeavoured to select what is instructive and edifying. Much more might have been transcribed, which, perhaps, would be as entertaining and beneficial to serious christians, as that which is here copied and presented to them: but this could not be done, without rendering the publication voluminous.

CHAPTER V.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME OF THE LETTERS WRITTEN BY MISS ANTHONY TO HER FRIENDS.

The following letter was written while in the country for her health, to her intimate female friend in Newport.

My dear dear friend, Stonington, August 26, 1769.

I REJOICE that you and others have again ſeen the goings and glory of God in his houſe; the ſweeteſt and moſt deſirable ſight on earth. If I know my heart, there is nothing this ſide heaven I ſhould eſteem equal to it. Oh my friend, to behold the divine glory, feel its influence on our ſouls, ſee its effects on ourſelves and others, transforming into the divine image, gives a pleaſure that infinitely outweighs all that earth can boaſt, or finite beings enjoy beſide. When ſhall the great Jehovah ſhew himſelf to be the dear Immanuel, by the moſt powerful communication of his Spirit and grace with his word and ordinances? This ſhould put joy into our poor hearts, more than all the enjoyments of earth: this ſhould ſoon cauſe us to take down our harps from the drooping willows, and tune them to the higheſt praiſe: this, I am perſuaded, would make this inhoſpitable wilderneſs, this wild deſert, bloſſom, and appear as the garden of Eden. Even this preſence of our God would make a paradiſe: and to live, which now appears only a living-death, would be Chriſt. Yea, methinks the proſpect of this would reconcile me to life, and make all its burdens eaſy and ſweet. What could be too grievous to bear, or too dear to part with, to ſee our

God thus glorified; the dear Redeemer's kingdom come with power; periſhing ſinners plucked as brands out of the burning; and the ranſomed of the Lord returning to Zion, with ſongs and everlaſting joy.

Well, bleſſed be God, every promiſe and purpoſe concerning Zion, and our Zion in particular, ſhall have its full accompliſhment; for we have to do with a God who is infinitely wiſe in purpoſing, wonderful in counſel, and excellent in working. Hath he ſpoken, and ſhall he not make it good? Oh for faith and prayer, to believe what he hath promiſed; and to give him no reſt, till Zion become a praiſe in all the earth. May this be abundantly experienced on the ſolemn day approaching, (next thurſday) the laſt day of this month; a day ſet apart by the general aſſociation of miniſters in this colony, under a ſenſe of the great declenſion of religion; that God would return, and viſit the land with divine influences; that religion, in its power and purity, may be revived. Had it not been for this appointment, I believe I ſhould have returned before now: but this has ſeemed to ſet my bounds ever ſince I came hither, (unleſs providence ſhould order otherways for me) having a deſire to be preſent, and unite on this ſolemn and moſt important occaſion. Join us, my dear Newport friends, in this all-intereſting affair; and, on this day, which will be your ſtated half-day, as early as you can, in the afternoon; that you may meet, perhaps, hundreds of God's dear miniſters and children, at the ſame throne of grace, for one and the ſame bleſſing. Oh may we then feel the unity of the Spirit; bear each others burdens, and be all united for the whole. Being cemented by the divine Spirit, may we ſurround the throne of grace; be gathered at the foot-ſtool of Jehovah;

and preſent before the mercy ſeat, with our divine Redeemer and Interceſſor at our head, and the arm of faith faſt about him, refuſing to let him go; let us lift up holy hands, without wrath or doubting; feel, and tell our God, we are all as dead men before him, if he help us not; tell him our land, our nation, our world, are burnt up with exceſſive drought, for want of the dews of heaven, divine influences. Let us put in our plea, in the name of our worthy Advocate, and ſee whether God will not glorify his Son, in granting our requeſt for his ſake!

Surely it is time for us to be awaked and alarmed. Where are we ſinking! What will be the conſequence of this dreadful ſtupefaction! The ſymptoms of death are upon us, or we never could live at ſo low a rate. Were it my caſe alone, or only of a few individuals, the glory of God, and the kingdom and intereſt of the ever worthy Lamb of God, and the wonderful work of redeeming love, might yet flouriſh and be magnified: but when it is an overflowing deluge, a wide breaking in of many waters, who that has any exerciſe of true love to God, can be careleſs and eaſy in ſuch a time of declenſion? If I prefer not the proſperity of Jeruſalem to my chief joy, I know nothing. Well, let us pray for the peace and proſperity thereof; and be encouraged, notwithſtanding preſent appearances; for the Lord hath choſen Zion, he hath deſired it for his habitation. This is his reſt: here will he dwell. He will abundantly bleſs her proviſion, and ſatisfy her poor with bread. Faith ſays, It is enough: the mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it. I will pray, and wait in hope; and bleſſed be her that believeth; for there ſhall be a performance of thoſe things which were told her from the Lord (in his word.) And ſurely we may ſtretch our deſires abroad, even to the utmoſt bounds of the everlaſting hills; for there are glorious things ſpoken concerning the city of our God. S. A.

Another letter, written to the ſame perſon.

My very dear, dear——

YOUR griefs and diſtreſſes greatly affect me. Forgive me, my dear ſoul, that I am ſo deficient in my attempts to aſſiſt and comfort you. I reproach myſelf for this, while yet I know God only can comfort you: and I am, in my poor manner, looking to him to do it.

You ſay, you doubt whether you know the true God, and in heart chooſe him. If not, why do you thirſt, long and pant for, and place all your happineſs in, that very ſovereign, holy, righteous, good, and glorious God, who is revealed in his word, and by his works? You next doubt whether your anxiety about this does not prove you ſelfiſh? If indeed it ariſes wholly from a deſire of ſecuring your own happineſs, and preventing your own private, perſonal miſery, it is doubtleſs ſelfiſh. If you ſee nothing worthy, lovely and excellent in God's true character; and therefore deſire the knowledge of it, only to ſecure eternal life to you, it is wrong. But, if you place eternal life or happineſs in the knowledge of the only true God, as he is the ſum of all perfection, and infinite excellence in and of himſelf, then you will deſire this knowledge *for its own ſake;* and will doubtleſs deſire to know that which you eſteem infinitely worthy, excellent and glorious; and will be far from being ſatisfied with juſt ſuch a degree of that knowledge as you ſuppoſe may ſecure your title to heaven.

Suppoſe, my dear, I have a certain ſum offered me, upon condition that I become reconciled to, and acquainted with a worthy perſon. I have no eſteem or love for the perſon ; but for the ſake of the intereſt, I will try for a reconciliation and acquaintance ; and may be very inquiſitive to know whether I have complied with the terms ; that is, whether I am indeed intitled to the reward ; which is *all* I care for. But when I become truly acquainted with the perſon, I ſee ſo much real worth and excellency in him, that my heart is moſt ſenſibly attracted to him ; and I find this knowledge is happineſs. I purſue a farther acquaintance : I hear him deſcribed, and believe he is what he is deſcribed to be ; and I hear and believe it to be complete happineſs to know and enjoy ſuch a friend. So I hear and believe that this knowledge is connected with ſome great and good effects, in whomſoever it takes place : but I find ſo little of theſe effects in myſelf (through my own blindneſs and ſtupidity) and in a ſenſe of the importance of the matter, that I grow anxious to know whether I have indeed any true knowledge : and ſo am in the way of a growing acquaintance, rather from the excellency and importance of this knowledge, than from the fear of loſing the ſum : this, as a private, perſonal intereſt, hardly comes into view ; is overlooked, in compariſon to the happineſs which is attained by the exhibition and diſplay of true worth and excellence, and tends to exalt it.

It is ſuppoſed there is the ſame natural deſire of happineſs in both caſes : but then, the one has no regard to any other being but himſelf ; the other goes out of himſelf, and places his happineſs in that which is the good of being in general. And here, my dear friend, I think it is eaſy to ſee how a deſire to know, that we do know, and are really in heart acquainted with God's true character, may ſpring from a benevolent diſpoſition of heart, a regard to him, as the ſum of all being and perfection; and ſo not a mere ſelfiſh deſire. I think it is certain we may deſire to know this, as we are directed to glory in it. Jer. ix. *Let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he underſtandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord, who exerciſe loving-kindneſs, judgment, and righteouſneſs in the earth: for in theſe things I delight, ſaith the Lord.* S. A.

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The following letter was written to a friend in the country, who was greatly attentive to her ſpiritual concerns, under a ſtrong and abiding conviction of the depravity and hardneſs of her heart, and viewing herſelf to be in an unconverted ſtate.

My dear, kind friend, Newport, Oct. 27, 1770.

I THANK you for your very kind and acceptable favour of the 11th inſt., only you draw a character that does by no means belong to me; and however mortifying it is to me, yet I muſt aſſure you, did my real character come into your view, you would be ſo far from loving and admiring, that you muſt yourſelf be very bad, not to deteſt and abhor it. But ſo infinite wiſdom has ſeen beſt to order it, that I ſhould not be caſt out and abhorred by all living, while I ought to loathe myſelf for all my abominations, and great deficiences, for which I have no poſſible excuſe; but indeed am infinitely guilty for my criminal abuſe of the long and rich advantages with which I have been favoured. I was early planted in the houſe of my good God, that I might be fat and flouriſhing: but alas! my leanneſs, my leanneſs! Were it not for the rich, free and ſovereign grace of the goſpel, which affords hope and relief for the moſt wretched and guilty, I muſt lie down in abſolute deſpair. Here is my only hope and refuge. Here alſo is a hope and refuge ſet before my dear friend, let her guilt be ever ſo great, or her abuſed advantages ever ſo many, if ſhe will but accept the offered ſalvation; the only remedy that infinite wiſdom and ſovereign grace have provided. And what objection can ſhe poſſibly have to a way and a remedy ſo infinitely well calculated to ſecure the divine honour, and confer the richeſt and infinitely the beſt of bleſſings on guilty ſinners; a way which opens the moſt grand and noble proſpects of richeſt treaſures, higheſt happineſs, and moſt ſatisfying enjoyments for one complete eternity; and opens theſe proſpects even to the moſt poor, wretched, miſerable, captivated, enſlaved, ſunken, deſtitute creatures, by a union to the great and glorious Son of God, the beloved of the Father, and he in whom he is forever well pleaſed.

Oh how inconceivably aggravated muſt the rejection of the grace of the goſpel one day appear! May my dear, dear friend, ſo feel the weight of it now, as to fly from the wrath to come! May ſhe be ſo reconciled to God's true character, and the character of the divine Redeemer, as to render him the chief of ten thouſand, and altogether lovely in her view; while ſhe beholds him magnifying the divine law, and making it honourable; vindicating the authority of God, and ſupporting the eternal throne of Deity.

I am more and more confirmed, that there can be no true religion, or real happineſs, any farther than the heart is really reconciled to the whole of the divine character. While there is a total alienation from the fountain and only ſource of perfection and happineſs, there muſt be nothing but ſin and miſery: and while there is the leaſt degree of this alienation and oppoſition, it muſt be a conſtant ſource of pollution and unhappineſs, which will, in a degree, taint and interrupt all our duties and enjoyments; though, bleſſed be God, there is a foundation laid in regeneration, by ſlaying the oppoſition and enmity of our hearts, for the higheſt perfection and enjoyment; and as far as we are reconciled and united to God, we enter into the beginning of a ſtate of the moſt perfect holineſs and conſummate happineſs, that our natures are capable of, when enlarged in the fountain of exiſtence, to take in inconceivable communications from Deity, opening on veſſels prepared for glory.

But oh, where am I going! Why do I attempt what eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard; nor has my narrow, contracted heart, in any adequate degree, any conception of! May your ſuperior powers, by the effectual working of the holy Spirit, be formed for, and enlarged in the divine, delightful, transforming contemplation, till you arrive to the moſt grand and noble height of holineſs and happineſs! S. A.

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The following extracts are from letters which ſhe wrote to a miniſter.

Reverend sir,

—— I KNOW not what I ſhall be or do. I fear I am ſinking into great ſtupidity; yea, that I am farther gone than I was aware. I indeed have had relief from diſtreſſing conflicts; but I have miſuſed and abuſed the mercy, and am even ready to covet them again;—any thing rather than a ſottiſh ſtupidity and careleſſneſs. Conflicts often ſtir up the polluted fountain, and cauſe me to loathe and abhor myſelf for all my abominations: but I fear my heart has ſince grown like a ſtanding ſink, which is not purged, but its ſcum remains. Some general abiding conviction I indeed have of great deficiency; eſpecially in attending to Mr. Edwards on the nature of true virtue. When I come to ſeparate or take away that ſenſation of ſecondary beauty, natural conſcience, particular inſtincts in nature, &c., alas, what have I left! So little, if any thing, that it ſcarcely deſerves the name, and appears leſs than the leaſt of all ſeeds. Surely I and others have been greatly miſtaken: yea, even under this conviction, I find there is great want of a thorough, humbling ſenſe of poſitive pollution, and univerſal depravity. My views are partial; my wretched, treacherous heart ſtarts aſide, and ſhifts off from full conviction.

But will it not look unfriendly to attempt to lead you any farther into this horrid depth of my depraved, polluted heart, where you will find no bottom, nor any way out? I will ceaſe; and let it be for my own humiliation to dig into it, and ſearch out its greater and greater abominations.

S. A.

* * *

Rev. and dear sir, December 18, 1770.

I THANK you for your kind, obliging letter. It has been inexpreſſibly affecting and welcome to your poor, unworthy friend: for, though I know I am utterly undeſerving, yet I cannot help deſiring the affection of my chriſtian friend, even while I feel myſelf altogether unfit for any free converſation with them; and am ready to withdraw from them, as a polluted, infectious leper. The ſtrength, number, aggravation and infection of my ſins, have been as an overflowing deluge; and I ſee myſelf unfit to have any thing to do with any but a Being of infinite patience and abſolute purity, who can bear with me, and cannot poſſibly be polluted or tainted by any impurity, even in my neareſt approaches to him. This is my comfort.

If it were not for the thought, that the infinitely wiſe and glorious Jehovah can bring good out of all this evil, and glory to himſelf from my dreadful wickedneſs, I ſhould ſink and die under it: for the thought of even my eternal intereſt being ſecure, ſeems to give me no relief. This is not the balſam that touches my wound. Here were opened ſome ſources of comfort to me on the laſt ſabbath: here, and *here* only, could I ſee myſelf of any importance, as the vileſt wretch who ever lived is of importance, to anſwer the great end of exalting and magnifying the exceeding greatneſs and riches of God's power and grace. Oh what ſuperabounding grace muſt it eternally appear to be, to forgive ſuch a guilty wretch as I am; to cleanſe and ſanctify ſuch an amazingly polluted heart as mine is, and triumph over all the infinite obſtacles which lie in the way of my ſalvation! In this view, and in this only, at preſent, my ſalvation appears of any worth and importance: for I know I deſerve the moſt dreadful and aggravated deſtruction; am nothing, and leſs than nothing; and of no importance, any further than God is glorified in me. Here only can I rejoice, *that he will glorify himſelf* in me; and not in the view that I in any reſpect glorify him.

Oh ſir, to ſee a ſoul ſo loaded with obligations, ſo bound by the ſtrongeſt bonds, ſo urged by the moſt powerful motives and arguments, ſtupid, ſottiſh, and inſenſible; yea, obſtinate and oppoſing, is moſt aſtoniſhing! Yet not powerful enough, ſuitably to rouſe me from ſtupidity, or ſubdue the enmity of my carnal mind. Theſe convictions force themſelves upon me, by the powerful preſſure of undeniable facts and evidences: but were they the genuine fruits of true ſelf-abhorrence and abaſement, they would produce a better temper of ſoul; and would influence me to better obedience, and entire devotedneſs to God and his glory, in my whole conduct.

It is often a queſtion that occurs, Whether ſuch a dreadful heart as mine is, can poſſibly be the new heart given in regeneration? I ſuſpect that the inclination I ſometimes feel to anſwer in the negative, ariſes from an unwillingneſs to admit the conviction of ſuch aggravated guilt and vileneſs, as bears in upon me from the affirmative.—But I will ceaſe to lead your thoughts into a ſcene ſo dark and dreadful; and will yet rejoice that I am in the hands of ſuch an infinitely wiſe, glorious, and moſt worthy Being, who will ſecure his own glory, whatever becomes of me. All the advantages and obligations he has laid me under, ſhall forever juſtify his righteous procedures with me. If he ſay he has no pleaſure in me, he ſhall be glorious in his juſtice and righteouſneſs: let him do to me as ſeemeth good to him. I ſay, Let God be glorified, and it is enough. But then, if I be ſincere, Why do I not glorify him? Why am I not ſome way *active* in this? But here I ceaſe.——

S. A.

JUNE 15 1772.

I NOW take my pen in hand, to tell my dear friend, that I feel an inexpreſſible happineſs, that "Dominion is with HIM."* I have had a joy this day, that has ſwallowed up every diſcouragement and grief. What can I ſay, but expatiate on this moſt glorious truth! With Him, who is ſo infinitely excellent, amiable, worthy, wiſe and good, is DOMINION. The Lord reigns. Surely all heaven and earth may well rejoice, and rejoice forevermore. My ſoul ſays, It is *enough!* Happineſs enough, not only for one immortal ſoul, but for myriads of enlarged, capacious ſpirits; yea, the happineſs of Jehovah himſelf. Oh ſhall this baſe, this guilty worm ever ſeek happineſs aſide from this! Now, let my thoughts roll where they will, they can center with inexpreſſible delight in this: *Dominion is with him.* I love to dwell on theſe words; for I can expreſs nothing equal to them. I want to have ſtrength of body (or abſence from it) and enlargement of capacity, without oppoſition of heart, to take in the full import of them.

I have for the moſt part, of late, been either awfully and amazingly ſtupid, and had little or no ſenſe of any thing; or ſuch a view of my infinite guilt and vileneſs, the aggravation, ſtrength, and vileneſs of my ſin, as has filled me with the utmoſt confuſion and aſtoniſhment: and while digging into the walls of greater and greater abominations, which have come up to view, I have been led to conclude, *This*, my own wickedneſs, ought to engroſs all my attention. But this has ſome how betrayed me into an error, and I have not found that engagedneſs and enlargement for others; and my views of ſovereign grace have been accordingly narrow and contracted, till the latter part of laſt week, reading in the xxvith chapter of Ezekiel, what God had promiſed to do for the moſt wretched and guilty, and this for his own glory, gave me ſome ſtrength and courage, and enlarged my deſires. Now I ſee I may rejoice and triumph, and ſtretch my deſires to unmeaſurable, boundleſs grace, diſplayed, in the higheſt degree, to a guilty, ruined race, ſince DOMINION IS WITH HIM.

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* She had heard a sermon from these words the day before preached by the Rev. Mr. Wales of Marshfield.

S. A.

Dear sir, July 1, 1772.

JUST now I came into my chamber to throw my feeble frame on the bed: but my thoughts have taken a turn to recreate myſelf by a moment's converſe with you.

I have been very feeble and broken this week; but ſupported, and, as it were, laid at reſt on the boſom of divine compaſſion and faithfulneſs. Oh how tenderly does God deal with ſuch an unfaithful wretch, and permits me to bring all my burdens, infirmities and cares, and caſt them on him! If I be indeed devoted to his glory, and prefer his ſervice above every other employ, ought I not to feel moſt happy in his hands, and under his direction, who beſt knows in what way, and by what means, this ſhall be brought about?

This week I hoped to have waked up to greater engagedneſs in my ſolemn approaches to God; but how I ſhall be carried through the various important duties of it, I know not: yet I find a pleaſure in feeling *all* weakneſs, and as ſuch, dropping into the arms of Omnipotence, clothed with every poſſible perfection; and ſo to be diſpoſed of in the wiſeſt and beſt manner, to anſwer the moſt noble and important ends, by him with whom there is not any thing too hard. I do feel at preſent, as if I had no other cauſe or intereſt, but to be uſed and diſpoſed of for God; and therefore do rejoice that he is what he is, and that "dominion is with him." Oh ſir, I am ſure ſuch an immenſe Spirit, ſuch an amiable, glorious Being, who was laſt ſabbath held up to view, is infinitely worthy of the eternal joy and triumph of all his creatures.

S. A.

* * *

Dear sir, August 30th.

A POOR, mean, ſinful ſoul, aſpires and ſtretches after more exalted conceptions of the divine Redeemer, and his glorious kingdom. But oh, my conceptions of theſe are ſo low; I am ſo brutiſh in my knowledge, that I cannot but wiſh the priſon walls were pulled down. I feel myſelf the ſmalleſt atom in creation, and this loaded with an infinite weight of guilt and odiouſneſs, drawing down to an eternal hell. How muſt that grace, that wiſdom, that mercy be built up forever, which redeems and fixes ſuch an one in his eternal kingdom! Perhaps I muſt live to try the power, the wiſdom, and all-ſufficiency of this incomparable, divine Redeemer. This I have done, and feel I am doing every moment: and oh, what pleaſure does it give, to think how tranſcendently glorious this *tried ſtone* will appear, when all the myriads of the redeemed, in all the peculiar circumſtances in which his ſufficiency has been tried, ſhall be exhibited!

My attention has been a little called up to the inextricable darkneſs, difficulties and dangers, which continually lie in our way, through which no wiſdom but that which is infinite can guide us, nor power ſhort of omnipotence can deliver. When I am a little awake, I ſee every day, every moment big with ſuch infinite importance to the church of God, and every individual member, as at once bankrupts and ruins every ſufficiency and help, but our exalted, all-ſufficient Redeemer; pronounces them phyſicians of no value, broken ciſterns; and places the government on *his* ſhoulders only, and conſtrains to fly to the ſhadow of his wings for protection. Oh how ſweet is that reſt, wherewith he cauſes the weary to reſt!

S. A.

* * *

Rev. and dear sir, April 21, 1774.

GOD has of late been calling up my attention to ſolemn and tender ſcenes. I have felt the ties of nature, and I hope the tender bonds of chriſtian affection, to one of the beſt of mothers, a member of Chriſt, in pain and diſtreſs, under great infirmities, to a very ſenſible degree. Under this trial, the infinitely condeſcending Jehovah has ſet himſelf before me, as ſo infinitely fit to govern and worthy to be ſubmitted to, yea, rejoiced in, in every diſpenſation, that I have been conſtrained to ſay, Surely there needs no more to make all heaven and earth rejoice, than to know that this God reigns. Oh where can there be any true pleaſure, but in a heart wholly diſpoſed to cloſe in with every exhibition that Jehovah makes of himſelf, as well in the judgments of his hands, as the laws of his mouth? Oh what a fountain of inexpreſſible pleaſure overflows and ſweetens the bittereſt waters of Marah, in that ſingle ſentence, It is the Lord,—THE LORD!

But, here I pauſe——while tears of admiration and joy are my higheſt expreſſion! Fain would I liſp his praiſes! Fain would I ſpeak of his glories! But oh, I find I do not feel what I ought; nor can I expreſs what I feel! When ſhall my ſoul be unfettered; when ſhall the heart of the raſh tures, and ſo oppoſite to that which was natural to her, and to all mankind. By this her ſelfiſhneſs, pride, and a vain, worldly ſpirit, were ſubdued; and ſhe was formed to benevolence and humility: was weaned from this world, and all the objects of time and ſenſe, pronouncing them mere trifles and vanity: her affection was ſtrongly fixed on inviſible, ſpiritual objects; chooſing the God revealed in the bible as her only portion; ſenſibly feeling, that in the knowledge and enjoyment of him, there is complete and endleſs happineſs.

Here we have a witneſs to all this. Of one who appears ſenſible and rational, and as capable of judging as any one, after long ſtudy and experience; having paſſed through many trials and temptations, making the moſt deliberate choice and reſolutions to look for happineſs in nothing but the ſervice and enjoyment of Chriſt; and cheerfully reſting her eternal intereſt on this foundation. It is acknowledged that ſhe is not the only witneſs;—there have been thouſands who, living and dying, have borne the ſame teſtimony; and many ſuch witneſſes are now living: but this excellent perſon is an eminent one, who is to be added to the reſt; and is an inconteſtible evidence, conſidered by itſelf, that chriſtianity is from heaven.

It will ſerve alſo to ſtrengthen and eſtabliſh the faith of real chriſtians, to find one experiencing, expreſſing, and acting out, in a higher and more eminent degree, thoſe chriſtian graces and exerciſes, which they have experienced in a leſſer meaſure. And when they who are not believers, obſerve the union and agreement of chriſtians, in their ideas and feelings, though they are more conſpicuous and eminent in ſome than in others; and that perſons of different ages and countries, agree in the ſame kind of chriſtian exerciſes, and experimental religion; they have matter of conviction ſet before them, that chriſtianity has a divine original; and opportunity to learn in what it does moſt eſſentially conſiſt.

We have alſo in this inſtance, a freſh and ſtriking evidence of the excellence, worth, and importance of chriſtianity.

How does it enlarge and ennoble the mind of man, and raiſe it to the moſt affecting and aſtoniſhing views of thoſe infinitely grand and glorious objects and truths, which are exhibited in the work of redemption! Even the only true God, diſplayed in all the uncreated beauty and glory of his infinite perfections, in this greateſt and moſt wonderful work; ſuited to excite the ſtrongeſt, everlaſting exerciſes of love and wonder, of benevolence, delight and gratitude; by which the ſoul is transformed into a real likeneſs to the divine moral character, is united to the Saviour, and brought into the real enjoyment of God, which gives ineffable ſatisfaction and delight; opens to view the inviſible world, and introduces a boundleſs, moſt agreeable, and animating proſpect of unſpeakable, endleſs felicity, in the eternal kingdom of God; in the enjoyment of infinite, unchangeable objects; and in the higheſt and moſt noble exerciſes, of which a rational, immortal mind is capable, without ceſſation or wearineſs, but with increaſing ſtrength, vigour and enjoyment. At the ſame time, being in the midſt of an innumerable company of moſt happy, and perfectly excellent fellow-ſaints; enjoying all of them; they all partaking of, and encreaſing the felicity of each other, in the mutual exerciſe of benevolence and ecſtatic delight.

In theſe views, exerciſes and enjoyments, the chriſtian is alſo formed into a moſt amiable and excellent character, it being neceſſarily implied in them. Such a mind is clothed with humility, and bows with humble ſubmiſſion to God; rejoices in his being, character, laws and government; devotes himſelf to him, in obedience to all his commands, in ſeeking and promoting his glory, and the intereſt of his kingdom; conſtantly admiring and adoring that ſovereign, rich, and wonderful grace, which the goſpel exhibits, and which is diſplayed in the ſalvation of ſinners: and, being ſuch a one, humbles himſelf before God, and flies to the Redeemer, as the only refuge, loving, and delighting in his perſon and character; and, with great pleaſure, pours out his heart before him, in the moſt ſincere, ardent expreſſions of his feelings, affections and deſires. In his affections and conduct towards men, he is humble, meek, patient, and long-ſuffering; forgiving injuries, innocent and blameleſs; juſt, benevolent, and kind towards all, even his greateſt enemies; wiſhing, and praying for the beſt and greateſt bleſſings on them. He is temperate in all things, not indulging any bodily appetite to his own or his neighbour's hurt, or ſo as in any reſpect to unfit him for the proper duties of his ſtation, and the ſervice of God, or deprive him of the higher and more exalted exerciſes and pleaſures of religion.

This is a brief ſketch of the beautiful, excellent character, and of the refined, ſoul-ſatisfying enjoyments, to which chriſtianity forms, and which it gives to all its ſincere votaries, in a higher or lower degree. This the reader has ſeen exemplified in the preceding life and extracts; and in which the character and enjoyments of a true chriſtian are exhibited, in a more convincing, affecting, and pleaſing light, than can be done by any mere verbal deſcription. The ſerious reader, who has properly attended to the bible, will ſee that ſuch a character is there deſcribed and inculcated on all chriſtians, and ſet in a beautiful light; and that nothing is wanting, in order to form mankind to true beauty, excellence and happineſs, as individuals, or in ſociety, in this world, but to become real chriſtians, though with a degree of imperfection. How amiable and happy then, will the world of mankind be, when they ſhall become chriſtians in a higher and more perfect degree, than any now are, or have been ; and ſhall flock with one accord to the church of Chriſt, and put on her beautiful garments! The ſcripture is full of predictions of this great and happy event; and, at the ſame time, give a moſt lively, exhilarating deſcription, of the glory and happineſs of that day. But all this will be but a ſhadow; an imperfect foretaſte, of the glory and everlaſting perfect happineſs to which the redeemed are going.

And now, let any one contemplate the character and enjoyments of thoſe, who diſcard or neglect chriſtianity; and conſider what is their higheſt excellence and happineſs, if they really have any; and, whether they can be compared to that which chriſtianity gives, to all who cordially embrace it; or are even worthy the purſuit or wiſh of a rational creature. Shall we go to heathen idolaters, to mahometans or jews, to find true happineſs, or men really amiable and excellent? The leaſt attention to theſe is ſufficient to convince us, that neither excellence of character, nor true happineſs, is to be found here. It is therefore needleſs to go into particulars, in order to make the compariſon.

Does the deiſt poſſeſs, or can he have a proſpect of any thing, which may be compared with what the chriſtian obtains; or which has any real excellence and happineſs, ſuited to a rational, immortal mind? He has no God, to whom he can have acceſs with confidence, or even without preſumption: for how does he know that God is acceſſible to creatures; eſpecially, ſinful creatures? No wonder then, that perſons of this character, generally, if not univerſally, neglect every thing that may be called piety, and live *without God in the world.* They therefore muſt be utter ſtrangers to that noble, exalted happineſs, which the true chriſtian has in the knowledge, love, and enjoyment of God; and are totally deſtitute of that beautiful, excellent moral character, which is implied in this; and conſequently, have a contrary character, as deformed and odious, as the other is beautiful. They have no certain proſpects of any kind of happineſs in a future ſtate; for they have no light by which they can know there will be any ſuch ſtate: and if they conſider themſelves as going to ſuch a ſtate, they have no reaſon to believe it will be a happy one. They are ſinners: at moſt they cannot be certain they are not; and it is impoſſible they ſhould have any evidence, that a ſinner may or can be pardoned. They can therefore enjoy no happineſs in the proſpect of a future ſtate, nor from any object that is inviſible: all their enjoyment muſt be temporary and worldly. Their true character, if examined with diſcernment, will appear to be compoſed of ignorance, of all thoſe things which are truly great and excellent: of pride and arrogance, and a contracted, worldly mind. All their exerciſes are ſtamped with that deluſion, pride and folly, which render their whole character truly mean and deſpicable. How mean and low; yea, ſordid, are all their enjoyments in life, compared with thoſe of a chriſtian! The life and extracts, to which we have been attending, ſerve to illuſtrate all that has been ſaid in this paragraph.

What then is the character and happineſs of all thoſe, who neglect chriſtianity in their affection and practice; though they may profeſs to believe it is from heaven, and are ſeeking only a worldly good? The anſwer is eaſy, from what has been obſerved above. They know not what true happineſs is; and are enemies to the true character of God, and all that is really good. Their taſte is perverted, and they are ſeeking for happineſs where it is not to be found. They are involved in ſtrong deluſion, and the greateſt folly, and really miſerable; and, if they continue in this character through life, they muſt be unſpeakably miſerable forever!

The certain concluſion, therefore, is: If there be any true religion for man, or any happineſs for him, ſuited to his nature and capacities, chriſtianity is from heaven: and if there be no truth in this, there is none to be found that is true; and man muſt be miſerable. It is impoſſible he ſhould obtain that true excellence, dignity and glory, of which he is capable, by his natural rational powers. But it appears from fact and experience, in the inſtance before us, and in others innumerable, as well as from ſpeculation and reaſon, that chriſtianity, if cordially embraced, will raiſe men to a high, beautiful, and excellent character, and make them completely happy forever. Therefore, it is the only true religion, and is divine.

II. *That which is here recorded of* Miſs Anthony's *life and exerciſes, may ſerve to teach us what true religion is, as diſtinguiſhed from all counterfeits.*

We have here chriſtianity ſet before us, by an example of it, as it conſiſts in doctrines or truths believed; and in the views, belief and affections, of the heart of a real chriſtian. True chriſtians may differ in the degree of clearneſs and certainty, with which they believe and embrace the doctrines revealed in the bible; and conſequently they may and do differ, in the ſtrength and conſtancy of the exerciſes, which they have in the view of divine truth: but their creed is, as to ſubſtance, the ſame; and they agree in all the peculiar, important doctrines, contained in divine revelation. Therefore their views, feelings, and exerciſes of heart, are alike, as to the nature and kind of them; having the ſame ſyſtem of divine truth, for the foundation on which they are built; and in the view and belief of which, the whole ſyſtem of their religious affections is formed. Hence, though chriſtians may differ in ſome circumſtances, in their belief, views, and exerciſes of heart; and ſome have higher and ſtronger affections, and more free from any mixture of error and miſtake than others; yet the latter, when they have the views and affections of the former ſet before them, will be conſcious that their religious experiences are of the ſame kind with thoſe of the other, though they fall greatly ſhort in degree. And as in water face anſwereth to face, ſo do the hearts of the latter to thoſe of the former; they have all *drank into the ſame ſpirit*, though in different degrees. This will naturally eſtabliſh their hearts, and ſtrengthen their hope and confidence, that they do know and embrace the truth; and that this is true religion, the religion which the bible inculcates, when they ſee it exemplified in ſuch an eminent degree: it will ſerve alſo to humble, encourage, and quicken them. And as the creed and religious views and exerciſes of true chriſtians are ſo much alike, as to their nature and kind, and they are ſo far of the ſame mind, taſte and judgment; this lays a foundation for a ſimilarity in converſation and conduct, in the practice of all the duties, and attendance on the inſtitutions commanded in the goſpel, as an expreſſion and teſtimony of their faith and internal exerciſes of religion.

By theſe obſervations we are led to conſider the creed, religious affections, and conduct, exhibited in the life and writings of *Miss Anthony;* in which her religion conſiſted.

She had a firm belief of the doctrine of the Trinity of perſons in Deity, the Father, Son, and holy Ghoſt; and of the divinity of Jeſus Chriſt; that he is the Son of God, in a ſenſe which implies that he is the true God. No one can read the foregoing extracts without obſerving, that much of her religious exerciſes implied theſe truths, and was built upon them; ſo that the denial of them would overthrow all her religion. This was the God ſhe loved, and choſe for her portion; in the ſervice and enjoyment of whom ſhe placed her happineſs.

The ſovereignty of God in the exerciſe of his grace, in the ſalvation of ſinners; and their abſolute and entire dependence on his ſovereign pleaſure; while he has mercy on whom he will have mercy, and hardeneth whom he will; and all the truths implied in this, were familiar to her mind, and conſtantly acknowledged, explicitly or by implication, in all her exerciſes. In theſe are included the doctrine of the divine decrees, reſpecting all things; particular election, and a univerſal and particular providence, ordering and directing every event, from the greateſt to the leaſt.

She had a very ſenſible conviction and belief of the univerſal apoſtaſy and total depravity of mankind, grounded on the teſtimony of the divine oracles, and her own obſervation and experience. Her own moral depravity, the ſtrength, odiouſneſs, and criminality of it, was a conſtant burden to her, and the cauſe of her humiliation; feeling that it was all her own inexcuſable wickedneſs, for which ſhe deſerved to be caſt off by God, and periſh forever. To this awful deſtruction ſhe conſidered every ſinner as certainly going, who lives and dies in impenitence: and ſhe knew that none but a divine, almighty, infinitely wiſe, and gracious Redeemer, could deliver from this ſtate of depravity and guilt, and form her to perfect holineſs. And, in the view of this, ſhe ſaw, admired, and praiſed, the infinite, wonderful grace, diſplayed in the ſalvation of ſinners. The reader will ſee all theſe truths and exerciſes exhibited in a clear and ſtriking manner in her writings.

The view and ſenſe ſhe had of the exceeding, inexpreſſible wickedneſs of her heart, and the ſtrength and great degree of corruption of it, expreſſed in ſuch ſtrong and ſtriking language as ſhe often uſes, ſome may think to be inconſiſtent with grace, or the new heart which is deſcribed in the bible; that ſhe was either deceived, and magnified her own depravity beyond the truth, or was not a real chriſtian. But ſuch an opinion will, doubtleſs, appear to be groundleſs, when it is conſidered that real holineſs of heart is conſiſtent with a great degree of remaining moral depravity, which may at times moſt ſenſibly exert itſelf, even in the heart of the moſt eminent chriſtian, in this life. *The fleſh luſteth againſt the ſpirit, and the* *ſpirit againſt the fleſh; and theſe are contrary the one to the other, ſo that ye cannot do the things that ye would*, is the character which the apoſtle Paul gave of every chriſtian. And the greater degree of true holineſs the chriſtian has, the more clear and painful diſcernment he will have of the remaining depravity and corruption of his own heart; and the more hateful and dreadful it will appear. Hence it follows, that the moſt eminent chriſtian ſees more of the ſinfulneſs of his own heart, and laments it more, than thoſe who have not attained to ſo great a degree of holineſs. Miſs Anthony's conviction and exerciſes of this kind, therefore, were ſo far from being imaginary, or an evidence that ſhe was not a chriſtian, that they were a teſtimony of her great proficiency in the chriſtian life, and that knowledge of her own heart, which they who have not ſo much holineſs, and conſequently leſs diſcernment, do not attain to; and which might be reaſonably expected in ſo eminent a chriſtian. In this ſhe imitated that great ſaint, the apoſtle Paul, in his expreſſions of the depravity of his own heart, Rom. vii. 13, to the end of the chapter; which deſcription, ſome, it is to be feared, from too little acquaintance with their own hearts, have thought could not apply to any true chriſtian, eſpecially to one ſo eminent as the apoſtle Paul.

Under a clear and ſenſible conviction of her infinite guilt and ill deſert, and the unſpeakably great and awful depravity of her heart, ſhe cordially embraced the doctrine of pardon, juſtification, and complete redemption, by the atonement and righteouſneſs of Jeſus Chriſt, to be obtained by faith in him: and on his mediation, power, wiſdom, and free grace alone, did ſhe rely for ſalvation from guilt, moral depravity, and all evil.

She firmly believed that the covenant of grace does contain a promiſe to every believer in Chriſt, that they ſhall be kept by the power of God, through faith, unto ſalvation; that at the death of the body, the friends of Chriſt enter into a ſtate of perfect holineſs and unſpeakable happineſs, which ſhall never end; but ſhall increaſe to the time of the general reſurrection, and the day of judgement, and from thence forever; and that the puniſhment of all who die in their ſins, will be inconceivably dreadful, and without end.—Every one who ſhall read what has been produced from her writings will ſee, that all her religious exerciſes were in the view and belief of theſe doctrines; and that the latter were the foundation of the former.

And now the nature, kind an complexion of theſe exerciſes and affections muſt be conſidered, as they appear and are expreſſed in her writings, in which the genuine religious feelings and motions of her heart are exhibited.

At firſt view, they appear not to be ſelfiſh; but to conſiſt ſummarily in that diſintereſted LOVE which ſeeketh not her own; and all thoſe religious affections which are implied in this—In diſintereſted, benevolent regard to God, and the Redeemer, his glory, intereſt and kingdom—In complacence and delight in the divine character, loving God for what he is in himſelf, as exhibited in his word and works; in the exerciſe of which love ſhe with pleaſure devoted herſelf to God, and gave herſelf away to him, with all ſhe was, and could do, to be uſed by him for his glory and the advancement of his church and kingdom, making this her higheſt and only end, and placing her whole intereſt and happineſs in it.

This diſintereſted, benevolent, complacential, grateful affection to God and the Redeemer, united her heart to the diſciples of Chriſt, and his church, with peculiar and ſtrong affection, and filled her with good-will and compaſſion to mankind; accompanied with ardent longings to be conformed to God in true holineſs, and to have the moſt complete and uninterrupted knowledge and enjoyment of him: at the ſame time acknowledging her own infinite unworthineſs of the leaſt favour, humbling herſelf before God for her ſins and depravity of heart, in the exerciſe of deep repentance and brokenneſs of heart; feeling herſelf to be a mean, contemptible creature; admiring the aſtoniſhing free grace of God in ſhewing mercy to ſuch an one; accompanied with a humble, unconditional ſubmiſſion to the will of God, being pleaſed with all his laws and government, and rejoicing that the Lord does reign.

In the view and belief of the doctrines which have been mentioned, and others which are implied in them; and in the exerciſe, and from the influence of thoſe affections now briefly deſcribed, ſhe made a public profeſſion of religion, and joined to a church of Chriſt, entering into a ſolemn covenant to live in obedience to Chriſt; in attending upon all his inſtitutions, and in the practice of the duties which he requires of his followers. In which public dedication of herſelf to the Lord, and union to a chriſtian church, ſhe always rejoiced, as an ineſtimable privilege: and continued to walk in all the ordinances of the Lord blameleſs, unto her death; adorning the doctrine of Chriſt.

She excelled in the practice of devotion and prayer, and could not live comfortably when deprived of opportunity and convenience for retirement and ſecret devotion,, in meditation, reading the bible and prayer, and devoted many whole days to ſecret faſting and prayer. She highly prized the chriſtian ſabbath, and attendance on public worſhip and the Lord's ſupper; and was very careful and diligent in her preparation for attendance on theſe important, and, to her, delightful inſtitutions. She diligently improved the advantages and opportunities ſhe had, to ſtudy, read, and gain religious knowledge, in which ſhe made great advances.

She was temperate and abſtemious in eating and drinking; carefully denying herſelf of every thing of this kind, which ſhe found had the leaſt tendency to unfit her for incumbent duty. In her apparel ſhe deſired nothing for the ſake of ſhow; but put on modeſt clothing, and ſought no more than to appear cleanly and decent; while her ornament was a meek and quiet ſpirit, attended with good works.

She was not talkative; but free in converſation with particular friends, eſpecially on matters of religion. She was always on her guard againſt backbiting, and ſpeaking evil of others, which ſhe greatly abhorred, when it took place in her hearing. She was a faithful friend, who might be ſafely relied upon, that ſhe would not betray the confidence repoſed in her, by divulging any ſecret, or in any other way.

She was conſcientiouſly concerned to perform all relative duties; diligent and faithful in her proper buſineſs: was kind and compaſſionate to the afflicted, the poor, and deſtitute; and not only prayed for them, but was ready and glad to miniſter to their relief and comfort, ſo far as ſhe had opportunity and ability. She was forward to do all in her power for the ſupport of the goſpel: and though ſhe had not much to contribute for this end, yet ſhe did more in this way, doubtleſs, than moſt of the opulent, in the ſight of Him who aſſerted this of the poor widow, contributing only one farthing. Her benevolence extended to all mankind, even to her enemies: witneſs her writings and prayers.

And now, who can ſeriouſly attend to all this, and not be ſenſible that it muſt be true religion, if there be any ſuch thing as religion conſiſting in doctrines and truths believed, and internal affections and exerciſes, and external conduct anſwerable to them? Surely there can be no oppoſite or different ſentiments, affections, and conduct, which agree with the bible; or with truth and reaſon, or that can render a perſon truly excellent, amiable and uſeful. Theſe differ ſo eſſentially in nature and kind, that they may be eaſily diſtinguiſhed from all thoſe religious appearances and pretences, which are built on falſehood and deluſion. They are of a different and oppoſite nature; eſpecially thoſe religious affections which are wholly ſelfiſh, and therefore contracted and mercenary.

This example, which appears to be copied from the bible, and ſhows in what chriſtianity conſiſts, when reduced to practice, as diſtinguiſhed from all ſpurious and falſe religion, does at the ſame time demonſtrate the excellency of it, and that it is indeed a divine inſtitution, adapted, as nothing elſe is, or can be, to raiſe depraved ſinners from the depths of deformity, guilt and woe, to all that perfection, glory and happineſs, of which their nature is capable.

III. *The example and character of this perſon, is worthy of the particular attention and imitation of* YOUNG PEOPLE.

She devoted herſelf to the ſervice of Chriſt in her youth: and who is there that can refuſe to approve and applaud her choice? How amiable and happy does ſhe appear! Had ſhe made an oppoſite choice; and neglected religion, in the purſuit of ſenſual gratifications, and the indulgence of pride and a worldly mind; giving herſelf up to the levity, vanity, and folly, which commonly take place in the companies and converſation of youth; without any concern for her ſoul and future exiſtence, or proper improvement of her mental powers; how mean, deſpicable, and miſerable, would ſhe have been! Let young perſons attend to the contraſt, and learn wiſdom. The only way properly to enlarge their mental capacities; to put on true worth and dignity; to be happy here, and forever, is to devote themſelves to the ſervice of Chriſt. How amiable is early piety! What a happy foundation does it lay for improvement in every worthy attainment, and true enjoyment; which will iſſue in diſtinguiſhed glory and happineſs forever! Can you begin too ſoon to be reaſonable, amiable and happy, and to lay up this everlaſting treaſure in heaven?

The courſe which Miſs Anthony took from her youth, and the life ſhe lived, were attended with many pains and diſtreſſes, as the reader will obſerve; but as theſe were neceſſary, and the way which her wiſe and kind Saviour took to cure her of her moral diſorders, and fit her for heaven; and were attended with a real enjoyment and happineſs, which unſpeakably ſurpaſſes all the happineſs they do, or can enjoy, who are ſtrangers to true religion: theſe difficulties and pains which attend it, do not afford the leaſt reaſon or excuſe for neglecting it for a moment. Conſiſtent with all this, the yoke, the ſervice of Chriſt, is eaſy, and his burden light.

It is alſo true, that if youth devote themſelves to religion, they may expect to be overlooked, if not deſpiſed, by worldly people; as diſagreeable to them, and unworthy their company; who are purſuing only the pleaſures of ſenſe, and the enjoyment of the things of this world, as the great and only good; and are fond of the enchanting amuſements, gaiety, grandeur, and riches, of this world. But how little and light a thing is it to be wholly neglected or deſpiſed by ſuch deluded fools; when it is only for that character and conduct, for which they ought to eſteem, love, and careſs you; and for which you have the approbation of heaven, and of all the wiſe and good on earth! At the ſame time, you are feaſted with a rich and delicious entertainment, and are going into complete, endleſs happineſs; while they are attempting to ſatisfy themſelves with huſks, and are plunging into endleſs miſeries!

If the gay, rich, and great of this world, who are ſtrangers to real piety; who delight in ſhow and parade; to glitter in coſtly array, and ſhine at balls and aſſemblies: and know no higher good than the enjoyment of ſuch companies; the diverſities of the theatre, ſtage, or card-table; reading romances, or idle ſenſeleſs chat—If thoſe of this character, whether men or women, ſhould know how much more real worth and excellence, all thoſe who are eminently pious do poſſeſs, than themſelves; how highly eſteemed and beloved all ſuch are in heaven; and how mean, fooliſh, and deſpicable, they appear in the ſight of the Saviour, and all his true friends; they would either be aſhamed of themſelves, and repent; or their hearts would be filled with envy, rage, and blaſphemy!

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